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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

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VOL. LXXVIII.

PUBLISHED IN

*JUNE & SEPTEMBER, 1846.*

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*LONDON*

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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy; with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq., of Sarāwah.* By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R.N. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.
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THINKERS and writers on politics and political economy there are disposed to impugn those particular institutions of our own and some other countries which permit or encourage an unequal distribution of wealth, and the concentration of large means in the hands of individuals. The apology of those institutions is wide of our present scope, and beyond our limits. Were it, however, our task to draw a brief for the defendants, we should assign, among the favourable results of partial opulence, a prominent place to those open-air pursuits of our privileged classes which in our opinion have tended directly to form that distinctive manly helpful character, the ultimate fruits of which are gathered in such places as Moodkee and Aliwal, or wherever else fatigue is to be endured, or danger and death to be faced in the public service. 'The boy is father to the man.' The pony, the delight of the holidays, is father to the Arab, which carries the bearer of Napier's orders over ninety miles of hostile country under the Scindian sun! Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, who slew a lion in a pit in the time of snow, was one of David's mighty men. The most accomplished boar-spearer in India, and the man who alone and on foot faced and slew a tiger in his jungle, is the Colonel Outram who drilled the Goorkah battalion of Sobraon fame. General Gilbert, one of the first in the Sikh lines of Hurrekee, is said to number more of the striped trophies of the Indian chase than any man living. On these grounds and many others, the

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gun, the hunter, and the racer would be suggested as topics for the eloquence of our counsel. There is, however, one pursuit, of more recent introduction—no relic of feudal times—one, except on the score of expense, open to no objection—which, while superfluous wealth is allowed to exist, appears to us to involve as unexceptionable an application of it as man in pursuit of lawful amusement can devise—we mean yacht-sailing. Its trials of speed; unlike those of the turf, tend but very slightly to gambling or to association with gamblers. Little time is wasted in making books for the Cowes regatta, and few fortunes have been impaired by the issue. It is more congenial to mental cultivation than the sports of *terra firma*. It has doubtless its listless votaries who oscillate between Cowes and Southampton in search of an appetite unbought by exertion, but its true devotees can hardly fail to acquire a large dose of practical helpfulness, and at least a wholesome smattering of exact science. The man must be dull and unambitious who returns from a Mediterranean cruise unable to handle a logarithm, and to take and work an observation. The more adventurous must feel the value and be tempted to the acquisition of foreign languages, the arts of the pencil, and numerous other acquirements which add to the enjoyment of those who diverge from the beaten path of continental travel. Amateur experiments in ship-building have afforded useful hints to our dockyards. We cannot speak too highly of that society of which, and of its offshoots in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, Lord Yarborough may be called the father. He is well entitled to count with pride the tonnage of the fairy fleet which annually studs the Solent under his auspices. The practice of yacht-sailing is indeed as old at least as the reign of Charles II. In the *Life of Sir Dudley North*, by his brother Roger—next to Boswell the most amusing biographer who has written in our language—we find that the writer kept a sailing-vessel on the Thames. Sir Dudley loved to take the helm, being one of the sedentary class who find their account in inhaling fresh air without exercise. As far, however, as we know, the first literary advocate of the pursuit was our great novelist Fielding. The following passage occurs in his last melancholy work, the '*Voyage to Lisbon*,' now perhaps little read, but which contains many pictures of manners quite worthy of the author of '*Tom Jones*;' and is beyond all his other writings valuable for its unaffected delineation of the manliness of heart that redeemed his own character.—While dropping down the river below Greenwich, and struck with the beauty of the country-seats on the Kentish bank, he says—

And here I cannot pass by another observation on the deplorable want of care in our enjoyments, which we show by almost totally neglecting the

the pursuit of what seems to me the highest degree of amusement. This is the sailing ourselves in little vessels of our own, contrived only for our ease and accommodation, to which such situations of our villas as I have recommended would be so convenient, and even necessary. This amusement, I confess, if enjoyed in any perfection, would be of the expensive kind; but such expense would not exceed the reach of a moderate fortune, and would fall very short of the prices which are daily paid for pleasures of a far inferior rate. The truth, I believe, is, that sailing in the manner I have mentioned is a pleasure rather unknown or unthought of, than rejected by those who have experienced it.

The yacht sailor who drops anchor in the Tagas, and there are many, should not omit a visit to the tomb of Fielding. Even he, however, as the above passage would indicate, hardly contemplated more than an estuary or Channel trip. He would be surprised and pleased to know the extent to which his felicitous suggestion has been realized, and the favour which the little triangular flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron has won in the eyes of all the maritime powers of Europe. As to the transactions of this valuable Society, are they not written in the chronicles of Messrs. Colburn and Murray?

*Paulo majora canamus.* We question whether Fielding, whose learning consisted mainly in a smattering of the classics, ever heard of Borneo. The brightest page of the annals of the Yacht Club is henceforth connected with that magnificent and hitherto little known island. That we do at length know something more of it than its mere position—that it is ascertained to be inhabited by other beings than pirates, cannibals, and ourang-outangs—is due not to the daring and skill of the commissioned officers of Her Majesty's navy in the first instance, nor to the spirit of mere mercantile adventure, but to the enthusiasm, and perseverance, and courage of one who has grafted upon the education of a soldier the accomplishments of a Dampier, with the administrative talent and philanthropy of a Raffles—who, unassisted from the public treasury or the funds of united capitalists, has devoted the resources of a private fortune to objects of national importance, and associated the British name with the protection of the weak, the suppression of tyranny and outrage, the emancipation of the slave, and the civilization of the savage. To what extent he has been assisted latterly by the naval forces of his country in these lofty objects, may be learned from the book of Captain Keppel. From it the urgency of his claims for further co-operation and assistance may also be deduced; but independent and exclusive of that gallant co-operation he has met with from such officers as Captain Keppel, and such crews as that of the *Dido*, he has earned by his own exertions a reputation which, were his career now to close, ought to be imperishable.

perishable. It shall not be our fault if he does not enjoy it in his lifetime.

Before we advert further to the proceedings of this remarkable man, Mr. Brooke, it may be well to take a glance at the history of the remote theatre on which his civil and military talents have displayed themselves, which by an inconvenient, but now irremediable, misnomer is known to us as *the island of Borneo*—inconvenient, because it leads to constant confusion between the whole and its northern division, to which that designation properly belongs; and irremediable, because we cannot unlearn our school-lessons and revert to the name Pulo Kalamantan. Mr. Hunt, in his 'Sketch of Borneo,' communicated in 1812 to Sir S. Raffles, says it was visited by Magelhaens in 1520. There is a slight inaccuracy here. Magelhaens himself perished in the rash skirmish in which he involved himself in the island of Zebu, to the eastward. His surviving followers touched at the island of Borneo in 1521; and met with a splendid reception at the then flourishing capital of that name. The Spaniards would appear to have done little more either in the way of discovery or intercourse with respect to this island. According to the Dutch writer Valentyn,\* the first expedition of the Portuguese to Borneo was that of Vasco Laurens, sent by G. Meneses, then Governor of the Moluccas, in 1527. His attempt at intercourse was unfortunate, for he endeavoured to conciliate the sovereign, probably of Borneo proper, by a present of a piece of tapestry, on which was represented the marriage of a king of England with an aunt of the emperor—we presume, of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Arragon. The king, being nearly as wise as our James I., smelt witchcraft, and learning that the principal figure represented a powerful sovereign, like himself, imagined that, animated by magical arts, it might step from the canvass and reduce him and his people to subjection. The Portuguese narrowly escaped maltreatment, and were ordered to take themselves and their tapestry forth of the realm. The Portuguese are said to have established subsequently a profitable trade with the island; but their supremacy in these seas waned before the monopolising spirit of the Hollanders, who, under Oliver van Noordt, in 1600, first opened an intercourse with Borneo. The English were later in the field; and though Valentyn states that they touched there in 1609, he mentions nothing further of their proceedings till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when they established themselves in Balanabangan. Their choice of sites seems to have been unfortunate; their settlements were unhealthy, and, weakened by

\* 'The Ancient and Modern East Indies.' By Francis Valentyn. In five volumes. 1724.

this cause, fell an easy prey to pirates, instigated in more than one instance by the active jealousy of our Dutch rivals. Mr. Hunt's able Sketch, to which we refer our readers for a description of the island, is terminated by the following passage:—

'In looking over the map of the world, it is a melancholy reflection to view so large a portion of the habitable globe as all Borneo abandoned to barbarism and desolation; that, with all her productive wealth and advantages of physical situation, her valuable and interesting shores should have been overlooked by all Europeans; that neither the Dutch nor the Portuguese, with centuries of uncontrolled power in these seas, should have shed a ray of civilization on shores bordering on their principal settlements; that her ports and rivers, instead of affording a shelter to the extensive commerce of China, should at this enlightened period of the world hold out only terror and dismay to the mariner; and that all she should have acquired from the deadly vicinage and withering grasp of Dutch power and dominion has been the art of speedily destroying each other and rendering themselves obnoxious to the rest of mankind. Now that her destinies are transferred to the enlightened heads and liberal hearts of Englishmen—now that her fortunes are embarked under the administration of a wise and liberal government—we may confidently hope that a happier order of things will, under the blessing of an all-ruling Providence, speedily restore these extensive shores to peace, to plenty, and to commerce; and we ardently trust that another age may not be suffered to pass away without exhibiting something consolatory to the statesman, the philosopher, and the philanthropist.'—*Raffles*, vol. ii., *Appendix*, p. lxxii.

Remembering that the above was written in 1812, before peace had restored to the Dutch a supremacy in these seas, which war had transferred to ourselves, and that it was addressed to Sir S. Raffles, we cannot now condemn as too sanguine anticipations which the events of nearly thirty subsequent years had done so little to confirm, till Mr. Brooke, on his own resources, undertook the task. His motives and his early proceedings are to be collected from Captain Keppel's first volume, almost entirely composed of extracts from a journal, which only at the earnest instance of his friend Mr. Brooke has allowed to be thus given to the public. In early youth the prospect of a handsome competence did not prevent Mr. Brooke from embracing the military profession in the service of the East India Company. He distinguished himself, and was severely wounded, in one of the most arduous wars ever conducted by that body, the Burmese. It was on a voyage, undertaken for health and amusement, from Calcutta to China, in 1830, that he first made acquaintance with the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago. In the words of a friend of Mr. Brooke, quoted by Captain Keppel,—

'He inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the eastern isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research: To carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant-

vessel,



vessel, the blessings of civilisation, to suppress piracy, and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects; and from that time the energies of his powerful mind were devoted to this one pursuit. Often foiled, often disappointed, he was not until 1838 enabled to set sail from England on his darling project. "I go," said he, "to awake the slumbering spirit of philanthropy with regard to these islands; to carry Sir Stamford Raffles' views in Java over the whole archipelago. Fortune and life I give freely, and if I fail in the attempt I shall not have lived wholly in vain."

So much Mr. Brooke disclosed to his intimate friends, and a prospectus of his scheme was communicated to the Geographical Society, but he was too wise and too modest to make any public parade of motives which would have been little understood, and expectations which would have been sneered at by the many. A well-fitted schooner, of one hundred and seventy-two tons, properly handled, may circumnavigate the globe without disaster; but his brethren of the Yacht Club would have deemed it impossible to maintain the necessary discipline for so long a voyage; and then what could be done among a people of pirates, with twenty men and six six-pounders? Such questions can only be answered by results. Mr. Brooke had passed three years in forming, training, and attaching his crew. He reached Singapore on the 1st of June, 1839. After collecting there such information as he could for his guidance, he selected Sarāwak as the point for his enterprise, a place within the dominion of the Sultan of Borneo Proper, and the temporary residence of the Rajah Muda Hassim, the bandar or governing officer of that potentate. In personal character, although infirm and vacillating, this individual shines out as a favourable specimen of the class to which he belongs, that of the Malay chiefs, whose power is just sufficient to oppress the aboriginal tribes and to prevent civilization from reaching them, but too feeble and profligate to repress the piratical habits of the inhabitants, whether Malay or indigenous, of the coasts. Mild and gentle not only in his manners to strangers, but to those under his authority, Muda Hassim seems instantly to have acknowledged the ascendancy of the frank and fearless stranger who sought his shores; and no long period elapsed before the felicitous idea occurred to him of making over to Mr. Brooke the sovereignty of the Sarāwak district, which he felt his own incompetency to manage. Surrounded, however, by intriguing nobles, in Malay language 'pangerans,' his harbours the frequent resort of pirate fleets, and a brisk rebellion against his authority raging at a few miles distance up the river, what, it may be asked, could his good disposition avail, and how could the stranger turn such a state of things to account? An ordinary man would hardly have remained many hours in a situation so full of various hazards, so  
apparently

apparently barren of rational prospect of success; but if Mr. Brooke were an ordinary man, the Royalist's anchor would never have been dropped in the Sarawak river in 1839.

We have observed that it would have been difficult *à priori* to pronounce what purpose could probably be effected in Borneo by an amateur seaman in a schooner armed with six small guns. Such, however, was the confidence of Mr. Brooke in the impression which he had made on the native sovereign by his dealings in peace and his services in war, that, in August, 1841, he actually ventured to deprive himself even of this trifling refuge and resource, and despatched the Royalist and another small vessel in his service, the Swift—the one on a mission to Borneo Proper to look after the crew of a shipwrecked British vessel, and the other to Singapore. In their absence Mr. Brooke remained at his residence with three companions. This occurred, be it remarked, before the cession of the sovereignty of Sarawak had been ratified to him, at a period of critical discussions and intrigues, and with pirate fleets, disappointed by his influence of their prey, scarcely out of sight. The ships returned, and their arrival was soon followed by the ratification of the agreement by which Mr. Brooke became Governor of Sarawak. His first proceeding was characteristic of the views and intentions which had dictated his acceptance of sovereignty.

‘My first object,’ he says, vol. i. p. 252, ‘was to release the unfortunate women confined for a whole year by the Rajah.’ These females had been given up as hostages by the defeated rebels, whose lives had been spared at the instance of Mr. Brooke. He now succeeded in procuring the restoration of upwards of a hundred—twelve only being detained by Muda Hassim in spite of his remonstrances. The remainder of the volume is occupied with the details of his infant administration—the substitution of a definite system of moderate taxation for one of unlimited and arbitrary exaction—the establishment of courts of justice where neither the name nor the substance of that commodity had ever been introduced before—and the armament of a navy for defence against the pirates.

In 1842, Mr. Brooke visited Borneo Proper, where he procured the final ratification of his sovereignty from the Sultan, Muda Hassim's nephew, a document written in the Malay language and Arabic character, which is now in the hands of his agents in England. His descriptions of the Sultan and his court are curious. We extract the former :—

‘The Sultan is a man past fifty, short and puffy in person, with a countenance which expresses very obviously the imbecility of his mind. His right hand is garnished with an extra diminutive thumb, the natural member

member being crooked and distorted. His mind, indexed by his face, seems a chaos of confusion, without acuteness, without dignity, and without good sense. He can neither read nor write, is guided by the last speaker, and his advisers, as might be expected, are of the lower order. He is always talking, and generally joking. The favourable side of his character is that he is good tempered and good natured; by no means cruel, and in a certain way generous, though rapacious to a high degree.'—vol. i. p. 327.

Some further remarks of Mr. Brooke upon his residence at this capital contain useful hints to his travelling countrymen:—

'Since being here I have purposely abstained from all manifestation of curiosity, and never desired or requested to see much; it rouses suspicion, and suspicion rouses distrust, and distrust draws the kris. Most Europeans do themselves great injury by searching the mountains and the waters, breaking the rocks, shooting the birds, and gathering the plants.'—p. 330.

Mr. Brooke, returning to Sarāwak, found 'the Dyaks quiet, settled, and improving, the Chinese advancing towards prosperity, and the Sarāwak people wonderfully contented and laborious, relieved from oppression, and fields of labour allowed them.'

In February, 1843, Mr. Brooke, after a two years' absence from civilization, paid a visit to Singapore, where he met with Captain Keppel, who conveyed him back to Borneo in the Dido, no longer in the character of a private adventurer, but in that of the governor of a province ceded to him by the free will of a native sovereign, but held on the better tenure of the warm attachment of its inhabitants, and of native gratitude for benefits the very nature of which could hardly have entered into the previous conception of those who enjoyed them:—law, order, protection from tyranny, the peaceful pursuit of industry, and the secure enjoyment of its results. We extract the description of Mr. Brooke's reception on his return from his expedition to Singapore to the residence, where he had left in security his small train of European and native followers, and a picture of the residence itself. We must premise that on the passage the Dido's boats, which had been detached under the command of Lieutenant Wilmot Horton, assisted by Mr. Brooke, had given a severe lesson to some pirate boats, one of which they captured, killing ten men and wounding eleven out of a crew of thirty-six:—

'During the whole morning,' says Captain Keppel, 'large boats, some carrying as many as two hundred people, had been coming down the river to hail Mr. Brooke's return; and one of the greatest gratifications I had was in witnessing the undisguised delight, mingled with gratitude and respect, with which each head-man welcomed their newly elected ruler back to his adopted country. The scene was both novel and exciting;

exciting; presenting to us, just anchored in a large fresh-water river, and surrounded by a densely wooded jungle, the whole surface of the water covered with canoes and boats, dressed out with their various coloured silken flags, filled with natives beating tom-toms and playing on their wild and not unpleasant sounding wind-instruments, with the occasional discharge of fire-arms.'—*Keppel*, vol. ii. p. 11.

After describing the tedious ceremonies of royal visits and receptions, Captain Keppel proceeds:—

'This farce over, I had time to look about me, and to refit my ship in one of the prettiest spots of the earth, and as unlike a dockyard as anything could be. Mr. Brooke's then residence, though equally rude in structure with the abodes of the natives, was not without its English comforts of sofas, chairs, and bedsteads. It was larger than any other, but, like them, being built upon piles, we had to mount a ladder to get into it. The house consisted of but one floor; a large room in the centre, neatly ornamented with every description of fire-arms, in admirable order and ready for use, served as an audience and mess room, and the various apartments round it as bed-rooms. The Europeans with Mr. Brooke consisted of Mr. Douglas, formerly in the navy, a clever young surgeon, and a gentleman of the name of Williamson,\* who, being master of the native language, as well as active and intelligent, made an excellent prime minister. Besides these there were two others from the yacht, one an old man-of-war's man, who kept the arms in first-rate condition, and another of the name of Charlie. All Mr. Brooke's party were characters, all had travelled, and never did a minute flag for want of some entertaining anecdote, good story, or song, to pass away the time. From breakfast until bed-time there was no intermission; and it was while smoking our cigars in the evening that the natives, as well as the Chinese who had become settlers, used to drop in, and after creeping up, according to their custom, and touching the hand of their European rajah, retire to the farther end of the room and squat upon their haunches, and remain a couple of hours without uttering a word, and then creep out again. I have seen sixty or seventy of an evening come and make this sort of salaam. All were armed, as it is reckoned an insult for a Malay to appear before the rajah without his kris.'—*Keppel*, vol. ii. p. 15.

'It were a tale

Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,  
Making him long to be a mariner,  
That he might rove the main, if I should tell  
How pleasantly for many a summer day  
Prince Madoc sailed.'

The description of Mr. Brooke's bower lacks no ingredient but that of female society to create in us a yearning for a cottage orné in Borneo. An anecdote, however, which closely follows this passage, induces us to recommend that this article should be im-

\* This faithful and useful follower of Mr. Brooke was unfortunately drowned in the Sarawak river in the night of the 28th of January, 1846.

ported from England, rather than that reliance should for the present be placed on the production of the soil. For the details we refer to p. 17, Dr. Treacher's adventure. Let us not, however, as inhabitants of Christendom, judge too harshly of the Malay or Dyak young lady who applied to an English practitioner for a dose of arsenic for her husband. In Naples and Paris this particular line of the profession has been most lucrative, and in Italy we are not sure that it is even yet extinct. It will be seen that in the particular case in question the doctor's compliance would have been a public benefit, as well as a domestic convenience.

In that manner, and by what exertions of prudence and daring in diplomacy and war the pregnant results indicated in the above extracts were brought about, the reader will find detailed with modest simplicity in Mr. Brooke's unvarnished journal. It will be seen that, like most of his predecessors of all nations in discovery and settlement, from Magelhaens and Cortez to Lemuel Gulliver, he did take upon himself the responsibility of mingling in wars which he found raging in the country. Such is the lot of strength and wisdom whenever it walks abroad beyond the precincts of matured civilization—a lot imposed upon it by that universal propensity to senseless strife which can hardly be better illustrated than by a passage we have heard of the Duke of Wellington's Indian career. He found two hill-forts, which, being within range of mutual cannon-shot, for no other reason upon earth were firing on each other from morning till night. 'I was obliged,' said his Grace, 'to take them both.' Happy is it for the combatants when wisdom and strength, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Brooke, carry out to its full extent the principle of Virgil's famous hexameter—

'Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos,'

and make the suppression of the wrong-doer only a means for the protection of the weak and the oppressed, and for showing mercy to the vanquished. Previous to Mr. Brooke's arrival, the condition of the aboriginal Dyak living within the sphere of the feudal system of Malay government, might be faintly illustrated by supposing the case of an Irish sub-tenant compelled to pay rent to two or three middle-men and a head-landlord, under a law admitting of a distraint upon his wife and children. Add to this the *corvée* system rigorously enforced, and a general licence for every respectable person to take anything he wanted which he found in Dyak possession, and these practices enforced by a military power of neighbouring tribes constantly at the disposal of the Malay gentry, and we may form some idea of the social condition of the Dyaks of Sarāwak. With reference to their condition by the last

advice

advices consequent on the establishment of Mr. Brooke's government, he observes—

'The peaceful and gentle aborigines—how can I speak too favourably of their improved condition! These people, who a few years since suffered every extreme of misery from war, slavery, and starvation, are now comfortably lodged and comparatively rich. A stranger might now pass from village to village, and he would receive their hospitality and see their padi stored in their houses. He would hear them proclaim their happiness, and praise the white man as their friend and protector. Since the death of Parembam no Dyak of Sarawak lost his life by violence, until a month since, when two were cut off by the Sakarran Dyaks. None of the tribes have warred among themselves, and I believe their war excursions to a distance in the interior have been very few, and those undertaken by the Sarembos.'—vol. ii. p. 186.

These and such as these are the results to which Mr. Brooke can appeal as due to his own unassisted efforts and sacrifices. Let it be remembered that they were accomplished within the space of eight months by an English gentleman, with four Europeans and eight natives at his command.

'I first visited Sarawak (says Mr. B.) in 1839, and in July, 1840, returned with the intention of remaining ten days, which term was prolonged week after week by the urgent entreaties of the Rajah. Having at length intimated my intention of taking leave, a request was made to me to assist in the war, which I refused in the first instance, but afterwards acceded to, for the following reasons: the Rajah Muda Hassim's cause was undoubtedly just, and was identical with the independence of Borneo; and on the continuance of this independence depends the considerable trade between the coast and Singapore. I had a good opinion of the Rajah's character and intentions. He himself urged upon me that he was deceived and betrayed by the intrigues of the Pangerans, who aimed at alienating his country, and that if I left him he should probably have to remain here for the rest of his life, being resolved rather to die than yield to the unjust influence which others were seeking to acquire over him; and he appealed to me, that after our friendly communication I could not, as an English gentleman, desert him. I felt that honourably I could not do so, and, though reluctantly, I resolved to give him the aid he asked—small, indeed, but of consequence in such a petty warfare. After a three months' campaign the rebels surrendered at discretion, and the difficult task of saving their lives was imposed upon me. Those who know the Malay character will appreciate the difficulty of the attempt to stand between the monarch and his victims, and to the kindness of the Rajah's disposition my success may be attributed. I may here mention, that the women and children of the rebels were detained as hostages for nine months, when I had the satisfaction of releasing them and restoring them to their families. At this period Muda Hassim offered me the government of the country. I could at once have obtained the grant, but preferred a delay, because to accept it when imposed by necessity, or from a feeling of gratitude for recent assistance,

assistance, would have rendered it both suspicious and useless. It was not till the 24th of September that Muda Hassim affixed his seal to the deed.\*

We may add, that in this interval Mr. Brooke succeeded in effectually stopping the progress up the river of a pirate fleet of one hundred vessels and two thousand five hundred men who had arrived for the purpose of attacking the tribes of the interior; and that his influence has been equally successful in procuring the liberation of the survivors of various vessels wrecked on the coast of Borneo. He also found time for a voyage among the Celebes islands, which, in respect of their population, their productions, and their scenery, appear well to deserve more notice from the explorer and the trader than they have yet received.

In Captain Keppel's second volume we find Mr. Brooke bringing his knowledge of the country, its inhabitants, and their language, to the aid of Her Majesty's navy for a purpose not more creditable, but less within the limit of any individual resources—the suppression of that system of piracy which has so long lent an evil notoriety to Borneo at large. When we consider the inveterate prescription of this system, the extent of coast along which it has been habitual, and the difficulty of access to the strongholds of the marauders, and if we advert to the difficulty which has been found in suppressing similar practices in the Mediterranean, it may at first appear that the task is beyond the means which an admiral on the East India station can apply to such a purpose. We believe, however, that the hard blows dealt out by Captain Keppel and Sir Edward Belcher have already had an effect far greater than the above considerations might induce us to imagine, and that with such commanders, backed by reasonable support and encouragement from the Admiralty, it will be possible to carry into successful effect the suggestions furnished by Mr. Brooke in his very valuable Essay on the subject, which forms the ninth chapter of this second volume. We are much strengthened in this impression by an instance in *pari materiâ*, to be found in the interesting volume of Mr. Earl, and which shows that the mere knowledge of the neighbourhood of an English flag-staff may work miracles even where the strength and long reach of the English arm has not been brought into such striking evidence as in the case of the long guns of the Vixen, which riddled Pangeran Usop's dwelling, and the various boat-attacks on the Malluda, Sakarran, and other pirates described in these volumes. Mr. Earl is narrating the rise and progress of the little establishment of Port Essington in Northern Australia, and he thus speaks of the effect produced in the neighbouring Malay Archipelago by the presence of a few marines at a station occasionally visited by a British ship of war:—

\* Previous

'Previous to the occupation of Port Essington every English vessel that had resorted to the islands lying between Timor and New Guinea had been attacked, and when successfully, the crew massacred. The Essington schooner, the first vessel sent out to the islands, was only saved by an accidental occurrence; but no sooner had it become known that the British possessed a settlement in the neighbourhood (and this occurred within an exceedingly short space of time), than these aggressions suddenly and totally ceased; and although the number of vessels resorting to these islands is far greater than it had ever previously been, no single act of hostility was ever again committed. Indeed, I speak advisedly when I say that small vessels may now traverse the adjacent seas with greater safety than they can coast the island of Java. The Timor Laut group again, the nearest to Port Essington of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, was so notorious previous to our arrival, that even the native traders of the eastern islands dared not visit it. Vessel after vessel, whether English, Dutch, Chinese, or Macassar, was cut off and plundered; but the spirit of peace has now extended itself to this important group, and it has become a favourite resort for traders, an intercourse having been established with ports, especially in the southern part of Timor Laut, which were never before frequented.'—*Essay*, p. 69.

This appears to us a case directly in point, and amply to justify, by disinterested and incidental evidence, the expectations of Mr. Brooke and Captain Keppel, as to the effect to be expected from a very limited if well applied employment of our naval force.

We forbear, though with some reluctance, from all detailed allusion to the exploits of Captain Keppel, Sir Edward Belcher, and their gallant followers. Their conduct was indeed throughout worthy of that branch of the public service on which has devolved of late years the duty of keeping the police of a planet. These transactions have appeared in the '*Gazette*,' and taken their place in the naval annals of the present century. There is no fear that such services will be forgotten or obscured even by the blaze of the fast-succeeding land victories of Hardinge, Gough, and Smith. Unable as we are to find room for warlike details, we extract Captain Keppel's account of the return of his boat expedition against the pirates:—

'We now gave our native followers permission to depart to their respective homes, which they did loaded with plunder; ourselves getting under way to rejoin the *Dido* off the island of Burong, and from thence we proceeded to the mouth of the Morotaba, where leaving the ship, Mr. Brooke and I went into my boat, with two others in attendance, to take leave of the Rajah, prior to my return to Singapore and China. Although the greater part of the native boats attached to the expedition had already arrived at Sarawak, the Rajah had sent them back some miles down the river, with as many others as he could collect, gorgeously dressed out with flags, to meet Mr. Brooke and myself, the heroes of the grandest expedition that had ever been known in the  
annals



annals of Malayan history. Our approach to the grand city was, to them, most triumphant, though to us a nuisance. From the moment we entered the last reach, the saluting from every gun in the capital that could be fired without bursting was incessant; and as we neared the royal residence, the yells, meant for cheers, and the beating of gongs, intended to be a sort of

“See the conquering hero comes,”

were quite deafening. . . . As the tide would not suit for my return to the Dido till two o'clock the following morning, we sat up till that hour, when with mutual regret we parted. I had just seen enough of Borneo, and my enterprising friend Mr. Brooke, to feel the deepest interest in both. No description of mine can in any way give my readers a proper idea of the character of the man I had just then left; and however interesting his journal may appear in the reading, it is only by being in his company, and by hearing him advocate the cause of the persecuted inland natives, and listening to his vivid and fair description of the beautiful country that he has adopted, that we can be made to enter fully into and feel what I would now describe. We parted, and I did not expect to be able so soon to return to finish what I had intended, viz., the complete destruction of the strongholds of the worst of the hordes of pirates, so long the terror of the coast, either by the capture of the piratical Seriffs Sahib and Muller, by whose evil influence they had been chiefly kept up, or by driving them from the country. From all that I had seen, the whole country appeared to be a large garden, with a rich and varied soil, capable of producing anything. The natives, especially the mountain Dyaks, are industrious, willing, inoffensive, although a persecuted race; and the only things wanting to make it the most productive and happiest country in the world were, the suppression of piracy, good government, and opening a trade with the interior, which could not fail of success. All these I saw partially begun; and these Mr. Brooke, with the assistance of a vessel-of-war, and the countenance only of the government, would, although slowly, yet surely bring about.—vol. ii. p. 71.

We have considered that a few pages of this Journal could not be better employed than in endeavouring to direct the attention of the general reader to the merits of an individual whose indisposition to blazen them by any literary effort of his own might long have kept them in comparative concealment. Our admiration for the man and our sympathy with his views are, we confess, not unmingled with deep anxiety for his personal safety, and with apprehension lest some catastrophe should blast the promise of the seed which he has scattered. It will be a loss to this country and to the human race if his schemes should be paralyzed—it will be a disgrace to the British name if his personal safety should be compromised for want of countenance and seasonable assistance from the British Government. Such he has, indeed, received from Lord Hardinge, on whose soldier brow

brow one little leaf from Borneo will mingle not ungracefully with the dense laurels of Moodkee and Sobraon: for when good men speak hereafter of his glorious Indian career, they will remember that, burthened as he was with the cares of his new government, he found time to listen to the case of Borneo, and that by his direction the Agincourt was sent to Mr. Brooke's assistance. Mr. Brooke's past proceedings and critical situation have been long before the Government through regular and official channels. We are grateful to Lord Aberdeen for the sanction Mr. Brooke has received in his appointment as Agent to the British Government, and for the mission of Captain Bethune to inquire into and report on the state of things at Borneo. We cannot hope, with our less perfect information, to assist the judgment or stimulate the activity of those to whom every particular of the case has been long submitted. Changes in departments increase, we are aware, the difficulties of official men in dealing with subjects so much out of the common routine of their offices. We have little fear except from their want of leisure. But for this, we think that there are features of the case which could not fail to excite Mr. Gladstone's warmest sympathies; and we firmly believe that, if Lord Ellenborough can find time under the *res duræ* and *regni novitas* of his laborious department to give one comprehensive glance at the documents, he will infuse something of his own activity and decision into our eastern naval stations, which is all that Mr. Brooke appears to require for his personal security. We are sure, at least, that with respect to this matter, Lord Ellenborough's impulses are too generous—his feelings towards courage and conduct too cordial—to allow him to consider Mr. Brooke as a common speculator who may be left to pay the penalty of rashness and cupidity. With respect to Mr. Brooke's public objects, we have no desire to discuss or impugn the course, be it what it may, which the Government may adopt with regard to their encouragement and promotion, or the reverse. It is for Liverpool and Manchester, and not for us, to complain if a new and promising market for our manufactures is lost by official neglect. A colony, we presume, is out of the question; and with the example of New Zealand before us we forbear to evoke the shade of Sir S. Raffles on this subject. The establishment of a naval station at or in the neighbourhood of Borneo is, we believe, under consideration; and we cannot forbear to say that the evidence appears to us strong in favour of Pulo Labuan for this purpose. It is a halfway-house between Singapore and Hong Kong: healthy, easily defensible, it has an excellent harbour, and is admirably situated for the suppression of piracy, and the command of the field of serviceable coal which is known to exist in Borneo Proper, and of which the island

island itself presents specimens, whether in sufficient quantity for us remains to be ascertained. At present, as Mr. Crawford states, between the eastern extremity of the Straits of Malacca and Hong Kong, a distance of 1700 miles, there is no British harbour, and no safe and accessible port of refuge. See what has been done at Port Essington. Plant the British standard on this rock—you will require no cumbrous establishment or extensive defences. We ask for no colony on the mainland, much as Sir S. Raffles would have desired it. Mr. Brooke's little model government will be safe, and he may bequeath it by will. The Malay governments on the coast will bow to your control, and derive strength from your propinquity for legitimate purposes. China will disgorge her tribes of useful emigrants and skilled artisans once more upon these shores. These men will bring you antimony, and gold, and diamonds, and camphor, and sago, in return for your Manchester and Glasgow goods. It is known that at no distant period Borneo was to China what Canada and the Baltic shores have been to England, the great source of supply of building timber. The tonnage of the junks employed in this trade once amounted to 30,000. The extinction of this traffic is traceable to no cause whatever but to the increase of piracy, and insecurity to life and property, under the government of Borneo Proper. Obstacles to this settlement may be discovered on maturer examination; but no man who reads the reports of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Brooke, or Captain Keppel, will pronounce that these prospects are dreams of our reviewing imagination.

There is another matter on which our business is rather with the public than the Government. A fairer field than Sarawak for the exertions of the Christian missionary scarcely presents itself in the uncivilized world. In that field we earnestly hope that the Church of England may be the first. The hill Dyaks in the province are estimated by Mr. Brooke at some 10,000 in number, and, as might be expected under such rule as he has established there, are fast increasing. The last accounts received speak of visits of chiefs to Mr. Brooke from a distance of two hundred miles in the interior:—

‘These people,’ he states in one of his letters, ‘are mild, industrious, and so scrupulously honest, that a single case of theft has not come under my observation, even when surrounded by objects easily appropriated and tempting from their novelty. In their domestic lives they are amiable, and addicted to none of the vices of a wild state. They marry but one wife; and their women are always quoted among the Malays as remarkable for chastity. Their freedom from all prejudice and their present scanty knowledge of religion would render their conversion to Christianity an easy task, provided they are rescued from their present sufferings and degraded state; but until this be done it will

will be vain to preach a faith to them the first precepts of which are daily violated in their own persons.\*

Mr. Brooke says elsewhere (vol. ii. p. 184), 'The Dyak is neither treacherous nor cunning, and so truthful that the word of one of them might safely be taken before the oath of half-a-dozen Borneans. In their dealings they are very straightforward and correct, and so trustworthy that they rarely attempt, even after a lapse of years, to evade payment of a just debt.' Is not this a better raw material for Christian manufacture than the proud and warlike savage of New Zealand, or the Hindoo steeped in the prejudices of caste? Is such a field as this to be left to the Jesuit, or to the chances of Protestant sectarian zeal? We have some hope that these questions will be answered as they should be answered from rich and episcopal England; and that the great and wealthy of the land will come forward and tell our venerated Primate—find us a man of piety, enterprising zeal, and judgment, and we will provide the means of establishing him in a land which, with God's blessing on his efforts, to use the words of one who knows it, he 'will not wish to exchange for any sphere of action on this side heaven.'\*

The passages above quoted are well calculated to excite Christian sympathy on behalf of Mr. Brooke's special protégés, the aboriginal Dyaks; but it must not be supposed that he has no corner left in his heart for the Malay, who has been scarcely less maligned by common report than the Helot race he oppresses. We cannot profess to know what notions the term Malay conveys to our readers in general. With us it raises the vision of a man of swarthy complexion, drugged with opium, running down a crowded street, pursued by the civil and military authorities, and stabbing right and left, at man, woman, and child, with a kris. This demoniac vision fades before Mr. Brooke's sketch from the living model:—

'Simple in their habits, they are neither treacherous nor bloodthirsty; cheerful, polite, hospitable, gentle in their manners, they live in communities with fewer crimes and fewer punishments than most other people of the globe. They are passionately fond of their children, and indulgent even to a fault. I have always found them good-tempered and obliging, wonderfully amenable to authority, and quite as sensible of benefits conferred, and as grateful as other people of more favoured nations.'—vol. ii. p. 128.

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\* The 'Address' of the Rev. C. Brereton did not reach us until this article was completed. It gives an able *precis* of Mr. Brooke's labours, and concludes with an earnest appeal made to the English public, at his request, for assistance towards the establishment of a church, a mission-house, and a school at Sarawak. Mr. Brooke is an attached member of the Church of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Norwich, Lichfield, Oxford, and Calcutta, have already given their sanction to the undertaking. May 26.

Of course there is a reverse to this picture. Among their bad qualities Mr. Brooke enumerates deceit, a disposition to intrigue, superstition, and its attendant propensities to persecution and oppression. Add to these defects of the Asiatic character the outward circumstances of power in the hands of a corrupt aristocracy, all the vices without the advantages of a feudal system, and no wonder that occasional and scanty intercourse with ignorant, insolent, and unscrupulous European traders, should have led to acts of treachery and violence which have given the Malay a bad name—applied also, as the term is, to many races quite distinct from the real Malay, and from each other, in origin, habits, and language.

Mr. Brooke's time has been too much and too well employed to allow him to make many scientific additions to our knowledge of the natural history of Borneo. He has, however, not failed to collect some particulars of that race of quadrumana for which the island has long been famous, and which, with one exception, is supposed to approach the nearest to man in anatomical structure, and in its consequent habits and gestures. Nor has Mr. Brooke been idle as a collector. Five living specimens of the orang-outang were shipped by him in one vessel for England, but, we believe, died on the passage. His report on the animal, published in the 'Transactions of the Zoological Society,' is appended to Captain Keppel's first volume. The largest adult shot by Mr. Brooke was 4 feet 1 inch in height, but he obtained from the natives a dried hand which would indicate far greater dimensions, and we think there is ground to suppose that the stature which has been attributed to a Sumatran species, fully equalling or exceeding that of man, is attained by the same or a similar species in Borneo. Mr. Brooke's observations or inquiries do not tend to elevate the character of the Bornean animal in respect of its approximation to humanity, as compared with his West African competitor, the chimpanzee. The activity in his native woods, attributed to him by some writers, is denied by Mr. Brooke, who describes him as slow in his motions, even when escaping from man, and making no attempt at defence except at close quarters, when his teeth are formidable. He appears to be agile and dexterous in nothing but the formation of his nest, a mere sort of uncovered seat which he weaves of branches with much rapidity. Mr. Brooke's account of the nidification of the animal tallies exactly with that by Mr. Abel, the naturalist to the Chinese Embassy of Lord Amherst:—

'While in Java,' says Mr. Abel, p. 325, 'he lodged in a large tamarind-tree near my dwelling; and formed a bed by intertwining the small branches, and covering them with leaves.'

'The rude hut,' says Mr. Brooke, 'which they are stated to build in the trees, would be more properly called a seat or nest, for it has no roof

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or cover of any sort. The facility with which they form this seat is curious; and I had an opportunity of seeing a wounded female weave the branches together and seat herself within a minute. She afterwards received our fire without moving, and expired in her lofty abode, whence it cost us much trouble to dislodge her.

Our accounts of the chimpanzee in its native state are perhaps little to be relied upon; but it is certain that in its gregarious and terrestrial habits it has a greater affinity to man than the solitary and arboreal orang-outang. The former is said to build a hut on the ground not much inferior to the dwelling of the negro—but, unlike him, to build it, not for his male self, but for his wife and family. He uses a club, possibly for support in locomotion, more certainly and with tremendous effect for assault and defence; and, if all tales be true, he buries his dead. In all these accomplishments the Bornean *homo sylvestris* is decidedly deficient. In youth both have been found gentle, playful, imitative of man, and capable of strong attachment. The chimpanzee some time since exhibited at Paris, who lived in the first circles of French society, was much visited by M. Thiers, and attended in his last illness by the court physicians, was most impatient of solitude. The maturer character of both species is probably much influenced by adventitious circumstances. The forests of Africa, swarming with huge reptiles and the larger carnivora, are a rougher school than those of Borneo, from which ‘*rabidæ tigres absunt et sæva leonum semina*.’ A French navigator, Grandpré by name, tells us of a chimpanzee which became an able seaman on board a slaver, but was so ill used by the mate that he died of grief. Why does this give us a worse opinion of the mate, and a warmer feeling of indignation, than if the victim had been one of the human cargo? In their immunity from the fiercer beasts of prey the forests of Borneo have greatly the advantage not only over those Caffrarian wastes where the cowering missionary frequently reads prayers from his fortified waggon to a congregation of lions, but over the more civilized settlement of Singapore. Mr. Davidson’s volume (p. 51) gives a frightful account of the degree to which the jungles of that island are infested by the tiger. Captain Wilkes, the very intelligent commander of the United States Discovery Expedition, who visited Singapore in 1842, affirms that before the settlement of the island tigers did not exist in it, but that they have since swum the straits, and have devoured no less than 200 human victims within a short distance of the town. It is no wonder that the botany of Singapore is, as Captain Wilkes states, imperfectly known. Its jungles come into respectable competition with the forests of Assam, from which, under Lord Auckland’s government, five thousand tiger-skins were produced in one year to claim the Government reward.

The elephant is supposed to be extinct in Borneo, and we hear nothing of the camel, which Herrera mentions as abundant.

Having quoted Captain Wilkes, we may add that he bears the honourable and impartial testimony of an American gentleman and officer to the value of Mr. Brooke's exertions in Borneo, and that he appears to consider it impossible that they should not be supported and carried out by the British Government. Captain Wilkes did not touch at Borneo itself, but his account of the neighbouring Sooloo Islands is the best and most detailed which has come under our notice.\*

We have already referred to Mr. Davidson's volume. It is the work evidently of a man of very distinguished natural ability, and though proceeding from one whose life seems to have been devoted to mercantile industry and adventure, the style of its literary execution is such as most professed men of letters might well envy. He gives us a most agreeable *résumé* of observations collected in some forty passages across the ocean to India, the Indian Isles, China, and Australia. He defends the opium trade, insinuates a desire for the retention of Chusan, and advocates a compulsory opening of intercourse with Japan. Against this latter suggestion—with much respect for Mr. Davidson, and with grateful veneration for the memory of Sir S. Raffles, who did more than cast a longing eye on Japan—we enter our protest, on grounds which have been amply set forth in two former numbers of this Journal. We believe the Japanese to be a contented, prosperous, and, on the whole, well-governed, people, ready to rip themselves up on the appearance of the British flag in their waters. If one empire of the world chooses to indulge a taste for seclusion, to eschew Manchester goods, and make its own hardware, we think it ought to be indulged. The risks of invasion would be serious to the invader, and success would be purchased at an expense of gunpowder and blood, which, though neither Quakers nor members of a Peace Society, we abhor to contemplate.

We are not, however, more than Mr. Davidson or Sir Stamford Raffles, indifferent to the advantages our commerce could derive from any relaxation, voluntary on the part of the Japanese, of their rigid system of non-intercourse; and we admit that there are circumstances of the present moment which may bring such a change of their policy within the verge of possibility. We have no doubt that long before this the reverberation of our guns on the banks of the Yellow River has been felt in the council chamber of the palace of Jeddo. It is not possible to pronounce what particular effect the sound may have produced on the Japanese mind. It is well known that the Japanese entertain a hereditary con-

\* See 'Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition.' Philadelphia edition, Vol. v. ch. ix.

tempt and aversion for their near kinsmen of the Celestial Empire. In their commercial intercourse the latter are subjected to restrictions as rigid, and conditions as humiliating, as those to which the Dutch have so long submitted. The original relationship of the two races was probably a near one, but a separation of ages has left the recollection of triumphant resistance to the Chinese invader unimpaired, and has produced striking differences between them, generally to the advantage of the Japanese. The habits of personal cleanliness which pervade all classes in Japan would alone constitute a strong distinction in their favour. We think it highly probable that the intelligence of the humiliation of the Chinese has been received in Japan with something of the satisfaction with which, as we remember to have heard, the Chinese Wardens of the Marches looked on at the discomfiture of the mountaineers of Nepal who gave so much trouble to our best troops and commanders. Their applications for assistance or refuge were met with insult and contumely, which broke out in such expressions as 'Truly you are a great people! Who are you that you should resist the English,' &c. &c. We cannot, however, imagine that satisfaction of this description should be unmingled with apprehension at any prospect of a visit from the conquering nation whose exploits, seen either through Chinese or Dutch spectacles, might not assume a very prepossessing aspect, particularly when coupled with the last instance of the appearance of the English flag in the waters of Japan—that of the 'Phaeton.' We are nevertheless told that reports have reached Java that the Japanese government were in expectation of a visit from the English, and that the Government at Jeddo would now receive an amicable commercial mission. If this be so, the experiment is worth trying; but if it be tried, we earnestly hope that it may be committed to some officer of approved discretion—some naval Pottinger—who will not stain our flag by any act of violence or illegal aggression, such as in the case of the 'Phaeton' was to be palliated, but in our opinion hardly justified, by the warlike relations which then existed between ourselves and the Dutch. We have no enemy now to run to earth in Japan, and if we cannot at once establish friendly relations with its inhabitants, and procure from the local authorities the usual hospitalities of a friendly port, pilotage, provisions, &c., without humiliating and inadmissible conditions, we know not by what law of nations we can insist on a reversal in our favour of the code of an empire which never itself has indulged in acts of aggression. We doubt, indeed, whether either menace or violence could lead to any result more satisfactory than they would deserve, and we believe that in such dangerous waters as those of Nagasaki, the safety not only of boats' crews, but even of a ship of war, might be compromised by rash contempt



contempt of Japanese militia, and equally by rash reliance on the weakness or the good will of a people with whom self-sacrifice at the order of the sovereign is an inveterate custom.

As to any such specimen of bad faith as would be exhibited in our forcible retention of Chusan, we consider it beyond the sphere of serious argument or reprehension, and we do not imagine that there is much more chance of any diplomatic arrangement with the Chinese by which we could keep possession of it, than there is of Lord Aberdeen conveying the Channel Islands in a leasehold tenure to Louis Philippe, or of his obtaining from that sovereign a re-entry on our old possession of Calais.

We are, however, quite in accordance with Mr. Davidson when he advocates immediate measures for working the Borneo coal-field.

‘All Her Majesty’s steamers on the coast of China might be supplied,’ he says, ‘with fuel from the same quarter—particularly as several empty ships go to China every season in search of freights homeward, which would gladly call at Borneo *en route* and take in a cargo of coals to be delivered at Hong Kong at a moderate rate per ton. To establish this coal-trade on a permanent footing, a treaty would require to be entered into with the Sultan of Borneo. This, I have no hesitation in saying, might be effected, and the requisite arrangements made with the Borneo authorities by Mr. Brooke, whose influence in that quarter is deservedly all-powerful.’—*Davidson*, p. 295.

Mr. Earl’s volume, ‘Enterprise in Tropical Australia,’ is also a performance of sterling ability—and it is well calculated to make us anxious for the more expanded treatise on eastern commerce which he promises soon to publish. It has, and will probably still more, become the province of England to direct to Australia and other quarters the streams of population and labour which only require her hand to guide them from various over-peopled quarters of the East, to fertile but unpeopled wastes. At page 119 of Mr. Earl’s volume will be found some valuable observations on this extensive and interesting subject. Many of the islands of the Indian Seas adjacent to Australia, such as Kissi and Roti, suffer periodically from famine—others are only relieved of their surplus population by the abominable expedient of the slave-trade. The Celebes, China, and Continental India, are all ready to irrigate the thirsty soil with streams of useful labour. Of these Mr. Earl considers the Malay the cheapest, from his habits and requirements as to dress the best customer for the British manufacturer, and the best adapted for clearing new lands. The Chinese are the best agriculturists; manufacturers, we believe we may add miners—India furnishes the best herdsmen. It has been found at Singapore that from these various sources the supply of labour has fully kept pace with a growing demand.

Mr.

Mr. Davidson says that the Chinese junks bring annually to this part of the world from six to eight thousand emigrants, who ultimately find employment either in the island, in the tin-mines of Borneo, or the Malayan peninsula. 'Spartam nactus es'—if we can only contrive to turn to account the territory within our legitimate control, we shall rub on for some time to come without coercing Japan. The merchant and the emigrant to Australia will find much useful information in these two works of Messrs. Davidson and Earl; and with readers for amusement they cannot fail to be popular. We could fill pages with descriptions and anecdotes of the most lively interest which abound in both: Mr. Davidson's, especially, exhibits a rare mastery in picturesque narration.

*Since the above was written, we have seen from that Springfield detail account of an exploring expedition, successfully accomplished by the same party, in the same way, and with the same result, as that before us, through any*

ART. II.—*Lyra Innocentium; Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children—their ways and their privileges.* 8vo. Oxford, 1846.

2. *The Christian Year; Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year.* 27th ed. Oxford, 1845.
3. *The Psalter, or Psalms of David in English Verse.* By a Member of the University of Oxford. Adapted for the most part to tunes in common use. Oxford.

ANOTHER volume of Sacred Poetry by the author of the 'Christian Year' comes to remind us of a debt so old, and so long undischarged, that in the courts of literary law it may seem superfluous now to acquit ourselves of it by payment. Indeed, to speak plainly, the time is gone by for us to fulfil our ordinary duty in respect to that remarkable volume, nor do we intend now to attempt it; but there are some circumstances connected with it which it will be convenient to notice, as preliminary to the more immediate purpose of this article.

It is now more than twenty years since the author favoured the readers of this Journal with a paper\* on sacred poetry, his only contribution, we believe, to our pages, which we will even now recommend as laying down and unfolding the true principles of criticism on this very important and most interesting subject. We mention it, because the volume above alluded to, which must have been in the course of composition at the time, is a most striking illustration of the article, and a proof of the soundness of its reasoning. It shows, too, that the criticism was not the suggestion of the moment, but the matured and tried result of consideration and experiment.

\* Quar. Rev., vol. xxxii. pp. 211—232.

The history of the volume itself is indeed singular. It appeared first in the spring of 1827, and we have now before us in less than twenty years the 27th edition in England; and we happen to know that this and several preceding editions have been of 3000 copies each. It has been reprinted for a long time, and in several forms, in the United States. Nothing could be more unassuming, or less likely to attract attention than its first appearance—without embellishment or illustration of any kind—without the author's name, which indeed at that time would have conferred no celebrity on it—we did indeed give it a friendly greeting in a long note to another article,\* but we believe it was regularly reviewed in none of the critical journals—it was dedicated to no patron—it courted no party—it appealed to no enthusiastic or sectarian feelings—it deprecated excitement—the simple object which it professed to have was to bring the thoughts and feelings of the reader into more entire union with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book.

The religious movement in our Church, from which, however clouded be the present aspect, we doubt not that great blessings have resulted, and, under God's providence, will result, unless we forfeit them by neglect, or wilful abuse, had not then ostensibly commenced,—the earliest of the Tracts for the Times was not published, we believe, till the year 1833 or 1834—but we say ostensibly—for the volume itself can hardly be regarded otherwise than as a commencement, by the reverential and affectionate feelings which it contributed to revive in churchmen towards our Church, her ordinances, and Liturgy. Silently and imperceptibly at first, but with increasing rapidity, it found its way among all sections of churchmen; and although, as the spirit of party unfortunately developed itself, some, whose vision had acquired a diseased activity, imagined that they discovered, and lost no time in denouncing, much mischief in it, artfully concealed, the discovery and the denunciation alike came too late—its position had been taken and secured; and they who had found not merely delight to the imagination, but comfort to the heart, in the habitual study of the book, were not to be frightened from the use of it; their example secured it at least an impartial reception with the rising generation of readers.

And yet successful as the work has been, almost beyond precedent, it is still a remarkable proof how partial is the circulation of sacred poetry. We think it very possible that, to a large portion of our readers, the existence of the work may be to the present moment absolutely unknown, or known only by occasional citations in other works. We have ourselves met with more than one instance of persons well acquainted with the poetry of our

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\* Quar. Rev., vol. xxxiv. p. 48.

age, who had never heard of it; and in a popular enumeration of our living poets the author's name would probably not be found. This is a striking fact, but not without its explanation. Sacred poetry appeals to higher feelings and deeper sympathies than those aroused by profane: it may therefore sometimes succeed in spite of defects, which would mar the success of profane. Where the devotional spirit within us is strongly excited, we do not stay, we are not in a humour, to scan the rhythm or the expression: but for the same reason the fit audience is not uncommonly the fewer—the poet gains in intensity of admiration, but loses perhaps in the range of mere popularity.

We have said that we do not intend now to review the 'Christian Year' in detail, yet a sentence or two of comment may be fittingly introduced here. Its faults are upon the surface, and principally such as may be called technical; here and there an ill-matched rhyme—too often an unharmonious line—a metre not formed on a skilful or just analogy—suggesting the idea, which he somewhere applies to himself, of 'a dull and tuneless ear

'That lingers by soft Music's cell.'

Faults such as these might have been for the most part, if not altogether, avoided in the beginning by more care, but we would not now suggest any attempt at amendment—such as the work is, let it remain, rather than run the hazard of alteration in a different state of feeling from that which dictated the original verses.

But besides these the work has a graver fault—one which must always impede its full or immediate success with ordinary readers—which its most enthusiastic admirers must acknowledge; it is undoubtedly not seldom difficult entirely to apprehend its meaning, and that sometimes not from the depth of thought, but from its imperfect expression. It is not quite a fair nickname which an eminent dignitary, a very felicitous godfather in this way, of men and things, is said to have given it—of his Sunday Puzzle. But it must be confessed that even where the expression is perfect, we may have to place ourselves in the author's own position with regard to his subject, and that very often not a common one, to enable ourselves fully to enter into his view of it. We must acquire something like a familiarity with his own private studies and habits of reasoning, and, if it may be, make ourselves one with him in his delicate train of feeling. Those who have most nearly arrived at this, will be the readiest to declare how difficult it must be for the larger number of readers.

The 'Christian Year,' however, is not a volume which is read once and laid aside for ever—it is intended to be in the way of a manual—read from week to week and day to day—again and again—so that this fault soon ceases to be felt—and in return  
those

Those who are most in the habit of so using it, find perhaps in this circumstance an additional charm—they seldom return to a poem in it without gaining something new, or seeming to find some new beauty in the perusal. This is a quality eminently required in that which is to be used as a manual, to be always the same in feeling and character, yet ever new in particulars. And this may be one reason why the ‘Christian Year,’ beyond any other volume of uninspired poetry that we know, comes to exercise an influence over the thoughts and affections; but there are graver and more powerful reasons for the same result which yet we feel a difficulty in mentioning, because they seem to denote an excess of personal reverence, which no one would condemn more gravely than the author himself—it must be said, however, that in reading it habitually we grow to feel that we are having intercourse with a mind and spirit of no common order. We are conscious of the presence, as it were, of one more humble indeed, more subdued, and self-forgetting than ourselves, oppressed with a sense of infirmities and errors, of unsatisfied responsibilities, and unrequited mercies, yet still a recluse more holy and pure than ourselves, in whose presence we are ashamed to indulge in any worldly, impure, or ungoverned imaginations, and from whose lips such teaching as the ‘Christian Year’ unfolds, comes with a most impressive and irresistible reality.

This is a very high attribute; but the language we have used is measured by the soberest reflection: and indeed no sacred poetry of the highest order can exist where this cannot be truly said. Without this we are invaded by a sense of unreality, where truth is essential to cordial admiration, and where we cannot afford to separate in idea the author and his work. On this condition alone can sacred poetry acquire that permanent hold over the feelings and affections of its readers, which is its pre-eminent object. In the present instance, indeed, there are not wanting the minor charms of poetry; no poet of the age has observed the face of nature, in English landscape at least, or studied the movements of the human heart, more attentively; no one has described with more truth or feeling the various changes of the former, nor how they operate on the latter; or the analogies, dim or clear, which subsist between the two.

Our limits in the present paper will not allow us to make many extracts, and even by many it would not be easy to justify all that we have said; it is only by the habitual use of the work that we can expect our readers fully to sympathise with our feelings. Yet we will venture to extract two poems entire from the volume, as a fair sample of the whole.

The stanzas for the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, on the  
Lilies

Lilies of the Field, present us with a happy union of Scriptural allusion and moral teaching, with the most tender and delicate painting of Nature.

‘Consider the lilies of the field how they grow.’—*St. Matth.* vi. 28.

‘Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies  
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,  
 What more than magic in you lies,  
 To fill the heart’s fond view?  
 In childhood’s sports, companions gay:  
 In sorrow, on life’s downward way,  
 How soothing!—in our last decay,  
 Memorials prompt and true.  
 Relics ye are of Eden’s bowers,  
 As pure as fragrant and as fair,  
 As when ye crown’d the sunshine hours  
 Of happy wanderers there.  
 Full’n all beside—the world of life  
 How is it stained with fear and strife!  
 In Reason’s world what storms are rife,  
 What passions rage and glare!  
 But cheerful and unchang’d the while,  
 Your first and perfect form ye show,  
 The same that won Eve’s matron smile  
 In the world’s opening glow.  
 The stars of Heaven a course are taught  
 Too high above our human thought;  
 Ye may be found, if ye are sought,  
 And as we gaze, we know.  
 Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,  
 Our paths of sin—our homes of sorrow;  
 And guilty man where’er he roams,  
 Your innocent mirth may borrow.  
 The birds of air before us fleet,  
 They cannot brook our shame to meet—  
 But we may taste your solace sweet,  
 And come again to-morrow.  
 Ye fearless in your nests abide—  
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,  
 Your silent lessons, undescried  
 By all but lowly eyes;  
 For ye could draw the admiring gaze  
 Of *Him* who worlds and hearts surveys;  
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,  
 He taught us how to prize.  
 Ye felt your Maker’s smile that hour,  
 As when he paused, and owned you good;  
 His blessing on earth’s primal hour  
 Ye felt it all renew’d.

What

What care ye now, if winter's storm  
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?  
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm;  
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind  
That daily court you and caress,  
How few the happy secret find  
Of your calm loveliness!

*"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light  
To-morrow's cares will bring to sight:  
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,  
And Heaven thy morn will bless."*—p. 233.

We will venture to add one very sweet poem from the Occasional Services—that on the Visitation and Communion of the Sick:—

' Oh Youth and Joy! your airy tread  
Too lightly springs by Sorrow's bed;  
Your keen eye-glances are too bright,  
Too restless for a sick man's sight.  
Farewell:—for one short life we part:  
I rather woo the soothing art,  
Which only souls in suffering tried  
Bear to their suffering brethren's side.

Where may we learn that gentle spell?  
Mother of Martyrs, thou canst tell!  
Thou who didst watch thy dying Spouse  
With pierced hands and bleeding brows,  
Whose tears from age to age are shed  
O'er sainted sons untimely dead:  
If e'er we charm a soul in pain,  
Thine is the key-note of our strain.  
How sweet with thee to lift the latch  
Where Faith has kept her midnight watch  
Smiling on woe: with thee to kneel,  
Where fixed, as if one prayer could heal,  
She listens till her pale eye glow  
With joy wild health can never know,  
And each calm feature, ere we read,  
Speaks silently thy glorious Creed.

Such have I seen: and while they pour'd  
Their hearts in every contrite word,  
How have I rather longed to kneel,  
And ask of them sweet pardon's seal!  
How blest the heavenly music brought  
By Thee to aid my faltering thought!  
Peace ere we kneel—and when we cease  
To pray—the farewell word is Peace.

I came

I came again : the place was bright  
" With something of celestial light,"—  
A simple altar by the bed  
For high Communion meetly spread—  
Chalice and plate and snowy vest.—  
We ate and drank : then calmly blest,  
All mourners, one with dying breath,  
We sate and talk'd of Jesus' death.

Once more I came : the silent room  
Was veil'd in sadly soothing gloom,  
And ready for her last abode  
The pale form like a lily show'd,  
By virgin fingers duly spread,  
And priz'd for love of summer fled.  
The light from those soft smiling eyes  
Had fled to its parent skies.

O soothe us—haunt us—night and day,  
Ye gentle Spirits far away—  
With whom we shared the cup of grace—  
Then parted ; ye to Christ's embrace,  
We to the lonesome world again :  
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain  
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,  
To be sung on, where Angels soar,  
With blended voices evermore.'—p. 354.

We part with the ' Christian Year ' without more comment. It was a very appropriate task for such an author, the next which occupied him—a metrical version of the *Psalms of David*—now better known as the *Oxford Psalter*. In the Preface he states that ' it was undertaken in the first instance with a serious apprehension, which has since grown into a full conviction that the thing attempted is, strictly speaking, impossible.' Perhaps it is but too true that a metrical version of the *Psalms*, at all approaching to perfection, is an impossibility—the fundamental difference of character between Hebrew and English poetry might alone account for this. But independently of this consideration we should not have expected the author of the ' *Christian Year* ' to produce a popular version :—the majority of readers must of course be unable to judge of its fidelity to the original—too many are regardless of it ;—smooth lines, correct rhymes, and an easily understood matter they must have, and these they find in the commonplace moralities and generalities of Tate and Brady, Merrick, or Hall ; while another large class, who secretly sigh for the exciting hymn-book of the Methodist, require that the *Psalms* should be made, as they term it, more evangelical, as the condition on which they shall retain even a divided place in our service.

With



With the author of the 'Christian Year' it might be expected that all considerations would yield to the one paramount duty of fidelity to the original. Deep reverence for it would preclude the supposition that he could improve on it—nor, if it were possible for him to have entertained the notion that he could make it more useful by any adaptation to Christian services, would he have thought it allowable to attempt that by addition, retrenchment, or alteration. He must have well known that to follow the abrupt transitions, the frequent change of persons, the parallelisms of Hebrew poetry would often give to English stanzas an air of abruptness, inconsequence, and tame repetition—yet these were conditions of his work from which his sense of duty precluded any attempt to escape. He has sacrificed to these the immediate popularity of his version, but we would fain hope not its ultimate success—for even under these difficulties it is an extraordinary performance, as well adapted for singing as any that has preceded it, with more of real poetry, and with the rare merit of presenting neither more nor less than the thought and imagery of the original. It will very often occur that the version disappoints the reader, who knowing that a scholar of taste and real poetical genius is the translator, takes it up as a book to read; but we would remind such that he mistakes its purpose—a metrical version of the Psalms is intended not to be read, but sung. Who for mere reading would leave the beautiful rhythms of the Prayer-Book Psalter for the most perfect metrical version that can be imagined? In singing, especially in congregational singing, where numbers communicate and augment the feeling, rough lines, and homely phrases, and abrupt transitions, and frequent repetitions may not only be overlooked or forgiven—they may sometimes help to increase the intensity of the feeling, because they seem to convey an assurance that we are uttering the very matter of an inspired original. The true question then, to state it colloquially, is, not how it reads, but how it sings; if it is but equal to former translations in this important respect, it is surely of importance to introduce it generally into use, for we are certain that thereby much additional knowledge of the Psalms themselves would be acquired by the people—they would gradually learn to distinguish the typical and prophetic parts from the merely biographical and historical. To a reverent heart, moreover, it is really painful to be compelled to join in singing some of the versions that proceed on the principle of adaptation. Let a man read these two verses of the 40th Psalm, and consider in whose person, and on what awful occasion they were uttered:—'Then said I, lo! I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me—I delight to do thy will oh! my God; yea, thy law is within my heart.'

heart.' We think after such consideration it would rather stick in his throat to sing this adaptation from Hall's collection dedicated to the Bishop of London, and principally in use in that diocese :—

‘ O help me therefore to fulfil  
The sacred truth thy words impart;  
‘ Make me to love thy perfect will,  
And write thy law upon my heart.’

Shocking as this is, it is but the fair result of the system.

From these general notices we approach at length to the work which has given us the opportunity of making them—the ‘ *Lyra Innocentium*—Thoughts in verse on Christian Children; their Ways and their Privileges.’ Like the two former works, it appears anonymously, and is not even connected in the title-page with the author of the ‘ *Christian Year*.’ But whatever may be the peril of determining authorship upon internal evidence, we have no fears here. No one can read the two works and entertain the least doubt; and when we consider that nearly twenty years have intervened between the first publication of each, it is a remarkable and a delightful fact to find undiminished in the latter the freshness, purity, and childlike simplicity of heart, which are so characteristic of the former. To an author who wrote for fame, this publication, after so much success and so long an interval, must needs be matter of much anxiety ;—if he comes before the public with the authority of a great name, so also has he to encounter the judgment of a more fastidious audience, and the chilling effect of comparison with the established favourite. To a certain extent, whatever may be the merits of the new work, years must elapse before the effect of this comparison can be entirely done away. Poetry, like the ‘ *Christian Year*,’ used as a manual, and associated in the course of years with a thousand tender recollections, comes to have a hold on us far beyond the effect of its own excellence ; it cannot be dislodged ; we grow to be tender of it in any comparison—and yet we will compare ; and so are apt to regard the new-comer as a rival.

In the present case too, there will be too many who will read the ‘ *Lyra*’ with an anxiety about the religious opinions advanced in it, which, as we have before observed, the ‘ *Christian Year*’ escaped. We cannot wonder at this, nor severely censure it : the world is agreed upon the author, although he has chosen, from the retiringness of his character, to maintain the reserve with which he commenced. It is impossible for him not to write from the heart, and nothing interests his heart so deeply as religious truth ; he cannot write therefore where religious opinions would be in place, without expressing them directly or indirectly ; and what subject

subject is there which has not its religious aspect to the mind that habitually seeks for heaven and heavenly analogies, in the appearances and incidents which surround and befall us on earth? Now it cannot be disguised that the opinions of this author on such subjects are not matters of mere poetical interest; they are of deep importance. His opponents, we will not call them fierce, but at least we may call them his warm opponents, feel this, and they will scan these verses in a spirit and with a purpose, we fear, inaccessible to the influence of poetry; while the more thoughtful of those who have taken comfort through many troublous and painful seasons in the 'Christian Year,' may be excused if even they cannot exempt themselves from all anxiety: lest in the progress of opinion and its melancholy consequences, something might be found in these pages on which they could repose with less security than on their earlier guide.

All these are disturbing causes; but to readers such as these last we cheerfully give assurance of entire satisfaction. We should have no right, if we had the means, to scan and develop what may from time to time have been the author's thoughts in the many years that have elapsed, in which he cannot have been other than a deeply interested observer of the melancholy events which have rent so many members from our church; such an inquiry would be as liable to error in the result, as it would be impertinent and indelicate in its progress. In this matter our proper concern with him is as a teacher—and we may be sure that he teaches as he feels and believes. There is a remarkable consistency in the faith expressed in the two works—such as the author was in 1827, such he manifests himself in 1846. Self-forgetting in this as in the former, he does not allow room even for the sadness or anxiety to appear, which it might be supposed would press heavy on his heart. Then, as now, he could afford from an honest and undoubting loyalty to acknowledge omissions and excesses—things that might be amended—graces that might be added—restraints that might be removed. Then, as now, he declined to prove his devotion to the English Church by uncharitable undistinguishing censures on the Church of Rome: but now as then the Church of his fathers—the Church in which he was born—the Church in which his parents and many saints dearer to him than himself, have lived and died—the Church to which, from his early manhood, he has been a sworn servant, claims and has the homage of his lips, and the dutiful and loving obedience of his heart.

We have spoken of disturbing causes—how alien to the spirit that breathes in this volume! We would, if we could, disarm the spirit of polemical criticism at least; and beg all who would approach

approach it as controversialists, to read first in a quiet moment the prefatory stanzas, and lay the volume by if they do not inspire a feeling towards the writer which would make controversy with him distasteful.

*' To all Friendly Readers.*

' There are, who love upon their knees  
To linger when their prayers are said,  
And lengthen out their litanies  
In duteous care for quick and dead.  
Thou of all love the Source and Guide !  
O may some hovering thought of theirs,  
Where I am kneeling, gently glide,  
And higher waft these earth-bound prayers !

There are who gazing on the stars  
Love-tokens read from worlds of light,  
Not as dim seen through prison-bars,  
But as with Angels' welcome bright.  
Oh, had we kept entire the vow  
And covenant of our infant eyes,  
We, too, might trace untrembling now  
Glad lessons in the moonlight skies.

There are to whom this gay green earth  
Might seem a mournful penance cave,  
For they have marred their holy birth,  
Have rent the bowers that o'er them wave.  
Where underneath Thy Cross they lie,  
Mark me a place : thy Mercy's ray  
Is healing even to such as I,  
Else wherefore bid us hope and pray ?

What if there were who laid one hand  
Upon the *Lyre of Innocence*,  
While the other over sea and land  
Beckon'd foul shapes in dream intense  
Of earthly passion ?—Whoso reads,  
In pity kneel for him, and pour  
A deep heart-prayer (O, much it needs !)  
That lies may be his hope no more.

Pray that the mist by sin and shame  
Left on his soul may fleet ; that he  
A true and timely word may frame  
For weary hearts, that ask to see  
Their way in our dim twilight hour :  
His lips so purg'd with penance fire  
That he may guide them in Christ's power  
Along the path of their desire ;

And with no faint nor erring voice,  
 May to the wanderer whisper—*Stay* ;  
*God chooses for thee—seal his choice,*  
*Nor from thy mother's shadow stray.*  
 For sure thine holy mother's shade  
 Rests yet upon thine ancient home ;  
 No voice from Heaven hath clearly said—  
 “ Let us depart ”—then fear to roam.  
 Pray that the prayer of innocence  
 On earth, of saints in Heaven above,  
 Guard as of old our lonely tents ;  
 Till, as one faith is ours, in love  
 We own all churches, and are own'd.  
 Pray him to save by chastenings keen  
 The harps that hail his bride enthron'd  
 From wayward touch of hands unclean.’

*February 8, 1846.*

The work is divided into ten sections of poems: the sections following each other in a natural order, the poems varying in length and number; but each in some measure connected with the other, at least by a common reference to the title of the section. Several of the poems are applied to particular Sundays or holidays. ‘ According to the first idea of this little volume,’ says the advertisement, it ‘ would have proved a sort of Christian Year for teachers and nurses, and others who are much employed about children.’ Teachers and nurses they must be of a somewhat high standard who could fully enter into the volume; but our English mothers will understand it: we will venture to say that not the most tenderly watchful among them has observed childhood, at least on its favourable side, with more delicate discrimination. Christian children, be it remembered, no nominal limitation, are his subject—their ways and their privileges; and truly he brings them before us in sickness and in health, in mirth and sorrow—in sport and in earnest—alone and in company—on the downy heath, in the brook-side ramble, by the sea-shore, and in the deep wood—grateful for favours, and liberal in bestowing—going to church—and in the service—in all these and many more such cases drawing the picture with a truth and delicacy, and with an affection too for the object which savour more of a gifted mother than even of the most child-like poet. But he never stops with the picture—some analogy of an exalted kind always suggests itself to his mind. Childlike in spirit, the volume has nothing childish or effeminate in thought or language; often, indeed, the doubt will be whether the depth of the former has not gone beyond the seeming object of the volume, and imparted too much difficulty to it.

We are desirous rather to make our readers acquainted with the contents of the volume than to indulge in theories of our own ; and yet it is difficult to give a consecutive analysis of a work like this, nor will it be necessary ; we will rather give a somewhat detailed account of one of the sections—the second, taken at hazard—the Cradle-Songs ; as best enabling our readers to form a true notion of the character of the whole work. It would be a wrong to him, however, to omit that his opening section is on Holy Baptism, the commencement of the life of a Christian Child. He closes it with these few lines on the death of the New Baptized, in which he exemplifies as happily as any where the character we have given above :—

‘ What purer, brighter sight on earth, than when  
The sun looks down upon a drop of dew  
Hid in some nook from all but Angels’ ken,  
And with his radiance bathes it through and through,  
Then into realms too clear for our faint view  
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love ?  
And what if Heaven therein give token true  
Of grace that new-born dying infants prove  
Just touch’d with Jesus’ light, then lost in joys above.’

The second section begins with a poem contributed by a friend, on ‘ The First Smile,’ fancifully enough supposed to occur in sleep, from the tradition of St. Augustin, recorded by himself. The second is ‘ Children like Parents ;’ the scene in the nursery is thus livelyly described :

‘ When travail hours are spent and o’er,  
And genial hours of joy  
In cradle-songs, and nursery lore  
All the glad home employ ;  
Full busy in her kindly mood  
Is Fancy, to descry  
The welcome notes of fatherhood  
In form and lip and eye.  
And elder brethren’s hearts are proud  
And sisters blush and smile,  
As round the babe by turns they crowd,  
A brief and wondering while.  
With eager speed they ready make  
Soft bosom and safe arm,  
As though such burthen once to take,  
A blessing were and charm.’—pp. 23, 24.

But this earthly is only to lead us on to the heavenly counterpart : from the tracing of likenesses on earth we pass to the employment of our elder brethren in heaven :—

‘ Oh, well the denizens of Heaven  
 Their Master’s children know,  
 By filial yearnings sweet and even,  
 By patient smiles in woe,

By gaze of meek inquiry, turn’d  
 Towards th’ informing Eye,  
 By tears that to obey have learn’d,  
 By clasped hands on high.

Well may we guess, our Guardians true  
 Stoop low and tarry long,  
 Each accent noting, each faint hue,  
 That shows us weak or strong ;

And even as loving nurses here  
 Joy in the babe to find  
 The likeness true of kinsman dear,  
 Or brother good and kind,

So in each budding inward grace  
 The Seraphs’ searching ken  
 The memory haply may retrace  
 Of ancient, holy men.

*For of her Saints the Sacred Home  
 Is never quite bereft ;  
 Each a bright shadow in the gloom,  
 A glorious type, hath left.*

*And by those features, stern or sweet,  
 Resigned or dauntless, all  
 Heaven’s keen-eyed Watchers use to mete,  
 Which mortals holy call.*

“ And hark,” saith one, “ the soul I guide—  
 I heard it gently sigh  
 In such a tone as Peter sighed,  
 Touched by his Saviour’s eye.”

“ And see,” another cries, “ how soft  
 Smiles on that little child  
 Yon aged man ! even so full oft  
 The loved Disciple smiled.”

And oh, be sure no guardian fires  
 Flash brighter in their joy  
 Than theirs, who scan the meek desires  
 And lowly lone employ

Of maiden in her quiet bower,  
 When haply glance or mien  
 Reminds them of the lily flower  
 With Blessed Mary seen.—

But as when babes by look or tone  
 Brother or friend recall,  
 In all the Parents' right we own,  
 Their memory blend with all :  
 So in earth's saintly multitude  
 Discern we Saints above :—  
 In these, the Fountain Orb of Good,  
 Pure light and endless Love.'

Two of these stanzas which we have printed in italics, present a tolerably fair specimen of the difficulty so often imputed as a fault to the author: the thought in the first is deep and consolatory—here announced, in the full confidence of faith, that by God's appointment so it must be—the church on earth is never wholly bereft of her saints—the greatest of the departed leave their bright shadows and glorious types even in our darkest gloom; and the angels measure all that we call holy in character by those spiritual features—'the budding inward graces'—which according to their character, stern or sweet, resigned or dauntless, bring back the likeness of this or that great departed one. This meaning might well escape the reader of ordinary attention; and in the last stanza the author is certainly in fault. 'Those features stern or sweet,' are so far removed from the 'budding inward graces,' that the reference should have been more distinctly marked; and again, the position of 'all,' in the second line naturally connects it with the 'Watchers,' and sets us to look out for something to be governed by the verb 'mete.'

The third poem, the 'Lullaby,' we pass over, and come to the fourth, 'Sleeping on the Waters,' in which the entire security of the infant sleeping in his cradle, spite of storms without and sorrows within the cottage, suggests the recollection of Moses on the Nile, and this of our Saviour on the sea of Tiberias. All three pictures are drawn to the life—how few are the touches in the first, yet how completely and with what individuality do they bring the whole before our eyes :—

— beside the hearth  
 The lowly cradle mark,  
 Where, wearied with his ten hours' mirth,  
 Sleeps in his own warm ark  
*A bright-haired babe, with arm upraised,*  
 As though the slumberous dew  
 Stole o'er him, while in faith he gazed  
 Upon his guardian true.  
 Storms may rush in, (?) and crimes and woes  
 Deform the quiet bower :  
 They may not mar the deep repose  
 Of that immortal flower.

Though



Though only broken hearts be found  
 To watch his cradle by,  
 No blight is on his slumbers sound,  
 No touch of harmful eye.'

With as few touches the Infant Lawgiver in his little ark is painted; but the contrast between his helpless condition there, and the awful control he shall exercise over the river in after-years, is strikingly brought out:—

'What recks he of his mother's tears,  
 His sister's boding sigh?  
*The whispering reeds are all he hears,*  
*And Nile, soft-weltering nigh*  
 Sings him to sleep; but he will wake,  
 And o'er the *haughty* flood  
 Wave his stern rod, and lo!—a lake,  
 A restless sea of blood.'

The epithet 'haughty' is surely ill chosen in this place; but the transition to the third picture in the poem is beautifully conceived, and the picture as happily drawn:—

'Hail! chosen type and image true  
 Of Jesus on the sea!  
 In slumber and in glory too,  
 Shadowed of old by thee.  
 Save that in calmness thou didst sleep  
 The summer stream beside—  
 He on a wider wilder deep,  
 Where boding night-winds sigh'd—  
 Sigh'd, when at eve he laid him down,  
 But with a sound like flame  
 At midnight from the mountain's crown  
 Upon his slumbers came.  
 Lo! how they watch till he awake,  
 Around his rude low bed;  
 How wistful count the waves that break  
 So near His sacred head.'—p. 36

We pass over 'First Waking,' 'Looking Westward,' and 'Upward Gazing,' to pause for a moment on the eighth poem in the section—'Children's Thankfulness'; it is on the grateful spirit with which young children acknowledge even small favours, as they seem to us, and the thanklessness which we exhibit towards our Maker for the greatest. The moral is summed up in the last stanza:—

'Save our blessings, Master, save  
 From the blight of thankless eye,  
 Teach us for all joys to crave  
 Benediction pure and high;

Own them giv'n, endure them gone,  
Shrink from their *hard'ning* touch, yet prize them won ;

Prize them as rich odours meet  
For love to lavish on His sacred feet ;  
Prize them as sparkles bright

Of heavenly dew from yon o'erflowing well of light.'—p. 48.

But the whole poem is suggested by the most trifling incident—a child in arms has given him a violet from her nosegay ; he has neglected to thank her for it ; she manifests her sense of this as something which even so early she has learned to be wrong. Thus richly is the child painted. The comparison to the gorgeous Indian bird strikes us as singularly beautiful :—

' Why so stately, maiden fair,  
Rising in thy nurse's arms  
With that condescending air,  
Gathering up thy queenly charms  
Like some gorgeous Indian bird,  
Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirr'd,  
Turns the glowing neck to chide  
Th' irreverent footfall, then makes haste to hide  
Again its lustre deep  
Under the purple wing, best home of downy sleep.  
Not as yet she comprehends  
How the tongues of men reprove,  
But a spirit o'er her bends,  
Train'd in Heaven to courteous love,  
And with wondering grave rebuke  
Tempers to-day shy tone, and bashful look :  
Graceless one—'t is all of thee,  
Who for her maiden bounty full and free,  
The violet from her gay  
And guileless bosom, didet no word of thanks repay.'—p. 46.

What a slight incident to have been so deeply treasured up and made the ground-work of so much rich painting, and such serious meditation. The volume is full of such notices as these from infant life and childhood, not invented, but observed incidents ; and here again English mothers, we are satisfied, will agree with us not only that the author observes delicately and paints truly, but that incidents founding such reflections as his may be observed almost daily, if we will but note with an affectionate and attentive heart the ways and manners of these little Christians. It is Coleridge, in his 'Table Talk,' who says how inimitably graceful children are, in general, before they learn to dance. Something analogous might be truly said of their gracious movements of heart and mind, at early ages, when they have apprehended but a few and simple lessons, believe them implicitly, and

so take them up as it were into their system, as to feel a moral shock when they see them broken by others. Perhaps it is difficult to conceive the effect of the daily unconscious breaches of elementary lessons which we commit before the eyes of children.

It is curious that in the next sentence to the one we have cited from Coleridge, he says 'there seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous dogs and little children; I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.' The poem which follows in the 'Lyra,'—'Children with Dumb Creatures,' is a beautiful amplification and exaltation of this not uncommon remark; the motto chosen for it is 'The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.' We had marked the opening stanzas of this beautiful piece for citation, and we would recommend the whole, both in its descriptive parts and its reflective, as a very happy specimen of the author's poetry. We are compelled to pass on, because we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting almost entire the poem which next follows—'Lifting up to the Cross.' The motto chosen for it is Matth. xx. 22, our Saviour's memorable answer to Zebedee's children, 'Ye know not what ye ask,' &c., and the incident on which it is founded is a scene described to the author, by one who had witnessed it on the continent, of an elder sister lifting her newly baptized brother to the lips of the Crucifix. He has adopted the rapid ballad metre, which he uses with freedom and spirit:—

'Upon a verdant hillock the sacred sign appears,  
A damsel on no trembling arm an eager babe uprears,  
With a sister's yearning love, and an elder sister's pride,  
She lifts the new-baptiz'd, to greet the Friend who for him died.  
Who may the maiden's thought divine, performing thus in sight  
Of all the heavenly Watchers her pure unbidden rite?  
While fearless to those awful Lips her treasure she would raise,  
I see her features shrink, as though she fain would downward gaze.

Perchance a breath of self-reproach is fluttering round her heart:—

"Thou, darling, in our Saviour mayst for certain claim thy part:  
The dewy baptismal bright and keen are glistening on thy brow,  
He cannot choose but own thee, in His arms received e'en now.  
But much I've sinn'd and little wept: will He not say, 'Begone?'  
I dare not meet His searching eye; my penance is undone.  
But thou and thy good Angel, who nerves mine arm to bear  
And lift thee up so near Him, will strive for me in prayer."

Or chanced the Thorny Crown her first upseeking glance to win,  
And the deep lines of agony traced by the whole world's sin?  
Oh, deeply in her bosom went the thought, "Who draw so nigh  
Unto those awful Lips, and share the Lord's departing sigh,—

Who

Who knoweth what mysterious pledge upon their souls is bound,  
To copy in their own hearts' blood each keen and bitter Wound?  
If of the dying Jesus we the Kiss of Peace receive,  
How but in daily dying thenceforward dare we live?

"And was it meet, thou tender flower, on thy young life to lay  
Such burdens, pledging thee to vows thou never canst unsay?  
What if the martyr's fire some day thy dainty limbs devour?  
What if beneath the scourge they writhe, or in dull famine cower?  
What if thou bear the cross within, all aching and decay?  
And 'twas I that laid it on thee:—what if thou fall away?"—  
Such is Love's deep misgiving, when, stronger far than Faith,  
She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for life or death.

'O, be Thou present in that hour, high Comforter, to lead  
Her memory to th' eternal Law, by the great King decreed,  
What time the highly favoured one who on His bosom lay,  
And He who of the chosen twelve first trode the martyrs' way,  
Taught by their mother, crav'd the boon next to Thy throne to be,  
For her dreams were of the Glory, but the Cross she could not see.  
O well for that fond mother, well for her belov'd, that they,  
When th' hour His secret meaning told, did by their promise stay.

"Thy baptism and Thy cup be ours: for both our hearts are strong."  
Learn it, ye babes, at matin prime, repeat it all day long.  
Even as the mother's morning kiss is token of delight  
Through all the merry hours of day, and at fall of dewy night  
Her evening kiss shall to her babe the softest slumbers seal,  
So Thy first greeting life imparts, Thy last shall cheer and heal.—  
Then, maiden, trust thy nursing here; thou wilt not choose amiss  
For his sweet soul; here let him dwell; here is the gate of bliss.

Three Saints of old their lips upon the Incarnate Saviour laid,  
And each with death or agony for the high rapture paid.  
His Mother's holy kisses of the coming sword\* gave sign,  
And Simeon's hymn full closely did with his last breath entwine;  
And Magdalen's first tearful touch prepared her but to greet  
With homage of a broken heart his pierced and lifeless feet.—  
Then courage, duteous maiden; the nails and bleeding brows,  
The pale and dying lips, are the portion of the Spouse.'—pp. 56–61.

This same section contains two more poems—the 12th, 'Anticipation and Reflection,' the 15th, 'The Cradle Guarded'—which we had marked for citation, but our limits are narrowing round us; the former we would have placed among the 'Lessons of Nature:' it is one of the neatest in expression, and most complete in execution of the whole volume.

A section on 'Early Encouragements' follows, with eleven poems. 'Samuel's Prayer,' 'Prayer at Home and in Church,' 'Self-Examination,' 'Confession,' 'Absolution;' these titles will

\* Ps. xlii. 10. St. Luke ii. 35. John xix. 25.

sufficiently indicate the general design of this section. ‘Repeating the Creed,’ with the motto, ‘Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our Faith,’ is perhaps the gem of the whole section. The author is on favourite and familiar ground, with his village-school before him, engaged in the Catechism. How beautiful first is the picture, how perfectly real—then how short and true the analysis of the Creed—how exalted and how profitable the conclusion!—

‘Give me a tender spotless child,  
 Rehearsing or at eve or morn  
 His chant of glory undefiled,  
 The Creed that with the Church was born.  
 Down be his earnest forehead cast,  
 His slender fingers joined for prayer,  
 With half a frown his eye sealed fast  
 Against the world’s intruding glare.  
 Who, while his lips so gently move,  
 And all his look is purpose strong,  
 Can say what wonders, wrought above,  
 Upon his unstained fancy throng?  
 The world new-framed, the Christ new-born,  
 The Mother-Maid, the cross and grave,  
 The rising sun on Easter morn,  
 The fiery tongues sent down to save,—  
 The gathering Church, the Fount of Life,  
 The saints and mourners kneeling round,  
 The Day to end the body’s strife,  
 The Saviour in His people crowned,—  
 All in majestic march and even  
 To the veil’d eye by turns appear,  
 True to their time as stars in heaven,  
 No morning dream so still and clear.  
 And this is Faith, and thus she wins  
 Her victory, day by day rehearsed.  
 Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins,  
 Love’s glorious world will on thee burst.’—pp. 95, 96.

‘Early Encouragements’ are naturally followed by ‘Early Warnings.’ One of these poems we cannot pass over, the ‘Danger of Praise,’ with the motto, ‘And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ.’ When we consider how liberally praise is bestowed in the education of children, there may seem to be something of an awful sternness in the ruling idea of this little poem; yet we feel sure no poem in the whole volume was written under a deeper or more personal sense of its truth and importance..

importance. Praise, indeed, cannot and ought not entirely to be dispensed with in the education of young Christians, yet this poem will suggest very wholesome qualifications which should always accompany it; and we are certain that every word of the closing reflections will be sincerely felt by the saint in mature life to be true in a degree, and with an intensity, which perhaps no one can estimate, who has not satisfied himself of the entire sincerity with which St. Paul designates himself in those remarkable words, 'the chief of sinners.' We know that this passage has presented difficulties to many pious minds, and when they find, as may be found, the same words, or the substance of them, adopted in the most private devotions of the greatest saints the church has ever reared, they are rather shocked with what seems exaggeration and insincerity than induced thereby to question the accuracy of their own estimate of themselves. To a heart properly sensitive, praise from the world, with a consciousness of unworthy motives, impure thoughts, low desires, unseen and unknown (and from this what Christian can be free?), must be most painful—the poet would make us use it as a penance:—

' When mortals praise thee, hide thine eyes,  
 Nor in thy Master's wrong  
 Take to thyself His crown and prize;  
 Yet more in heart than tongue.  
 None holier than the Desert Priest  
 Beneath the Law's dim sky,  
 Yet in Heaven's kingdom with the least,  
 We read, he might not vie.  
 No member, yet, of Christ the Son,  
 No gospel Prophet he;  
 Only a voice from out the Throne  
 Of dread yet blest decree.  
 If he confessed, nor dared deny,  
 Woe to that Christian's heart,  
 Who in man's praise would walk on high  
 And steal his Saviour's part!  
 And ah! to him what tenfold woe,  
 Who hides so well his sin,  
 Through earth he seems a saint to go,  
 Yet dies impure within!  
 Pray we our Lord, one pang to send  
 Of deep remorseful fear  
 For every smile of partial friend.—  
 Praise be our Penance here!'—pp. 104, 105.

And here we close our extracts, unwillingly, because we feel as if we had hardly done the author justice by our selection. There  
 are

are poems more pathetic, 'Loneliness,' for example, p. 136, 'Bereavement,' p. 149, and 'Fire,' p. 155, than any we have cited. There are others, again, such as 'The Starry Heavens,' p. 214, and 'The Mourners following the Cross,' p. 246, in a higher strain. But we feel that we have done enough to show our readers the general nature of what the volume contains. Neither have we thought it in place to exercise our office in pointing out defects in rhyme or expression; this volume will be read, and will acquire an enduring influence, not for artistical merits, or its completeness as mere poetry. In our first little notice of the 'Christian Year' we said, what in substance we may now repeat, that to excel as a poet is evidently no object of the author. Deeply imbued with a poetical spirit, he pays perhaps too little attention not only to the tuneableness of his verse, but to the clearing his phrase, and to bringing out his idea; and these last are faults the less to be excused, because to bring out his idea with distinctness is manifestly, as it ought to be, his main object. We must, however, in justice add, that this volume shows an important advance in these points. Generally speaking, it is richer in variety of metres—some are more beautiful, more skilfully constructed—there are fewer verbal defects, or difficulties of syntax; altogether it is calculated to produce a more immediate and a more general impression. But let us add, it is not a volume to be read at a sitting; he who means to derive from it the pleasure and the benefit it is capable of producing, must read little at a time, and reflect on what he has read.

'The Christian Year' was a great boon to the Christian public; it supplied a manifest deficiency in our Church's helps to her children; every Sunday in the year, every feast or fast-day in her calendar, in every Occasional Service she has established, she speaks to us with discriminating tenderness, at once authoritative and considerate. Poetry she had never called to her aid; yet who can doubt that there are avenues to the heart for good, for solace to overcharged feelings, direction, purification, sanctification, which poetry only knows; and this not merely for an exalted individual here and there, but for the race in general, high or low, educated or uncultivated? To meet this want was, perhaps unconsciously, the design of 'The Christian Year.' It is really wonderful in how wide an extent this has been effected; and if it might seem for the educated rather than the lower classes, it needs only that education should proceed for these—as the promises from St. Mark's College give us reason to hope it may\*—to bring 'The Christian Year'

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\* St. Mark's College. But for a remark made in our presence we should not have thought a note necessary to explain the situation or purpose of this important institution.

Year' within their reach also; it is the knowledge of the Scriptures, a habit of observing their own thoughts, and of attending to the appearances of nature, rather than what is commonly called learning, which is necessary.

The 'Lyra' is in effect the complement of 'The Christian Year'; it presents the Sunday or the Saint's Day's service in some new point of view, or it brings to our notice some more general incident in the Church Service, or recounts a fact referring to it more or less directly; almost always, however, the reflections, which give the work its religious importance, are suggested by some slight circumstance noted in infants or children. The author has placed before his work the beautiful stanza of Wordsworth:—

'Oh, dearest, dearest boy! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.'

He has written in the spirit of his motto; and we must say he has proved its truth. We will close, neither tendering him our praises, nor our censures as critics, but most sincerely our thanks as amongst his most attentive readers.

ART. III.—*Voyages of Discovery and Research in the Arctic Regions, from the Year 1818 to the Present Time.* By Sir John Barrow, Bart., F.R.S. London. 8vo. 1846.

WE learn from our veteran author's preface to his summary of arctic discovery, that his labours have been directed to two unexceptionable objects: the first, the gratification of the gallant and enduring men whose fame his book is intended to popularize; the second, the instruction of a class of readers who want leisure to digest or means to purchase the costly and voluminous records of the recent achievements of their countrymen in the field of arctic exploration. Although the pages of this Journal have followed the successive steps of that discovery with a fidelity which may be considered to have exhausted the subject for such purposes as ours, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of a brief notice of our *quondam* colleague's summary. We know, from the

tution. More than these a note can hardly do. It is conveniently situated at Chelsea, in Stanley Grove, and it is the College of the National Society for the training of Masters. We must not now speak of the system of the institution, nor how successfully it has been carried out. But with reference to our present subject we would say, let any one attend the beautiful chapel, and hear the inmates perform the choral service of the Church from the finest old masters, or let him converse with any of them for a short time, and he will see how consistently with habits, diet, and dress of the utmost simplicity, the poor and low-born may be raised and softened to true gentility of spirit, and have their sense of the good and beautiful opened, and their love for them enlarged.

testimony



testimony of those concerned, that it has given the pleasure it was intended to convey; and, from our own experience, that the quintessence of so many quartos has no ungrateful flavour for those who have in their time devoured and digested the materials from which it has been distilled. With one solitary exception, the officers and men concerned in these successive expeditions will feel grateful to the venerable Baronet for his simple and compendious abstract of their services. Those perhaps who stand most eminent on the list will most be disposed to a generous feeling of regret that the exception in question could not have been altogether omitted, or at least dismissed with less particular notice. It must, however, be remembered that Sir John Barrow, with respect to Sir John Ross, is in the situation not of a rival or a comrade, but of a parent who has witnessed two attempts at the murder of a favourite child: once like Hercules in the cradle, and afterwards when it had attained a vigorous adolescence. It is clear that if the log of Captain John Ross's first voyage had received on his return a lenient scrutiny on the part of a utilitarian and economical Board of Admiralty, the western coast of Baffin's Bay would have figured on our charts as a continuous barrier, unless some whaler had discovered and penetrated the Sound from which Captain Ross retreated so abruptly. That retreat and its attempted vindication were hard to put up with in 1818; but it was harder still to hear it maintained in 1834, that no North-West Passage could exist, on grounds such as those alleged in the evidence of Sir J. Ross. Sir J. Barrow has had ample revenge. Where, according to Sir J. Ross, 'the broad ocean leans against the land' of Boothia Felix, Messrs. Dease and Simpson have navigated a continuous sea—without leaping the imagined isthmus—or looking down the descent of fifteen feet measured by Sir J. Ross's theodolite.

For those who wish, at small expense of time or money, to obtain a comprehensive view of the progress and results of our repeated attempts at the two main objects of northern exploration—the attainment of the Pole itself, and the performance of the North-West Passage—the present volume leaves little to be desired. To those who, like ourselves, have studied the published accounts, it may still serve, like the index map of an Ordnance Survey, to facilitate recurrence to particular passages; but to such the portions of most interest will probably be those which convey the ultimate notions of the writer as to the possibilities and probabilities which, after all that has been achieved, still remain subjects for conflicting opinion and discussion. It may seem strange that any civilian should venture to maintain an opinion on a point of arctic navigation adverse to that of Sir Edward Parry. Even the octogenarian ex-secretary of the Admiralty, and founder of the Royal Geographical

graphical Society, may appear ~~impartial~~ <sup>impartial</sup> ~~congresses~~ with the experienced commander of four expeditions—yet, both with reference to the North-West Passage and the attainment of the Pole, the civilian stoutly maintains his convictions against the navigator. On the former of these subjects we should be compelled, on a division, to vote with Sir J. Barrow. We are humbly, at least, of opinion with him that the principle of arctic exploration by sea should be all practicable avoidance of the land, instead of navigating between the ice and some continuous line of coast, as suggested by Captain Parry, and illustrated by his advocacy of Prince Regent's Inlet as the best channel for future attempts (see page 269). We have the benefit of Captain Beaufort's accordance on this subject; and if we were making a book, in the Newmarket sense of the word, we would hazard a bet that if Sir J. Franklin makes his way through Davis' Straits, he will have passed either through Wellington Channel or by Melville Island, and not through Regent's Inlet. The discoveries, indeed, of Franklin, Back, Dease, and Simpson, have, since Sir E. Parry conceived the opinion to which he adheres, proved the existence of continuous sea in this direction; but they all concur in describing the coast as almost without a harbour, and the depth of water along it as only sufficient for boat navigation. The best mode of attempting the Pole itself is another and a distinct question. After the failure of Sir E. Parry's last attempt over the ice, it is scarcely probable that any Board of Admiralty will so far share that officer's persevering enthusiasm as to renew the attempt in the manner he proposes by directing an expedition to winter at Spitzbergen, and prosecute its further proceedings in April, in the hope of finding fixed and smooth ice, instead of the hummocky and drifting masses which foiled the attempt of 1827. We think, however, that such a plan promises rather better than Sir J. Barrow's vision of a summer sail through his assumed Polar basin, even assisted by the screw propeller.

We dare not indulge in speculation, still less in prophecy, as to the fate and fortunes of those brave men who have again, under Sir J. Franklin, disappeared through Lancaster Sound. Till October at soonest we may be content to know that no tidings of their success can by possibility reach us. After that date our feelings must begin to be those of the king and princess who watched the third disappearance of Schiller's diver. God grant the result may be different! Be it what it may, a more enviable position on the record of human achievement we can hardly conceive than that which will be enjoyed by the leaders in these various expeditions by sea and land. The solitary instance of bloodshed which occurs is one which, so far from defacing the record, positively adorns it by the exhibition of stern resolution coupled

coupled with the strictest justice and the purest humanity. The contributions which these voyages afford to our knowledge of the human race, though necessarily limited, have their value. It is satisfactory to know that the better ingredients of man's mingled nature are ubiquitous, and independent of climate and geographical position; that while atmosphere and diet may influence physical conformation, the irrepressible fire of the intellect, the milder glow of the social charities, and the intenser flame of parental affection, are frost-proof. To descend a step lower in the scale of creation, even the brute tenants of these icy but not unpeopled wastes present examples of the latter qualities which man cannot contemplate without emotion. If in more genial latitudes he has 'learned of the little nautilus to sail,' he may also learn of the polar bear and the uncouth walrus not only to shield his offspring from danger, but to stand by his friend in the hour of trouble, and carry off his wounded comrade from the press of battle.

With regard to the heroes themselves of this long and varied Saga of northern adventure, nothing is more remarkable than that wonderful pertinacity in enterprise which maritime pursuits seem to have some peculiar power to generate. Sea-sickness is not so soon forgotten by a young traveller on his first tour, when ordering dinner at Dessin's, as shipwreck, nipping, mosquitoes, the digestion of *tripe de roche* and old shoes, and all the other sad incidents of arctic exploration, by such men as Franklin, Back, and Richardson. In the collection of the College of Surgeons may be seen the fragment of a studding-sail boom, the iron end of which, blunt and cylindrical, once pinned to the deck an unfortunate sailor youth, entering somewhere near the pit of the stomach, making a sort of north-west passage between the heart and the lungs, and issuing at the back into the oak plank below. He was cured, and the interest of the case induced the member of the College who attended it to give him, when convalescent, employment as a servant. Ease and comfort were of no avail, and as little the reminiscence of his accident. He returned to the sea, has since swum ashore from shipwreck, and is, we doubt not, if alive, still a sailor. It required something of the elastic temperament, of which the above is an instance in humble life, to call from Italy Sir George Back, who had shared the horrors of Franklin's expedition of 1819, to resume his snow-shoes for another land expedition. What shall we say of Sir John Franklin himself—of that spirit so buoyant still, though youth had fled? We can but pray for this most amiable and excellent man's safe return from the expedition in which he is now engaged.

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ART. IV.—*The Horse's Foot, and how to keep it sound; with Illustrations.* By William Miles, Esq. Exeter, 1846.

A LIVELY French artist, wishing to exhibit English character, drew a Milor and Miladi during their honeymoon: they have ridden out together; she is thrown, her horse having stumbled, to whose nose his master applies her smelling-bottle, while the victim of the *faux pas* lies fainting by herself. Passing these natural consequences of our selling wives like mares at Smithfield, Mr. Miles considers bad farriery as an important item in indifferent husbandry. 'For the want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe, the rider was tost:' and how this is to be prevented is shown in his book, which all good men, married or bachelors, who love sound horse-flesh, should purchase.

The author, after serving his country in the Life Guards, was wounded and taken prisoner by Hy-men. Such is the fortune of war, from which neither Mars nor Majors are exempt. His occupation was not however gone, when, like Othello, he bade farewell to plumed troops: buried in happy retirement, near the cathedral of Exeter, he retained his love for neighing steeds, as Virgil's cavalry officers when ghosts in Elysium kept up their stable-duty—

'Quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.'

Here our Miles emeritus, possessing a good stud of his own, and enjoying the confidence of his equestrian friends, never wanted four-footed subjects to practise on: not content with theory, he did not mould his sabre into a ploughshare or metaphor, but forged it into horseshoes himself, after the fashion of Mr. Borrow on the great Northern road, or Portia's Neapolitan prince, who could 'not only talk of his horse, but shoe him himself;' and his highness did well, for actual experiment alone conduces to sound conclusion and safe calceolation, which latter, like cookery in the diplomat, constitutes the essence of the *Hippiatrist*—Heaven save the mark—as the *ferrier*, the iron-working farrier of yore, is called in new-fangled nomenclature. In vain may professors forge ponderous phraseology, eupodology, hippopathology, &c. &c. until ostlers speak Greek; to make horseshoes of iron is the sum of the modern veterinary craft; all the rest is leather and prunella. The shoe is their difficulty and the horse's weal or woe. The ancients never nailed to the feet of animals those coverings which they well knew the use of as occasional protections; and, we believe, fixtures made of unyielding metal were first fastened to the expanding hoof of English horses by William the Conqueror, whose death, a manifest judgment, was caused by the stumble

of his foot-wounded steed. The name *De Ferrers* was assumed by his master of horseshoes, whose noble descendant, free from the false shame of Hippiastrists, still proudly charges his supporter with a horseshoe-argent, the *canting* badge of this chivalresque ancestor.

Mr. Miles, rightly considering the foot to be the important organ of a quadruped destined to go, and the shoe the thing which either makes or mars the foot, has limited his investigations (for the present only, we trust) to these two prominent points, which he has completely mastered, and is indeed a Flavius Vegetius *Renatus*—for so was named the Roman soldier and gentleman who, some 1500 years ago, wrote the first amateur treatise on veterinary art. Our author combines a clear head with a kind heart and a vein of quiet humour; he handles with equal dexterity hammer and scalpel, pen and pencil, paint-brush and engraver's tools: working and writing with a firm hand, his language is so plain that those even who ride, may read and understand. As there is no charlatanerie in his system, there is no technical jargon in his explanations: nay, he publishes so purely for the 'information of the uninformed,' that his treatise may be safely laid on any dragoon mess-table. Although scarlet is not our colour, yet pleasant is a gentle canter on breezy elastic downs, and salutary the constitutional jog in shady lanes, where goosequill and Albemarle-street are forgotten, and we owe to the horrors of a sudden stumble the comfort of 'Miles on the Horse's Foot.'

This portion of the quadruped, because it outwardly seems to be one solid block, thicker than a tandem-driver's head, and made, therefore, to be battered without mercy on roads as hard, contains a mechanism inside that is no less exquisite than those mainsprings of grace which are enclosed in the Cinderella slipper of Tagliani.

The horny case is lined with thin plates, that are at once elastic and devoid of sensation; thus concussion is broken, and blows are not felt. By this admirable combination of solidity and elasticity, the given and most difficult mechanical problem, to wit, the moving a heavy body with great velocity, is solved. The exterior defensive casing is called the '*crust*' in England, and the '*wall*' in France, where men are unrivalled in making phrases, fortifications, and puffs. This crust is thickest at the fronts of the fore-feet, where the first and greatest shocks are received; and is thinnest—for Nature does nothing in vain—at the heels, where expansion, not resistance, is required. The ground-surface of the foot is composed of the sensitive sole, which is endued with a power of descent and ascent, according to the pressure on it from above,

above, and of the *frog*, a spongy but less finely organized substance, which swells at the back part; bulby and well defined in the unshod colt, 'it is converted,' says Mr. Miles, 'by the mischievous interference of art—i. e., repeated bad shoeing—into a mere apology for a frog.' He descants on the varieties with the gusto of a French epicure. The subject is important: how indeed can a horse be expected to jump if his frog be inactive? This obvious reflection induced Mr. Coleman of the 'College' to devise a 'patent artificial frog,' and a 'patent grasshopper shoe,' with which hunters were to clear six-barred gates; but both inventions unfortunately broke down, amid grins broader than those provoked by the professor's rhyming namesake.

The exact use of the frog, an open question among professional authors, is left so by our amateur: who shall decide when horse-doctors disagree? All, however, are of accord that its functions are most important, although none can tell what they are. The name frog is a corruption from *frush*—i. e. the *fourche* (furca) of the French, for which the German equivalent is *gabel*, not *frosch*, their bonâ fide frog; the ancient term *χελιδων* had also reference to the fork-like form of the swallow's tail; our unmeaning frog, and its disease, the running thrush (frush), when translated into *grenouille*, and *merle courante*, occasion doubtful mirth to the parfait marechal of France.

Be the names and uses of the frog what they may, the horny wall of the hoof protects three bones in its interior—the coffin, coronet, and navicular: the former is let down to the point of the hoof, and represents the first bone of the great toe of the human foot; more correctly speaking, the whole foot of the horse is one toe; the action will be understood by comparing it to that of the fore-finger of our hand, the knee doing the functions of the wrist; a nail driven into this coffin renders a horse dead lame. Nature has placed the second bone, the coronet, on the top of this coffin, as is done at august funerals. The third bone, the navicular, is placed midway behind the two others: although very small, 'being only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long in a horse of 16 hands high,' it often bears his whole weight, and from doing all the hard work is the 'navie' of the locomotive concern; it rests on a cushion that is interposed between it and the frog, and which is softer than those eider-down pillows on which Cornish miners dream of the reduction of duties on feathers; a tendon passes under the navicular, whose pulley action is facilitated by the secretion of a natural grease. The slightest injury causes inflammation; and 'a speck in the bone no larger than a pin's head produces a lameness that defies human art.' Neptune therefore, veterinarily speaking, was right, when in creating the horse marine, he substituted

stituted a tail for the hind legs, by which a pair of these ticklish naviculars were avoided.

Julius Cæsar, if Pliny and Suetonius write truth, rejoiced in a steed who had human fore-feet, which probably were booted like his grooms. Another Augustan horse-fancier buskined the feet of his favourite nag with plates of silver; while Poppea, the extravagant wife of Nero, used gold for her mules. Caligula made a consul of his horse—a job, beyond doubt, since modern authorities find asses to answer equally for such onerous employment. Be that as it may, classical farriery, when the agricultural mind was instructed in hexameters, is a trifle too poetical for practical men of this prosaic age of iron; and an ordinary quadruped naturally requires double attention, since the greater the number of feet, the greater the chances of risk from accident or ignorance. A four-footed beast that has not one leg to stand upon is not likely to lead to much breaking of the tenth commandment.

‘There is, however,’ says our author, ‘perhaps no word in the English language which in its true signification implies *so much*, and in its usual one means *so little*, as the epithet “sound” when applied to horses’ feet. The *great latitude extended to the meaning of words in horse-dealing transactions* has shorn it of every attribute which gave it value, until it conveys no other guarantee than this, that the horse is not palpably lame in one foot only; for if he chance to be lame in both fore-feet, the pain of allowing the weight to rest upon either will cause him to pass it as quickly as possible from one to the other, and not only save him from condemnation, but most probably gain for him the reputation of being a quick stepper.’—p 42.

Beware nevertheless of hinting, however delicately, that a gentleman's horse's feet are unsound, since the indignation of the owner is almost as sure to be aroused thereby as if you suspected his wife; yet, although the fact need not be mentioned, whenever there is inflammation in the foot, no horse will stand on it; and ‘*pointing*,’ in all its varieties, is a sure indication of an attempt to relieve the navicular joint, and to shift the seat of pain. It is not a ‘trick,’ as the dealer will say; for a horse is too sensible a beast to inconvenience his whole frame—he never plays any tricks on himself, not even a frolicsome bit of ‘bishops’ or exhilarating ‘figging.’

The progress of disease in the foot is almost imperceptible, and the development of lameness gradual; the spur of a brutal rider and the natural courage of a generous animal will cause much pain to be borne without flinching, but endurance has its limits: first the step is shortened, then the ground is struck less forcibly—yet yield at last he must in the unequal struggle of Nature against iron; and after sinking his head and neck to remove their weight from

from the feet, down he comes, decidedly lame; to the surprise of his master, who, from never suspecting the growing evil, overlooks the real cause, and attributes the casualty to some recent accident; 'my stupid groom,' &c. Mr. Miles considers warranties, certificates, &c., to be excellent papers wherewith to light cigars: his earnest advice to a gentleman who has just bought a horse is, to set perseveringly to work by good shoeing, a loose box, and plenty of exercise, to endeavour to *make him sound*; and those who follow his suggestions will at least have the best chance of attaining this consummation devoutly to be wished for.

In shoeing a horse properly, which requires two good hours, and is very seldom done, three points require consideration: the previous preparation of the feet, the form of the shoe, and the manner of fastening it on. As a general rule, a horse should never be shod in his own stable, but always taken to the forge, where, if the shoe does not fit, it can be altered, which cannot be done at home, where the foot must be fitted to the shoe. Many foolish farriers put the foot in order, as they call it, by rounding it, which they fancy looks pretty. This they effect by cutting away the hoof of young colts, and pinching their feet like those of Chinese ladies, until they can scarcely walk. Where nature perseveres in one form, man, whether making shoes of iron or satin, cannot easily amend the shape. If the horse's foot be fettered, its expansion is circumscribed, by which elasticity is lost and unsoundness originated. The first step before putting on a new shoe is the taking off the old one; the nails must be gently drawn out, which requires as much tact as in managing those of the foot human; all wrenching off, all dragging them violently through the crust, distresses the patient, who struggles to get free as a man does from a rough chiropodist. Forcible extraction injures the laminae of the hoof, which, if once separated, never reunite, but form 'shaky places,' at which good farriers quake. The shoe once off, the edges of the hoof are to be rasped, and the sole pared out, as a thick one impedes the descent of the coffin bone. An operator errs oftener by removing too little than too much—the frog excepted, although from its being cut as easily as Gruyere cheese, and its then looking so smooth and clean, 'it requires more philosophy than falls to the share of most smiths, to resist the temptation to slice away.' Mr. Miles, after defining country farrier experience to be an 'untiring perseverance for years in one unvaried plan,' and that generally a mistaken one, observes that when gentlemen are contented to remain without knowledge, smiths who shoe by rote may be excused—for, after all, they neither wear the shoes nor ride the horse. The wonder is truly that



that the owner, however learned and dainty as regards his own calceolation, on which the comfort of walking depends, remains indifferent to that of the animal by which he is carried. A good master ought to be able to direct what should be done, and to know if it be well done, which he never will accomplish without some inkling of farriery. The 'far-spread prejudice of opening out the heels, and carving the frog into shape at every shoeing,' horrifies our kind author, who never would allow the knife to approach it; for what is sport to the farrier is death to the frog. This elastic organ, when bared of its thin covering texture, cannot stand the dry hard road, but shrivels up and cracks, while the edges wear into exfoliations called 'rags,' which a tidy smith cuts away because unsightly. Their separation should be left to nature, for the frog casts off these worn-out teguments as a snake does his old skin, or a child its first tooth, when a new one formed behind is ready to take its place.

The form of the shoe is a question of great consequence to the horse, and of not less difference of opinion among men: it has perplexed the mind veterinarian from Solleysel, the father of the art, down to the 'College;' nor can any general rule be laid down, or any standard pattern given, since every horse has his own particular foot, just as every farrier has his own pet conundrum. A wise smith will be governed by the circumstances of every individual case, and will endeavour to make his artificial protection conform as nearly as possible to the model set before him by nature—that guide who never leads astray. The varieties of horseshoes in the 'books,' the 'panton,' the 'expanding,' the 'paratrite,' &c., exceed those in the shops of Hoby and Melnotte. Mr. Miles has carefully considered the works of his predecessors, and being a thorough master of the anatomy of the horse's foot, has produced, by a judicious selection of the best points of each, coupled with his own original invention, a result which leaves nothing to be desired. His shoes, however, will be better understood by one glance at his engraved specimens than by pages of letter-press; suffice it therefore to say that the prevalent notion, that shoes cannot be too light, is an error. Horses, except at Astley's, are not required to dance; and an ounce more or less, which makes too little difference in weight either to strain or weary the back sinews, prevents a shoe bending, and affords greater protection to the sole and frog. The shoes should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface, as those with high heels, which asinine smiths make in imitation of their own, are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is thus lowered, and Nature's plan reversed, who elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions. The web should be wide, and

and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in, because the Vulcan operator 'likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels.' This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deceives the eye of man and injures the foot of the horse. 'The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof,' so that a master who thinks his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath and 'invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst.' The heels are made bare just where the navicular joint is the most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse 'falls suddenly lame,' or 'drops as if he had been shot,' — 'phrases in much too common use to require explanation;' and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who, having first destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes 'grogginess' to him as a crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.

The errors of a vicious shoe, and the merits of a good one, are set forth by Mr. Miles in several drawings which he has lithographed himself. By placing the two specimens in odious comparison, the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete. He was enabled to offer this treat to the public by having most fortunately purchased a horse in Devonshire with four genuine Damnonian shoes, in which all possible defects were concentrated. The originals are nailed over his stable door, to the terror of every witch, farrier, and old woman in the west of England. *A propos de bottes*, when a shoe is properly forged, there is no danger in applying it so hot to the hoof as to burn the crust, since irregularities of surface are thus discovered and easily removed. In fixing, or putting on the shoe, it should rest only on the horny rim of the hoof; it must not press on the sole, and thus cramp its springy operation; or encumber the heels, where the crust is the thinnest and the power of expansion the greatest. As to the very important manner of fastening it on, and number of nails to be used, Mr. Miles, wishing to ascertain with *how few* this could be effected, began with seven for the fore-feet and eight for the hind ones, which he gradually reduced to five and six. This limited number has been found to answer perfectly, and our author's views were entirely corroborated by an intelligent and practical bagsman whose life is spent on horseback, and by the veterinary surgeon of a dragoon regiment accustomed to escort the Queen at tip-top pace. Thin small nails are the best, as making the smallest holes in the

the crust; they should be driven into the outer quarter, where the crust is the thickest, and not forced in too high, but with the points brought out as soon as possible, and clenched down broadly, and then not too neatly rasped away, which weakens their hold. The heels and inside quarters are to be left free. The misery and destruction entailed on horses by nailing their shoes on both sides of the feet are entirely obviated by this simple system of one-sided nailing, which is unquestionably the discovery that does most honour to modern farriery; accordingly its adoption is pressed upon all owners and lovers of the noble animal, by Mr. Miles, with arguments that must carry conviction to all who have heads. This grand specific diminishes at once the continual struggle between the expansion of the foot and the contraction of the iron. Thus fitted on, the shoe becomes a real comfort and protection to the wearer, instead of being a torment and incumbrance, and the foot is left nearly in a state of nature. From the ease which this gives the animal, one-sided nailing will often cure the habit of 'cutting,' or of spoiling his silk stockings, as old Solleysel terms this uncomfortable trick.

It is also the surest method of preventing corns, which are the curse of the stable, and, if Mr. Eisenberg's testimonials be not mere puffs, of the house of lords. These corns, white in the feet of noblemen, are, it may be remarked, red in those of horses, being the result of lacerated inflamed blood-vessels; for what is called a 'corn,' being in fact a bruise, is produced by pressure from the heels of the coffin-bone, which itself suffers from loss of expansive power in the hoof, since Nature, who abhors sinecures worse than Joseph Hume, never continues the same measure of effective reparation to structures which are not employed, that she does to those constantly occupied in their allotted tasks.

The corn in the horse as well as his master arises from tight shoes, and the crying evil is best remedied by taking them off, and letting the patient stand all day on wet sawdust in a loose box; this answers every purpose of turning him out to grass, without any exposure to colds, accidents, or the organic injuries which arise from over-distension of the stomach and bowels. Under all circumstances, the shoes should be removed every two or three weeks, according to the work done on them; when the heads of the nails are worn away the shoe gets insecure, and will rattle whenever a screw is loose: quiet is the test of efficient machinery in nations as well as in individuals, whatever Messieurs Polk and Thiers may predicate to the contrary.

Mr. Miles condemns the mode in which the plates or shoes of racers are fastened on, in which eight and nine nails are frequently

quently used for fear of 'casting.' No foot, human or equine, can expand in a tight shoe; and the horse declines, and very properly, throwing his whole weight with all his heart into his feet. The Derby course is a mile and a half in length; to accomplish which requires 330 good race-strides, of 24 feet each; the loss of one inch on each stride gives 9 yards and 6 inches:

'But suppose the loss to be 4 inches upon each stride, which it is much more likely to be, then it would amount to 36 yards 2 feet, or 13 lengths; which is fully enough to raise a cry of "foul play," "the horse is amiss," &c. Now, no jockey in the world, however frequently he may have ridden a horse, can so exactly measure his stride as to be enabled to detect a deficiency of one 72nd part of it, which 4 inches would be, much less could he detect the 288th part, which 1 inch would be: so that he never could make himself acquainted with the real cause of so signal and unexpected a defeat, and the whole matter would remain involved in mystery, casting suspicion and distrust on all around.'—  
p. 35.

Unfortunately, the high-mettled racer, who wears the shoe and knows where it pinches, has not the gift of speech like Dean Swift's Houynims. The horse has this deficiency in common with the baby, whence farriers find their cavalry quite as difficult to manage as physicians do their infantry, who cannot explain symptoms.

The falling off of speed which is often observed between a horse's 'last gallop' and the race, may be accounted for by his having taken his gallop in his *old* shoes, to which the feet were accustomed, while the race was run in *new* ones, firmly nailed on from head to heel, effectually 'making him quite safe,' by putting it out of the range of possibility that he should ever be enabled to 'get into his best pace.' Mr. Miles recommends three-quarter plates, which should be fastened on by no more than six nails, and these placed only between the outer heel and the inner toe. This is well worth Lord George Bentinck's consideration, whenever, his present race being over, the kind stars permit him to exchange the corrupt atmosphere, tricks, and politics of St. Stephen's for the fresh-aired downs of Newmarket, where, says Mr. Bracy Clarke, in his luminous Podopthora, 'wealth, learning often, and horses, do go hand-in-hand.' Note also this wrinkle for fox-hunters:—never, when the season is over, let the horses' feet remain cramped up in short hunting-shoes, but relieve them by longer ones, just as the rider exchanges his top-boots for slippers: an easy shoe—blessings on the man who invented it—comforts a groggy, overhunted horse as much as it does a gouty, overhunched mayor.

Mr. Miles, duly estimating the advantages of freedom of motion,

tion, had long converted his stable-stalls into boxes, from a dislike to seeing his hobby-horses treated worse than wild beasts, who at least are allowed to traverse their den. Loose boxes are too generally left untenanted because no horse happens to be an invalid; yet they are more useful to sound animals than even to sick ones, since prevention of disease is better than its cure. The poor beast, cribbed, cabined, and confined, chained to his rack, and tortured by being unable to change position, is put for hours to the stocks, and condemned to the hard labour of having nothing to do—which destroys dandies and bankrupt commissioners. The prisoner suffers more from long standing still than from any trotting on the hardest road—it is the rest, not the work, that kills; and still more, when the pavement of the stall is uphill, which, as his legs are of equal length, and not like a cameleopard's, is at once painful and injurious; he meets the difficulty by standing on his hind toes in order to equalise the weight, and thereby strains his tendons and gets 'perched.' The floor should be perfectly level and paved with granite slabs, which should drain themselves by having herring-bone gutters cut in them, as nothing is more fatal to the eyes of horses than the ammonia so usually generated under them. A box so arranged is not merely a luxury to a horse and mare, but as absolute a necessary as one at the Haymarket is to a lord and lady. Nature is ever our surest guide. The animal when grazing in a field never is quiet a second; frog and sole are always on the move, and therefore in good condition, because they regularly perform their functions; the cushion of the navicular is never there absorbed as it is in an idle stall. If the brains of learned men are liable to be dried up under similar circumstances of *otium cum pinguitudine*, the soles of irrational creatures necessarily must fare worse: turn the same animals into loose boxes, and the slightest tap on the corn-bin will occasion at least fifty wholesome expansions of every sensitive organ.

Mr. Miles gives working plans of the simple contrivance by which he converted a four-stalled stable into one of three boxes. This suppression of supernumerary stalls was effected by shifting the divisions. A tripartite arrangement is far preferable to solitary confinement, for horses are curious, social animals; they love their neighbours, and like to see what they are at, as much as county families do, whose pews adjoin in their parish church. The best partition is brick noggin, which should be cased with boarding, and ~~sur-~~ <sup>sur-</sup>mounted with iron rails: the separation should be carried highest near the manger, in order to prevent the company from ~~meeting~~ <sup>meeting</sup> each other at meals—a thing which is not only unmannerly, but injurious to health. Each hopes to get some of his

his neighbour's prog, and is also afraid of his neighbour getting some of his; insomuch that the best-bred horse, even when next to a pretty filly, invariably bolts his feed—just as a Yankee senator does at a boarding-house table d'hôte, although Fanny Butler sits at his side. Dyspepsia is the sure result of this imperfect mastication.

One word only on diet. The groom will persist in treating his horse like a Christian, which, in his theology, consists in giving him as much too many feeds as he does to himself; but shoes are not more surely forged on anvils than diseases are in the stomach both of beasts and men who make themselves like them. Nature contrives to sustain health and vigour on a precarious, stinted supply, since it is not what is eaten but what is digested that nourishes. Her system should be imitated in quantity and quality; she regulates the former according to the length of the day and the amount of work required to be done, and bids the seasons, her handmaids, vary the latter by a constant change in the bill of fare. Her primitive sauces are air and exercise, and her best condiment, however shocking to the nerves of Monsieur Ude, is mud: more pecks of real dirt are eaten by quadrupeds who graze in the fields, than are of moral dirt by your biped parasites who make love to my lord's eyebrow and soup-tureen. Provide, therefore, your nice nags with their cruet and salt-cellar, by placing in each manger a large lump of rock-salt and chalk, to which, when troubled with indigestion or acidity, they will as surely resort as the most practised London diners-out do to their glaubers and potash; nor will they often require any other physic. If a bucket of water be placed always in their reach, they will sip often, but never swill themselves out to distension, which they otherwise are 'obligated to do' (like their valet) whenever liquor comes in their way, in order to lay in a stock like the camels, who reason on the uncertainty of another supply.

Boxes, however beneficial to horses, are unpopular with prejudiced grooms, who have an instinctive dread of improvements which do not originate with themselves; and although in truth few classes are more ignorant of the philosophy and ologies of the horse than stable folk, yet, in common with all who handle ribbons or horse-flesh, they have jockied themselves into the credit of being the knowing ones *par excellence*; accordingly such servants, especially if old ones and treasures, generally rule and teach their masters, for gentlemen pique themselves vastly on connoisseurship of pictures and horses, and are shy of asking questions which imply ignorance. The whole genus groom has an antipathy to any changes which give them more work; they particularly dislike, when they have 'cleaned' their charges, to see them

them lie down, 'untidy' and 'dirty' themselves again; they sneer at what they call 'finding mares nests,' and pretend that horses eat their beds, as the pious Æneas and his friends did their tables. But Mr. Miles has invented a remedial muzzle for these gross feeders, of which he gives us an engraving. Boxes again are ruinous to the veterinary surgeon, who fees grooms, since they do away with the great cause of profitable grogginess. These gentry are jealous of amateur farriery, and abhor any revelations to the uninitiated of family secrets in plain intelligible English. Mr. Miles cannot expect to be popular in the west, a latitude which imports rather than exports wise men; the horse-doctor shudders lest disease, death, and himself should be set aside, by every man—*Milite duce*—becoming his own farrier. So thought the pupils of Abernethy, after his publication to the world of the panacea blue pill: 'but take courage, gentlemen,' said he, 'not one of your patients will ever follow my advice.' Mr. Miles, however, like the Oriental hakim, prefers exercise to mercurial treatment—'the best physician is a horse, the best apothecary an ass.' Exercise, combined with cleanliness, is meat, drink, and physic for horse and groom; although the latter loves rather to lurk in the larder, and never carries his own Roman-cemented carcase—and thinks, reasoning from his own sensations, that no harm is done to a horse by not going out until his legs begin to swell. A regular daily walking-exercise of two hours is the smallest possible quantity to ensure health; while three or four are much better.

'When masters remember that the natural life of a horse is from thirty-five to forty years, and that three-fourths of them die, or are destroyed, under twelve years' old—used up—with scarcely a foot to go upon; I take it,' says Mr. Miles, 'that they will be very apt to transfer their sympathies from the groom, and his trouble, to their own pockets and their horses' welfare.'—p. 41.

Yet, were it not for the wise provision of nature which causes legs to swell after inaction, and the overlively exuberance of antics by which a fresh horse exhibits his schoolboy exultation of being let loose and getting out of the stable—probably even less than the present poor pittance of exercise would be given by idle grooms and timid masters.

The horny wall of the horse's foot is apt to get dry and brittle in a hot stable, where temperature ought to range from 56° to 60°. Dry straw, coupled with excess of heat, produces cracks in the crust, the natural effects of overbaking; this is counteracted by grease and moisture, using the first first—which is an axiom—in order to prevent evaporation. Mr. Miles furnishes the receipt of an ointment which he has found to succeed admirably. In  
hot

hot summer-days the feet should be tied up in a cloth, and occasionally plunged into buckets of cool water; beware, however, of washing the feet too soon after exercise, as it checks perspiration and induces fever; clean them when cool, and rub the hock and pasterns dry with the hand—the best of towels; a stopping also at night of fresh cow-dung keeps the frog moist and sweet.

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ART. V.—*Inscriptionum Latinarum Selectarum amplissima Collectio ad illustrandam Romanæ Antiquitatis disciplinam accommodata, ac magnarum Collectionum supplementa complura emendationesque exhibens.* Cum ineditis J. C. Hagenbachii suisque adnotationibus edidit J. C. Orellius. Turici, 1828, 2 vols.

IT is but seldom that we have to acknowledge any contributions to literature or the fine arts from Switzerland. The great Revolution of 1830 in France drew in its train a whole host of minor revolutions among the Alps. Tiny as these for the most part were, and often reminding us of Voltaire's *mot* on an *émeute* at Geneva—'a tempest in a tea-cup'—they have still we fear in too many cases arrested the progress of well-ordered improvement, and substituted the fierce resentment and rancour of party for the peaceful rivalries of science.

Of the literary works in Switzerland before these stirring events, one of the latest now lies before us. Professor Orellius of Zürich has both laboriously collected and skilfully classified the principal Roman inscriptions found in various parts of Europe. In these respects, as well as in judicious notes, his two volumes appear to us far superior to any former compilation of the kind. We have only to regret the absence of a third volume, which should contain the epitaphs and other inscriptions of the early Christians, the work before us being limited almost entirely to the Pagan remains.

One of the principal duties of Professor Orellius—a duty in which that great compiler Gruterus showed himself strangely negligent—has been to winnow the grain from the chaff—to separate the genuine Roman inscriptions from such as are manifestly and beyond all question spurious. Foremost among the latter we are sorry to find the celebrated epitaph from Avanches:—

IVLIA ALPINVLA HIC IACEO  
INFELICIS PATRIS INFELIX PROLES  
DEAE AVENTIAE SACERDOS  
EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTVI  
MALE MORI IN FATIS ILLI ERAT  
VIXI ANNOS XXIII



To this imaginary Julia Alpinula Lord Byron has devoted a beautiful stanza in 'Childe Harold,' and in his note, after quoting the inscription, he adds—'I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness.'

From the days of the poet the epitaph at Avenches has accordingly become the object of frequent inquiry and never-failing disappointment to tourists. We ourselves have been among the eager and baffled searchers around the walls of the little town. At that time nothing whatever seemed to be known about it at Avenches; but more recently, the number of tourists having increased, a ready answer is provided that the stone has been purchased by an Englishman and carried off to London.

In fact, however, it appears that this inscription was given by one Paul Wilhelm, a noted forger (*falsarius*) to Lipsius, and by Lipsius handed over to Gruterus. Nobody either before or since Wilhelm has even pretended to have seen the stone; and the style of the epitaph, as we can ourselves bear witness, is wholly different from that of any other undoubted Helvetic inscription. It appears to have been fabricated from a passage in Tacitus (Hist. lib. i. c. 66), where the historian relates that Caecina on coming to Avenches put to death Julius Alpinus, one of the principal citizens and the stirrer up of a recent war. The character of Wilhelm himself as an antiquary was undoubtedly at the lowest ebb; he is known to have produced another wholly false inscription, and to have interpolated many true ones—*quas autem aliter dedisse certe constat*—adds Orellius. (Compare vol. i. pp. 40 and 123.) It appears the more desirable clearly to detect this forgery, since not long since it imposed upon one whose error is likely to mislead many more—our wary and accurate friend Mr. Murray in his 'Handbook of Switzerland.'

The following inscription was likewise given to Lipsius by Paul Wilhelm, and as such would be wholly undeserving of credit, were it not in some degree vouched for by the respectable historian of Geneva, M. Spon, who says of it (vol. iii. p. 329), '*Elle se voyoit autrefois dans les murailles de Genève vers la Corraterie.*'

VIXI VT VIVIS  
MORIERIS VT SVM MORTVVS  
SIC VITA TRVDITVR  
VALE VIATOR  
ET ABI IN REM TVAM.

Even with such a voucher the antiquity of the inscription is considered far from certain.

One series of the inscriptions now before us bears the title **MATRIMONIUM**. But our fair readers especially will be disposed to exclaim against this classification as most incorrect, when they hear that it includes those ladies who (however tender the relation in which they stood to the deceased) were by no means his wives. The classic scholar may be scarcely less surprised at the strange Latinity of the term of honour which these ladies sometimes receive; the word is **FOCARIA**. Orellius, in a note, explains it as follows—*concubina, non legitima conjux, a foco ita dicta, mulier quae focum curat*. For example, the epitaph of Aurelius Vitalis (No. 2699) found at Ravenna thus concludes:—

VALERIA FAVSTINA FOCARIA  
ET HERES EJVS  
BENEMERENTI POSVIT

Another euphuism for the same class appears to be **HOSPITA**: *ut volunt quidam, honestius pro concubinâ militis*—says our annotator.

Sometimes the same stone commemorates both the legitimate and illegitimate connexion. Thus No. 2673, found at Rome, is dedicated by one of the Lictors, Marcus Senilius, as follows:—

SE VIVO, FECIT SIBI ET  
PETIAE C. L. PRIMAE VXORI ET  
MARCIAE L. FELICI CONCVBINAE

True matrimonial inscriptions are very numerous, though comparatively few are comprised in this collection. The favourite epithets to a deceased wife seem to be **CARISSIMAE**, **DVLCISSIMAE**, and **BENEMERENTI**. There is another which our fair readers (if, indeed, we may venture again to anticipate any such on so dry a subject) will not be well pleased to hear, especially if for their benefit we translate it as ‘Most Obsequious.’ Most commonly we find it conjoined to some other epithet, but sometimes, though seldom, it stands alone, as in the following:—

RAECIAE  
IRENE  
C. CAECILIVS  
AVGVSTALIS  
VXORI  
OBSEQUENT  
ISSIMAE.

The marble monument bearing this inscription stood at Tarragona, but, during the Wars of the Succession, it was presented to General Stanhope, who placed it in his garden at Chevening, where it still remains.

We will here add two remarkable ancient epitaphs, as copied by ourselves in Italy several years ago :

*From the Capitoline Museum, Rome.*

QVISQVIS EI LAESIT  
AVT NOCVIT SEVERAE  
INMERENTI, DOMINE  
SOL TIBI COMMENDO  
VINDICES EIVS MORTEM

*From the Musco Borbonico, Naples.*

D. M.  
C. LEPIDIO IVCVND  
Q. V. A. III. M. II. FECIT  
C. LEPIDIVS FELIX FILIO  
PIISSIMO  
EI SIBI ET SVIS LIBERTIS  
LIBERTABVSQVE POSTERIS-  
QVE EORVM PRAETER PHLE-  
GVSAM LIBERTAM NE EI  
IN HOC MONVMENTO ADITVS  
DETVR

In the work now before us the chapter *VITA COMMVNIS* is fraught with curious traits of manners. The two following inscriptions were found, the one at Rieti and the other at Rome ; and the writer of the first seems to have suffered from his own shyness as much as the writer of the second from the ill treatment of his friends :

HOMINES EGO MONEO NE QVEIS DIFFIDAT SIBI.  
ANIMAL INGRATIVS HOMINE NVLLVM EST.

It appears that amongst the Romans it was not unusual to wish a Happy New Year to oneself ! Thus :

ANNVM NOVVM FAVSTVM FELICEM MIHI ET FILIO.

Inscriptions on two rings, used apparently for love-tokens, and now preserved at Florence :

AMO TE  
AMA ME  
PIGNVS AMORIS HABES

On another, with a sunflower engraved :

VNI AMBROSIA VENENVM CAETERIS.

On

On a silver dog's collar, shown in the Museum at Verona, and described by Maffei :

EVGI. TENE ME. CVM REVOCaveris ME DM  
ZONINO ACCIPIS SOLIDVM.

On a leaden ball for a sling : (No. 4932)

ROMA FERI

which Orellius interprets '*O Dea Roma, feri hostem !*'

But perhaps no chapter of Orellius is more extensive or more interesting than his *SEPVLCRALIA*. It will appear, on close investigation, that the ancient epitaphs are marked by several not easily explained peculiarities of language. Thus the epithet *DVLCISSIMAE*, which, as we have elsewhere intimated, is so often applied to a deceased wife, is never, in any recorded inscription, used for a living one. '*DVLCISSIMAE uxores tantummodo in sepulchralibus dicuntur,*' says our author. (No. 1695.)

The following (No. 4390), which forms the close of the inscription of Acilia and Aurelius at Rome, would in our time be considered as but a sorry jest at the lawyers :

HVIC MONVMENTO  
DOLVS MALVS  
ABESTO ET  
IVRIS CONSVLTVS

In this epitaph we perceive the strong anxiety, however quaintly expressed, to guard the sepulchre from spoliation. The same anxiety prompts many other more earnest and affecting appeals. Thus in the monument of Terentia at Rome :

QVISQVIS ES HOMO ET VOS SODALES MEOS CVNCTOS  
ROGO PER DEOS SVPEROS INFEROSQVE  
NE VELITIS OSSA MEA VIOLARE

Sometimes this anxiety appears in iteration :

STABERIAE P. L. FLORAE OSSA HEIC SITA SVNT  
ROGO TE MI VIATOR NOLI ME NOCERE  
ROGO TE MI VIATOR NOLI ME NOCERE

Sometimes by the invocation of every possible person that might hereafter have a right over or ingress to the spot :

DOMNARDIVS, POSSESSOR,  
COLONVS SEQVENS,  
ET TV VIATOR, PRECOR  
PARCE TVMVLVM NARCISSI.\*

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\* '*Quatuor homines alloquitur Narcissus, domnaedium, id est dominum aedium, possessorem, colonum successorem suum, ac viatorem.*' Nota Orell. ad Inscript. No. 4787.

But the following is by far the most impressive of this class, or perhaps of the whole collection. It was found at Rome :

QVISQVIS  
HOC SVSTVLERIT AVT LAESERIT  
VLTIMVS SVORUM MORIATVR.

Let it be observed that in this terrible malediction, meant to be the heaviest of all, the loss of fortune, the loss of life, nay, even the loss of fame, are held forth as far lesser evils than to survive all those whom we have loved ! We may picture to ourselves how it was written by some desolate old man standing on the brink of the grave, and wishing it had closed on him before ! This striking sentence has formed the subject of one among the best of Kotzebue's smaller dramas, which is entitled *Der Fluch eines Römers*, and which we think might have been advantageously adapted to the English stage.

The two epitaphs which we shall next insert—the one to a beloved child, the other to a bride snatched away within the first moon of her marriage—are striking also. Even after so many ages have rolled by, and forgotten as are now the names which they record, and when

‘ their very sepulchres lie tenantless,’

even thus it is difficult to read them without emotion :

LAGGE FILI BENE QUIESCAS.  
MATER TVA ROGAT TE  
VT ME AD TE RECIPIAS.  
VALE.

D. M.

L. ARVLENVS SOSIMVS FECIT  
CLODIAE CHARIDI CONIVGI DVLCISSIMAE  
QVAE SI AD VITAE METAM PERVENIS(set)  
NON HOMINIB(us) NEQVE DIS INVIDISSET.  
VIX SECVM VIXIT DIES XV.

The epitaphs of the Delias and Lesbias, such as Propertius and Catullus have sung, appear in a lighter strain :

DELIAE SERTA DATE.

ANTIPATRA  
DVLCIS TVA  
HIC SO ET NON SO.

This ‘ so,’ we need hardly observe, is an early form for SVM. Of the

the same kind is another which Mr. Thicknesse observed in the south of France (Tour, vol. ii, p. 92):—

DIIS INIQVIS QVI ANIMVLAM  
TVAM RAPVERVNT.

Throughout these SEPVLCHRALIA nothing is more remarkable, amidst all the survivors' grief for the departed—amidst even the yearning to be gathered with them in the repose of dust—than the absence of any hope to rejoin them in an united immortality. The wishes expressed for them rarely soar above the graceful and frequent *SIT TIBI TERRA LEVIS*. Rude as the early Christian inscriptions may be in style, uncouth in the form of their letters, and inaccurate in their arrangement, as the work, for the most part, of the unlearned and poor, how immeasurably are they raised by this blessed hope above the most refined and eloquent which Paganism could produce!\*

The chapter *MONUMENTA HISTORICA* contains a long and highly interesting series of inscriptions. The earliest of any length is that on the Rostral Column of Duilius, of which a great part is wanting, but which has been skilfully restored by Gottfried and Lanzi. As this series should commence with Duilius, so it may be considered as closing with Narses, when, after his last victory over the Goths, he repaired the Salarian Bridge. The inscription placed on that spot and on that occasion thus concludes:

QVI POTVIT RIGIDAS GOTHORVM SVBDERE GENTES  
HIC DOCVIT DVRVM FLVMINA FERRE IVGVM.

Of the Goths themselves, during their reign in Italy, and especially of Theodoric the Great, there are several remaining inscriptions, as, for instance, in some gardens near Ravenna:

REX THEODERICVS FAVENTE DEO  
ET BELLO GLORIOSVS ET OTIO  
FABRICIS SVIS AMOENA CONIVNGENS  
STERILI PALVDE SICCATA  
HOS HORTOS SVAVI POMORVM FOECVNDRITATE  
DITAVIT.

The language of this and of the other inscriptions of the Goths in Italy will cease to surprise the reader when he recollects that the Epistles of Cassiodorus, containing all the main transactions of Theodoric's government, are in Latin also. It was from them, as his materials, that Montesquieu had once projected a history of that reign.

Thus likewise in Sicily, it was well known from Procopius that

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\* We have just received a volume entitled 'The Church in the Catacombs, by Charles Maitland, M.D.' (London, 8vo., 1846); and we may probably follow its author into the subject of Christian epitaphs.

the island had been divided between the Goths of Italy and the Vandals of Africa, Theodoric having granted the promontory and district of Lilybæum as a dowry to his sister, on her marriage to the Vandal King Thrasimund. Now the very stone which served them for a demarcation has been found on the spot, and is still preserved at Marsala. It is thus inscribed :

FINES  
INTER VANDA-  
LOS ET GOTHOS.

MIL. IIII.

To our apprehension, however, no historical inscriptions on record can vie in interest with those of the Scipios. It was well known, from a passage in Cicero and another in Livy, that this sepulchre stood beyond the Porta Capena of Rome;\* and Livy describes it as being in his time surmounted by three statues—two of the Scipios, and the third, as was believed, of the poet Ennius. But it was not till A.D. 1780 that some labourers at work in a vineyard discovered a clue which led to further excavations; and thus the tombs, after having lain undisturbed for upwards of two thousand years, were most unexpectedly brought to light. Since that time the original inscriptions have been removed to the Vatican, while their place in the recesses is supplied by copies. We shall now proceed to give them from the work of Venuti,† where they appear to us more completely and carefully illustrated than by Orellius.

HONC . OINO . PLOIRVME . COSENTIONT . R .  
DVONORO . OPTVMO . FVISE . VIRO .  
LYCIOM . SCIPIONE . FILIOS . BARBATI .  
CONSOL . CENSOR . AIDILIS . HIC . FVET . A . . . . .  
HEC . CEPIT . CORSICA . ALERIAQVE . VRBE .  
DEDET . TEMPESTATEBVS . AIDE . MERETO .

*Thus interpreted by Sirmondi.*

Hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romae  
Bonorum optimum fuisse virum  
Lucum Scipionem, filius Barbati.  
Consul Censor Aedilis Hic fuit; atque ‡  
Hic cepit Corsicam, Aleriamque urbem.  
Dedit Tempestatibus aedem merito.

It is very remarkable that this first Inscription, which appears to have lain nearest to the surface, was dug up so early as 1616, but was discarded by all the antiquaries as a fabrication till the discovery of the sepulchre itself in 1780.

\* Cicero, *Tusc. lib. i. c. 7.* Liv. lib. xxxviii. c. 56.

† Roma Antica, part ii. p. 6, &c.

‡ Better, *apud eos*; others, *ad eos*.

*Epitaph of P. Cornelius Scipio, a Flamen.*  
 QVEI . APICE . INSIGNE . DIALIS . FLAMINIS . GESSISTEI .  
 MORS . PERFECIT . TVA . VT . ESSENT . OMNIA .  
 BREVIA . HONOS . FAMA . VIRTVSQVE .  
 GLORIA . ATQVE . INGENIVM . QVIBVS . SEI .  
 IN . LONGA . LICVISSET . TIBE . VTIER . VITA .  
 FACILE . FACTEIS . SYPERASES . GLORIAM .  
 MAIORVM . QVA . RE . LVBENS . TE . IN . GREMIV .  
 SCIPIO . RECIPIT . TERRA . PVBLI .  
 PROGNAVTV . PVBLIO . CORNELI .

That is—

Qui apicem insignem Dialis Flaminis gessisti,  
 Mors perfecit tua ut essent omnia  
 Brevia, Honos, Fama, Virtus-que,  
 Gloria, atque Ingenium; quibus si  
 In longa licuisset tibi uti vitâ,  
 Facile factis superasses gloriam  
 Majorum; quâ re lubens te in gremium  
 Scipio recipit terra, Publi  
 Prognatum Publico Corneli.

*Epitaph of L. Cornelius Scipio, a Quaestor.*  
 L. CORNELI . L . F . P . N .  
 SCIPIO . QVAIST .  
 TR . MIL . ANNOS  
 GNATVS XXXIII  
 MORTVOS . PATER .  
 REGEM . ANTIOCO .  
 SVBEGIT .

*Epitaph of Lucius Scipio Barbatus on his Sarcophagus in peperine,  
 so well known by the innumerable Models of it made at Rome.*

.....CORNELIO CN . F . SCIPIO  
 .... CORNELIVS . LVCIVS . SCIPIO . BARBATVS . GNAIVOD .  
 PATRE . PROGNAVTVS . FORTIS . VIR . SAPIENSQVE .  
 QVOIVS . FORMA . VIRTUTEI . PARISVMA . FVIT . CONSOL .  
 CENSOR . AIDILIS . QVEI . FVIT . APVD . VOS . TAVRASIA .  
 CISAVNA . SAMNIO . CEPIT . SVBIGIT . OMNE .  
 LOVCANA . OPSIDESQVE . ABDOVCIT

*Epitaph of Aula, wife of Scipio Hispanus.*  
 AVLLA . CORNELIA . CN . F . HISPALLI .

*Epitaph of Lucius Scipio the younger.*  
 I . CORNELIO . L . F . SCIPIO  
 AIDILIS . COSOL . CESOR .

*Epitaph of Cneus Cornelius Scipio Hispanus.*  
 CN . CORNELIVS . CN . F . SCIPIO . HISPANVS .  
 PR . AID . CVR . Q . TR . MIL . II . X . VIR . LL . IVDIK . X . VIR .  
 SACR . FAC .

And



And below in lesser characters—

VIRTUTES . GENERIS . MIEIS . MORIBVS . ACCVMVLAVI .  
 PROGENIEM . GENVI . FACTA . PATRIS . PETIEI .  
 MAIORVM . OPTENVI . LAVDEM . VT . SIBEI . ME . ESSE . CREATVM .  
 LAETENTVR . STIRPEM . NOBILITAVIT . HONOR .

That is—

Cneus Cornelius Cnei filius Scipio Hispanus.  
 Praetor, Aedilis Curulis, Quaestor, Tribunus Militum bis, Decemvir  
 litibus iudicandis, Decemvir sacris faciundis.  
 Virtutes generis meis moribus accumulavi,  
 Progeniem genui; facta patris petii;  
 Majorum obtinui laudem, ut sibi me esse creatum  
 Laetentur; stirpem nobilitavit honor.

*Epitaph of young Lucius Scipio, son of Hispanus.*

L . CORNELIVS . CN . F . CN . N . SCIPIO . MAGNA . SAPIENTIA  
 MYLTASQVE . VIRTUTES . AETATE . QVOM . PARVA .  
 POSIDET . HOC . SAXSVM . QVOIEI . VITA . DEFECIT . NON .  
 HONOS . HONOREIS . HIC . SITVS . QVEI . NVNQVAM .  
 VICTVS . EST . VIRTUTEI . ANNOS . GNATVS . XX . IS .  
 LAVSIS . MANDATVS . NE . QVAIRATIS . HONORE  
 QVEI . MINVS . SIT . MANDATVS .

That is—

Lucius Cornelius Cnei filius, Cnei nepos. Magnam Sapientiam  
 Multasque virtutes aetate cum parvâ  
 Possidet hoc saxum, cui vita defecit non  
 Honos; Honore [i. e. cum Honore] is hic situs qui nunquam  
 Victus est virtute; annos natus viginti; is  
 Lausis [pro lausibus, i. e. exsequiis] mandatus, ne quaeratis honorem  
 Qui minus sit mandatus.

We have sometimes thought that four words of this noble epitaph—CVI VITA DEFECIT NON HONOS—would form a most appropriate inscription for the statue which it is intended to raise, by public subscription, to Sir William Follett.

It will be borne in mind that the greatest of the Scipios, Africanus, was not buried in the sepulchre of his fathers, but on the lonely shore at Liternum. Livy does not speak with entire certainty on this point, and notices many conflicting rumours; but he adds, '*Et Literni monumentum monumentoque statua superimposita fuit quam tempestate disiectam nuper vidimus ipsi*' (lib. xxxviii. cap. 56). The inscription of this monument was said to be INGRATA PATRIA, NE OSSA QVIDEM HABES. To this day the single word PATRIA, now alone remaining, gives a popular name to the modern tower in which it stands imbedded—*Torre di Patria*.

There is another most interesting relic of antiquity connected with the sepulchre of the Scipios, though not, we must admit,  
 with

with the subject now before us. In one of the sarcophagi was found a gold ring with a cornelian stone, no doubt the signet-ring of one of these illustrious dead. It was presented by Pope Pius VI. to M. Dutens, who had written a genealogy of the Scipios, but who is now chiefly remembered from his agreeable *Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*. M. Dutens either gave or sold this ring to the late Lord Beverley, and we have ourselves seen it in the collection of the present Earl at his house in Portman Square. On the stone is engraved a figure of Victory, of exquisite workmanship, while the ring in which it is set is of the very rudest and coarsest construction, such as might be made by a common blacksmith at the present day. To those who consider the state of the fine arts at that time, it will be apparent that the stone was engraved in Greece, but set in a ring at Rome.

Among modern languages there is certainly none which in aptness for inscriptions can vie with the Latin. So far as our knowledge of them extends we should be inclined to place as nearest to Latin for this purpose—

Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo—

first Spanish, and secondly English. But inferior as modern languages undoubtedly are to the ancient in the true lapidary style, it may be said on the other hand that the moderns have not merely equalled, but even excelled the ancients on their own ground—inscriptions in the Latin language. This was one of the first objects aimed at upon the revival of letters—as the number of spurious Roman inscriptions of that period proves—and the attention paid to it has very far from ceased or declined at the present time.

Perhaps, however, of all the modern Latin inscriptions the very best and the very worst might be shown at Berlin—both proceeding from the reign of Frederick II. The former is affixed in front of the hospital for disabled soldiers—the Prussian Chelsea—and was written, we believe, by Maupertuis :

LAESO SED INVICTO MILITI.

Would it be possible to compress more sense and meaning in any four words,—to state with greater eloquence and feeling in one sentence both the noble object of the Royal founder and the just pride of the maimed veteran ?

The second inscription at Berlin to which we have referred as to the worst, and on whose authorship we shall forbear inquiry, stands over the entrance of the Public Library :

NUTRIMENTVM SPIRITVS.

It does not appear too much to designate this inscription (as Thiebault, we think, does in his 'Souvenirs') '*anti-Latine et barbare*.'  
In

In this, as in other branches of literature, English scholars have been, and are, honourably distinguished. We therefore observe with regret that among the many statues lately raised to eminent men in different parts of London all attempt to illustrate them by suitable inscriptions is omitted. The Pitt in Hanover Square has only a name and date; the Canning of Palace Yard only a name; the Nelson in Trafalgar Square and the Duke of York in Carlton Gardens have neither date nor name. With respect to the statue opposite the Mansion House we have heard that a committee of civic dignitaries met in grave deliberation upon it, and could produce nothing beyond one word to be repeated on the several sides of the pedestal—WELLINGTON! We trust that whenever the statue of his Grace, now in preparation by Mr. Wyatt, shall be set up, the opportunity will not be lost of inscribing beneath it the noble lines of Lord Wellesley composed for that purpose:

CONSERVATA TVIS ASIA ATQVE EVROPA TRIVMPHIS  
INVICTVM BELLO TE COLVERE DVCEM  
NVNC VMBRATA GERIS CIVILI TEMPORA QVERCV  
VT DESIT FAMÆ GLORIA NVLLA TVÆ

How seldom do we find the high literary skill of one brother thus adorn and celebrate the surpassing achievements of another!

The translation of these lines, though by Lord Wellesley's own hand, is, according to the usual fate of translations, far inferior:

‘Europe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim  
Invincible in war thy deathless name.  
Now round thy brows the civic oak we twine,  
That every earthly glory may be thine!’

But although we hope that in this instance the Latin will be preferred to the English, yet, as a general rule for statues in the open air, we think that the practice should be the other way. The superiority for inscriptions which we have acknowledged the ancient to possess over the modern languages is to be set against, and we think is outweighed by, the advantage of rendering the sense plain and clear to the great body of the people. We are persuaded that in proportion as national taste shall become more and more extended and refined, there will be a growing desire in every capital that new works of art may adorn it, and that suitable inscriptions may explain them, so that the accomplishments of the scholar may have their part in the honourable celebration, recording the virtues of the statesman or the warrior, and illustrating the genius of the sculptor or the architect.

\*\*\* There was published here in 1838 a small pamphlet, by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, then head-master of Harrow, entitled  
‘Inscriptiones

'Inscriptiones Pompeianæ,' from which we wish to extract some passages, though to go into the subjects on which the learned author chiefly dwells would have carried us away from the proper topics of the preceding paper.

The wonderfully-preserved scratchings of idle lawyers on the hard stucco of the great law-court, and the like, could throw no light on the themes of Orellius; but they have claims of their own, and we are very thankful to Dr. Wordsworth, who has the merit of having first copied and published them, and who, as the learned Dr. Bosworth justly says, 'has the happy art of blending so many interesting circumstances with his erudition and criticism, as to render the decyphering and illustrating of ancient inscriptions attractive and amusing.\*' Starting from the Basilica of the Forum, Dr. Wordsworth says:—

'In Westminster Hall, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden are remembered by those who plead there; but I doubt whether the mixed audience who listen to the pleadings would, if left to themselves, beguile their leisure moments by references to the writings of these poets. This seems to have been otherwise in the small provincial town of Pompeii.

'Two lines, familiar to us from our childhood, are found twice inscribed on the right-hand wall, near the principal entrance of the Basilica. They served, perhaps, as the consolation of a weary client while listening to the prosecution of his tedious suit. There is in their orthography a little admixture of Greek and a little ignorance of Latin, which was probably common enough in the dialect of the Greek colonists of this part of Italy, who had a national claim to write and converse *Canusini more bilinguis*. The lines are as follows:—

αυιδροτεταλμαυριμσαχσολετινιδμολλιυσυνδα  
ρφαλατμενμολλιςαχζα(αυαντιλααυαλ.

You have here the popular distich of Ovid, though the words are *parre distorta*:—

*Quid pote tam durum saxo, aut quid mollius undā?  
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquā.*

The variation of *Quid pote tam* from the poet's *Quid magis est* is a curious Græcism; and in the case of the word *saxo* an English tiro will proudly correct the false Latinity of an Italian scribe who wrote in the Augustan age!

'At a little distance from this point we have four lines from two different poets:—

σαυαυιτολαντιτιμσαυαλαφερεντι  
ανδατεχελσιβεαλαρεατηραμανς  
σαυτολδαντισηιολετςιληεσατιναυις  
συρδουσινοβογεταμσονταιςυσεσεραμ

\* \* On the 'Origin of the Germanic and Scandinavian Languages,' p. 194—(1816).

The first two of the above four lines are, as you will see,—

*Surda sit oranti tua janua, laxa ferenti:  
Audiat exclusi verba receptus amans—*

which will be found in our editions of Ovid, *Amor.* l. viii. 77: the two latter—

*Janitor ad dantis vigilet, si pulsat inanis  
Surdus in obductam somniet usque seram—*

are still extant in Propertius (iv. v. 47), where the printed copies have *pulsat*: the orthography of the accusative *dantis* in the third line of the inscription is a conclusive evidence of the practice of the best ages of Latinity in that particular respect.

‘You perhaps remember hearing a person say to his friend in the Corso at Rome, “Io non sono grande, e la mia moglie è piccola; ciò non ostante, i miei figli sono proprii granatieri;” and a similar somewhat ludicrous intimation of the conjugal infidelity,

*ῥηθιοὶ τε γοναὶ τέκνα δ' οὐκ ἐστ' εὐκόστα πατρί,*

which is now the curse of Italy, is presented on this wall by the following:—

### ZETEMA

MULIER FEREBAT FILIUM SIMILEM SUM  
NEC MEVS EST NEC MI SIMILAT SE AVELLEME ESSET MEVS  
ET <sup>EGO (sic)</sup> VOLEBAM VT MEVS ESSET

#### Zetema.

*Mulier ferebat filium similem sui;  
Nec meus est, nec mi simulat, sed vellem esset meus,  
Et ego volebam ut meus esset.*

which requires no other explanation than the ἡ καλὸν, ὅκα τέλη τέκνα γονεῦσιν ἴσα of Nossis, or the *Laudantur simili prole puerperæ* of Horace.—pp. 17, 18.

In conclusion, the Doctor says very judiciously:—

‘We are furnished by these fragments with some curious evidence concerning the poetical taste, pervading, as it seems, the lower orders of the people of the period to which they belong. We receive from them some information, too, concerning the orthography and written characters commonly in use in this part of Italy during the Augustan age. We are supplied with a solution in the negative to the question whether a cursive character was employed in the writings of that period. We are enabled to prove, against the theories of L. Aretino, Cardinal Bembo, Strozza, and the learned Scipio Maffei, that the *vernacular* language of that era did not differ, as they maintain, from the *learned* dialect; and that *no* dialect, as they imagine, similar to the modern Italian, was then familiarly in use.

‘There is one point more. You will perhaps inquire whether there are not *other* specimens of a different character, which, from their nature, I feel it right to *suppress*. There are; and *because* I suppress them,

them, it is due to the cause of truth, which even these trifles serve, not only to confess, but openly to avow this; for a more important inference than any of those to which I have just alluded may be drawn from these instances. I do not conceal their existence; far from it: I profess gratitude to God, by whose wonderful order this city was overwhelmed, for their very *preservation* during so many centuries to this day. Who laments the existence of such writers as Catullus, Juvenal, and Martial? Who would annihilate them? Nay, did not, in their works, the passages still survive which are similar to the instances of which I speak as found in this place, blended with efforts of mental vigour, of acuteness, and of poetical power, which those authors exhibit, a man might perhaps wish that he himself had lived in an age eminent for all the luxurious accomplishments which art and intellect could supply. But these passages forbid him; they dispel the delusion which wit and poetry might produce; they are the dead bones that whiten on the isle of the Sirens; they remind him how and from what he has escaped. And so in this city of Pompeii, surrounded as we are by the brilliant productions of painting and sculpture, beautiful even in decay, and by the exquisite remains of the soft refinements with which its ancient inhabitants charmed their voluptuous hours, we might be dazzled by their fascination, and almost wish that we had lived as contemporaries with them. But the inscriptions to which I allude warn us against this; they show us with what moral depravity these graceful embellishments were allied. Therefore we neither envy them, nor are we prone to believe that man's Art or Intellect will ever reform the world. We no longer indulge in such a dream, nor question the justice of Providence which buried Pompeii in the dust.'

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ART. VI.—*Life and Correspondence of David Hume, from the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh and other original Sources.* By John Hill Burton, Esq. Edinburgh. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.

WHEN in a recent number (Quart. Rev. March, 1844) we adverted to the light that might be derived for the literary character of Hume from the collection of his correspondence in the hands of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and to the difficulty which would probably be found in making sufficient extracts without offending public feeling, we were not aware that the work was then actually in progress, and that an editor had been courageous enough to set himself to the task of compiling a Life of Hume from these authentic materials. It would have been satisfactory for those who want to have the whole truth, if the editor could have said that all the correspondence was placed at his disposal; but as the matter stands, we must be contented with Mr. Burton's assurance that 'there is no passage which he felt any inclination

inclination to print as being likely to afford interest to the reader, of which the use has been denied him.' (*Advertisement*, p. 11.) We cannot attribute any but good intentions to the Royal Society, or its committee, but we doubt the expediency of such half trust. If they were satisfied of Mr. Burton's sense and delicacy, and that he was quite above converting the relics of the dead into instruments for serving unfair purposes of any sort, there should have been no 'denial of the use' of any materials which might tend to illustrate his subject. By acting as they have done, these gentlemen have not only made themselves responsible for the perfect propriety of everything which is here printed, but they have left a suspicion of something remaining behind which appeared to them objectionable, but which might throw light on questions that have been mooted and are still interesting. We will not dwell on this matter. After all, the suppressions may be trifling—of coarse expressions or personalities—which, however, might have been safely trusted to the discretion of an editor. But, in reference to a report formerly noticed in this Review, on which Lord Brougham commented in his sketch of Hume, and to which Mr. Burton also alludes in his preface, we cannot but remark that Hume's letters to Dr. Robertson, which were partially used by Dugald Stewart in his life of Robertson, and which must at that time have formed part of the correspondence in the possession of Baron Hume, are not now in the collection submitted to Mr. Burton's examination; nor has this Editor found there or elsewhere a single scrap of Robertson's letters to Hume (vol. ii. p. 48).

We have said that the editor of a life of Hume had a difficult task—difficult in what was to be brought forward, and doubly difficult in what was to be passed over. To reconcile the natural partiality of a biographer for his subject, with the honesty of a true and faithful historian; to avoid all concealment or palliation of errors and false doctrines, while the public eye must not be insulted by their defence; these were the difficulties and dangers that must have been apparent to any one contemplating the task. On the other hand, we can fancy few things more likely to excite the ambition of a young man of letters living in Edinburgh, than the offer of access to a large and hitherto unused store of materials for the biography of David Hume. His life has many points of interest, from the society in which he mixed as well as the peculiarities of his personal character; and his writings are in themselves too remarkable, and have exercised too great an influence on the opinions of mankind, not to be worthy of the most careful and critical study.

On the whole Mr. Burton has, we think, acquitted himself very creditably.

creditably. We do not always agree with him in his views of moral, social, and political questions; his local prejudices must now and then provoke a smile; his diction, though in general unaffected, and occasionally vigorous, is blemished not seldom by verbosity and clumsiness; but he has the merit of diligence, and carries conviction of his honesty and candour, and we must say, he has performed the most delicate part of his task with a more complete avoidance of offence than we could have thought possible.

As a collection of Hume's papers this book is extremely valuable. It is true that they do not tell us much more of his life, that is, of the events of his life, than we knew before. Yet a biographical sketch written even by the subject of it himself, and penned with all the simplicity and grace which Hume has thrown into his 'own life,' affords but meagre food for study and reflection, when compared with a collection like this of his letters and journals and scrap-books, setting forth the dreams and aspirations of the boy, the opinions and feelings, the loves and hatreds, the views of life, the successes and disappointments of the man, all in the fresh colours and of the size and importance that nearness gives.

'David Hume was born at Edinburgh on the 26th of April, 1711.' He was the second son of a good gentleman's family, though much too poor to afford anything like a provision for a second son. He perhaps had in him to the last something of the usual pedigree-vanity of the northern *gentillâtre*; but he inherited also the best patrimony of Scotch younger children, careful frugality and a proud determination of independence. Whether mainly from the circumstances of the country at that time, which opened few channels for enterprise and the occupation of youth, or from his natural disposition, his talents were not devoted to any active pursuit or profession. In the multitude of his letters and recollections Hume never mentions a school or a teacher of his youth, nor dwells at all upon the time which most men love to look back upon as that which gives a colour to their after-life. He gives us to understand only that he was a grave, bookish boy, and that when he had run through the paltry course of academical education which Edinburgh then afforded, he took to philosophise and build castles after his own device. At sixteen, he writes to a friend a letter which his biographer thinks a very remarkable one:—

'Just now I am entirely confined to myself and library for diversion. Since we parted—

——— *ea sola voluptas,*  
*Solamenque mali—*

And indeed to me they are not a small one: for I take no more of them than I please; for I hate task-reading, and I diversify them at pleasure  
—sometimes



—sometimes a philosopher, sometimes a poet—which change is not unpleasant nor disserviceable neither; for what will more surely engrave upon my mind a Tusculan disputation of Cicero's *De Ægritudine Leniendâ*, than an Eclogue or Georgick of Virgil's? The philosopher's wise man and the poet's husbandman agree in peace of mind, in a liberty and independency on fortune, and contempt of riches, power, and glory. Everything is placid and quiet in both: nothing perturbed or disordered.

At *secura quies*, et *nescia fallere vita*——  
*Speluncæ*, vivique *laci*; at *frigida Tempc*,  
*Mugitusque boum*, mollesque sub *arbore somnos*  
*Non absint*.

'These lines will, in my opinion, come nothing short of the instruction of the finest sentence in Cicero: and is more to me, as Virgil's life is more the subject of my ambition, being what I can apprehend to be more within my power. For the perfectly wise man, that outbraves fortune, is surely greater than the husbandman who slips by her; and, indeed, this pastoral and Saturnian happiness I have in a great measure come at just now. I live like a king, pretty much by myself, neither full of action nor perturbation,—*molles somnos*. This state, however, I can foresee is not to be relied on. My peace of mind is not sufficiently confirmed by philosophy to withstand the blows of fortune. This greatness and elevation of soul is to be found only in study and contemplation—this can alone teach us to look down on human accidents.'—vol. i. p. 14.

Now we do not say that this is a piece of mere affectation, though its being found in draft savours somewhat of a school exercise; for what boy keeps copies of his real confidential letters to his schoolfellows? We allow it may have been a good deal what at the time was passing in the lad's mind; and those day-dreams of poetry and even early attempts at stoicism are not so rare among youths of secluded habits and misdirected education as Mr. Burton supposes. Undoubtedly they are not for good; and with a less vigorous nature of mind or of body, the indulgence would have produced upon Hume its accustomed penalty. But he wanted some of the stuff that goes to the composition of a visionary. From his youth upwards he was devoid alike of passion and imagination, and it needed little effort to give him that control of himself which it was his first object to obtain. His biographer, with all his pains, cannot satisfy himself that he ever felt the least access of love, and all the perturbations of his mind seem to have been never much removed from that equability which he perhaps fancied he had by laudable efforts schooled himself into. He seems to have had no sympathy with rural pursuits and pleasures. His Arcadian longings never passed beyond the study of the Eclogues. 'It does not appear  
from

from any incident in his life or allusion in his letters that he had ever really admired a picture or a statue.' (vol. ii. p. 134.)

Hume himself tells us he 'was seized very early with a passion for literature, which was the ruling passion of his life and a great source of his enjoyments;' but it was not a mere taste for literature in the abstract. He very early set his affections on literary distinction; his craving was—

'What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the age to come mine own?'

Like a mightier spirit, he assuredly felt 'that inward prompting that by labour and intense study, joined with the strong propensity of nature, he might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die.' He devoted himself very seriously to study, and at an age when other men are just girding themselves to the fight of life, he was meditating lucubrations in philosophy with which he should one day found a school, and astonish the world. With such a settled scheme in prospect, he successively threw aside the study of the law, to which no doubt his relations had destined him, and the mercantile profession, with a view to which he spent a few months of 1734 (ann. ætat. 23) at Bristol.

His visit to Bristol marks the era of an undated letter *to a physician*, whom the editor conjectures to have been the eccentric Dr. Cheyne; and it is to the draft of this letter preserved by Hume that we owe the very curious proof that, with all his natural coolness of temperament and acquired composure of mind, the young Sceptic had by no means escaped utterly the maladies which overworking the brain usually inflicts on the general physical system:—

'You must know then that, from my earliest infancy, I found always a strong inclination to books and letters. As our college education in Scotland, extending little further than the languages, ends commonly when we are about fourteen or fifteen years of age, I was after that left to my own choice in my reading, and found it incline me almost equally to books of reasoning and philosophy, and to poetry and the polite authors. Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardour natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely

lively to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months; till at last, about the beginning of September, 1729, all my ardour seemed in a moment to be extinguished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch, which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure. I felt no uneasiness or want of spirits, when I laid aside my book; and therefore never imagined there was any bodily distemper in the case, but that my coldness proceeded from a laziness of temper, which must be overcome by redoubling my application. In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular, which contributed, more than anything, to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These no doubt are exceeding useful, when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim. This, however, I did not learn but by experience, and till I had already ruined my health, though I was not sensible of it. . . .

I now began to take some indulgence to myself; studied moderately, and only when I found my spirits at their highest pitch, leaving off before I was weary, and trifling away the rest of my time in the best manner I could. In this way, I lived with satisfaction enough; and on my return to town next winter found my spirits very much recruited, so that, though they sank under me in the higher flights of genius, yet I was able to make considerable progress in my former designs. I was very regular in my diet and way of life from the beginning, and all that winter made it a constant rule to ride twice or thrice a-week, and walk every day. For these reasons, I expected, when I returned to the country, and could renew my exercise with less interruption, that I would perfectly recover. But in this I was much mistaken; for next summer, about May, 1731, there grew upon me a very ravenous appetite, and as quick a digestion, which I at first took for a good symptom, and was very much surprised to find it bring back a palpitation of heart, which I had felt very little of before. This appetite, however, had an effect very unusual, which was to nourish me extremely; so that in six weeks' time, I passed from the one extreme to the other; and being before tall, lean, and raw-boned, became on a sudden the most sturdy, robust, healthful-like fellow you have seen, with a ruddy complexion and a cheerful countenance. In excuse for my riding, and care of my health, I always said that I was afraid of consumption, which was readily

dily believed by my looks, but now everybody congratulated me upon my thorough recovery. . . .

Thus I have given you a full account of the condition of my body; and without staying to ask pardon, as I ought to do, for so tedious a story, shall explain to you how my mind stood all this time, which on every occasion, especially in this distemper, have a very near connexion together. Having now time and leisure to cool my inflamed imagination, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed in my philosophical inquiries. I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience: every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study, than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions or for those of others. At least this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years, I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This, with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would, had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out any train of thought, by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order,—this I found impracticable for me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect.

Such a miserable disappointment I scarce ever remember to have heard of. The small distance betwixt me and perfect health makes me the more uneasy in my present situation. It is a weakness rather than a lowness of spirits which troubles me, and there seems to be as great a difference betwixt my distemper and common vapours, as betwixt vapours and madness. I have noticed in the writings of the French mystics, and in those of our fanatics here, that when they give a history of the situation of their souls, they mention a coldness and desertion of the spirit, which frequently returns; and some of them, at the beginning,

ning, have been tormented with it many years. As this kind of devotion depends entirely on the force of passion, and consequently of the animal spirits, I have often thought that their case and mine were pretty parallel, and that their rapturous admirations might discompose the fabric of the nerves and brain, as much as profound reflections, and that warmth or enthusiasm which is inseparable from them.

However this may be, I have not come out of the cloud so well as they commonly tell us they have done, or rather began to despair of ever recovering. To keep myself from being melancholy on so dismal a prospect, my only security was in peevish reflections on the vanity of the world and of all human glory; which, however just sentiments they may be esteemed, I have found can never be sincere, except in those who are possessed of them. Being sensible that all my philosophy would never make me contented in my present situation, I began to rouse up myself; and being encouraged by instances of recovery from worse degrees of this distemper, as well as by the assurances of my physicians, I began to think of something more effectual than I had hitherto tried. I found, that as there are two things very bad for this distemper, study and idleness, so there are two things very good, business and diversion; and that my whole time was spent betwixt the bad, with little or no share of the good. For this reason I resolved to seek out a more active life; and though I could not quit my pretensions in learning but with my last breath, to lay them aside for some time, in order the more effectually to resume them. Upon examination, I found my choice confined to two kinds of life, that of a travelling governor, and that of a merchant. The first, besides that it is in some respects an idle life, was, I found, unfit for me; and that because from a sedentary and retired way of living, from a bashful temper, and from a narrow fortune, I had been little accustomed to general companies, and had not confidence and knowledge enough of the world to push my fortune, or to be serviceable in that way. I therefore fixed my choice upon a merchant; and having got recommendation to a considerable trader in Bristol, I am just now hastening thither, with a resolution to forget myself, and every thing that is past—to engage myself, as far as is possible, in that course of life—and to toss about the world, from the one pole to the other, till I leave this distemper behind me.

As I am come to London in my way to Bristol, I have resolved, if possible, to get your advice, though I should take this absurd method of procuring it. All the physicians I have consulted, though very able, could never enter into my distemper; because not being persons of great learning beyond their own profession, they were unacquainted with these motions of the mind. Your fame pointed you out as the properest person to resolve my doubts, and I was determined to have somebody's opinion, which I could rest upon in all the varieties of fears and hopes incident to so lingering a distemper.—p. 31.

What the answer to this letter was, we do not learn, nor even whether it was ever sent. Hume soon fled from Bristol and its ledgers. He had recovered his health—and then spent three years

years in France, acquiring the language, conversing with the Jesuits of La Flèche, studying the miracles of the Abbé Paris, and composing his 'Treatise of Human Nature.' After passing three years very agreeably in that country, I came over to London in 1737.

His first transaction with a bookseller is characteristic. Among the MSS. to which Mr. Burton has had access is one bearing the following title:—

'Articles of agreement, made, concluded, and agreed upon the 26th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord King George the Second,—between David Hume of Lancaster Court of the one part, and John Noone of Cheapside, London, bookseller, of the other part.'

'By this very precise document, it is provided that "the said David Hume shall and will permit and suffer the said John Noone to have, hold, and enjoy, the sole property, benefit, and advantage of printing and publishing the first edition of the said book, not exceeding one thousand copies thereof." The author, in return, receives 50*l.*, and twelve bound copies of the book. The transaction is on the whole creditable to the discernment and liberality of Mr. Noone. It may be questioned, whether, in this age, when knowledge has spread so much wider, and money is so much less valuable, it would be easy to find a bookseller, who, on the ground of its internal merits, would give 50*l.* for an edition of a new metaphysical work, by an unknown and young author, born and brought up in a remote part of the empire. These articles refer to the first and second of the three volumes of the "Treatise of Human Nature;" and they were accordingly published in January, 1739. They include "Book I. Of the Understanding," and "Book II. Of the Passions."—vol. i. p. 65.

Hume was twenty-seven—self-educated, or educated by books alone; brought up in solitude; reasoning much with himself; careless of the prejudices of others; full of courage; confident of his powers; with the whole feelings of his nature concentrated in a passion for literary fame. He felt no compunctious visitings at the thought of abolishing a creed and establishing a paradox, but received his fifty pounds, and hoped to startle the world and to become a man of mark. We do not say he wrote contrary to his opinions; but to throw upon the world a book of crude unweighed philosophy, tampering in such perilous matter, is but little less criminal. Hume lived to see something of this, and to regret his juvenile performance. He was anxious that it should be forgotten, and complained of the injustice of judging him by its contents (p. 98). At the time, however, he was only disappointed that it produced so little sensation. 'It fell,' he says, 'still-born from the press,' but yet he published an additional volume three years afterwards, and

and was soon called upon for a second edition. It was an unreasonable philosopher who could hope for more success.

Upon this book, which contains the whole essence of Hume's philosophy, announced with the rashness of youth; and all the dogmatism with which he afterwards reproached others, we shall not dwell. We think his biographer is mistaken in calling it 'the solitary labour of one mind.' It may be so as regards its elaboration and style; but Hume has himself told us of his previous reading, and it would not be difficult to trace his system to its source in those studies. With regard to the principles evolved in the 'Treatise,' the book is now found only on the shelf of the metaphysician and scholar; and we shall not, we hope, be misunderstood when we venture to regard it as a mere metaphysical exertion, a speculation probably not intended and certainly not at all calculated to affect human life or conduct. It is in truth a pretty, philosophical puzzle—a clever, dexterous argumentation for what every one feels to be untrue, and the completest proof of which could never alter the conduct upon any cognate or dependent subject. He essays to prove by an examination of the mind that nothing is known, and in a curious circle to demonstrate that nothing has been or can be demonstrated. Such an universal scepticism scarcely can merit serious discussion. However dangerous for shallow dogmatists who took the first propositions, and would not work out the necessary corollary, it is not very apt to mislead sane thinkers, when the facts of revelation and the doctrines of religion are placed on the same foundation of belief with the knowledge we obtain from the highest human testimony or our own experience, and with the conclusions of mathematical science. The idealist, when he has most successfully argued that we have no proof of the existence of matter, does not the less trust his house on the solid foundation of the earth. The wildest Humeist did not really doubt that Cæsar once lived in Rome—that the sun will rise to-morrow—that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the opposite sides. In all these matters man is satisfied to act upon the knowledge arising from testimony, experience, and mathematical demonstration; and he need not wonder or complain that he has no higher or clearer knowledge of the truths of religion than the highest that his mind is capable of.

The criticism of Hume's 'Treatise' in the Review called 'The History of the Works of the Learned,' is such a mixture of censure and sarcasm, with a prognostication of future fame; that it has been thought to be the joint contribution of two authors. The anecdote of Hume's violent rage on occasion of it, and his attacking the 'unlucky publisher sword in hand,' was not printed till after his

his death (*London Rev.*, v. p. 200). Mr. Burton disbelieves it, and has brought sufficient reasons for his discredit of so improbable a story. (p. 111.)

The *Essays, Moral and Political*, were published in 1712. 'The work,' says Hume, 'was favourably received, and soon made me entirely forget my former disappointment. I continued with my mother and brother, in the country, and in that time recovered the knowledge of the Greek language, which I had too much neglected in my early youth.' He soon, however, removed to Edinburgh, and among his first appearances is an endeavour to obtain the professorship of moral philosophy in that university, about Christmas in 1714. His friends had some influence with the town council, who by a strange arrangement are the patrons (how would the 'heads of houses' like to sit under the direction and patronage of the mayor and aldermen of Oxford?), but the Buries bethought them of the 'avisumatum' of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and in April, 1715, appointed another to the vacant chair of Ethics.

Passing over Hume's attendance on Lord Annandale, an unhappy nobleman who, among more serious fancies, had a rage for literature and fancied a literary keeper,—a chapter in the philosopher's life which we think has been unnecessarily dwelt upon,—and turning with some slight disgust from the bucktings of interested connections and Hume's pertinacious claim of 73*l*. instead of 37*l*. 10*s*, which he pressed first by the influence of his friends, and then by threats of law,—we come to an event that had much influence on his future life. In 1716 (ann. art. 35) he was invited to act as secretary to General St. Clair, who was going in command of an expedition intended for Canada, but ultimately sent 'to seek adventures' on the coast of France, and which resulted in the unhappy and ill-managed attempt at Quiberon Bay. 'Such a romantic adventure and such a hurry I have not heard of before. The office is very genteel—ten shillings a day, perquisites, and no expenses'—(p. 208.) The General upon whom Hume attended is not known for any feats of arms, but has a distinction of a different kind, and one of which Scotland, with all its caution and alleged coldness, has furnished other instances. 'He was the second son of Henry Lord St. Clair. His elder brother, being engaged in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted by act of Parliament. The father left the family estates to General St. Clair, who with a generous devotion to the hereditary principle, conveyed them to his elder brother, on that gentleman obtaining a pardon and a statutory removal of the disabilities of the attainted.'—(p. 210.)

On his return from this expedition of which he lost an account



or defence in MS., now printed, Hume returned for a time to Ninewells—the ancient seat of his family—in Berwickshire; and his biographer, seeing no traces of his occupation there, fills the gap with a few scraps from his memorandum book, both of prose and verse. A ‘character,’ which, not in his hand, but ‘corrected here and there by him,’ is suggested to be his own, has the following touches:—

- ‘1. A very good man, the constant purpose of whose life is to do mischief.
- ‘2. Fancies he is disinterested because he substitutes vanity in place of all other passions.
- ‘4. Licentious in his pen, cautious in his words, still more so in his actions.
- ‘7. Exempt from vulgar prejudices, full of his own.
- ‘13. An enthusiast without religion, a philosopher who despairs to attain truth.’—(p. 226.)

If this, with other parts of the same exercise, could really be established as at any time Hume’s estimate of himself, it would indeed be very curious—and no doubt the article about *vanity* tallies well with an anecdote quoted in our last Number from the ‘*Lives of the Lindsays* ;’ but we confess that we cannot but think, if intended for a character of him, it is the work of another; if drawn by himself, it is his estimate of another. The verses we may pass by, with still more unconcern. Most of them are apocryphal, and none of them worth fathering.

In 1748 he was again secretary with General St. Clair, in a mission of espionage to Vienna and Turin. He writes to Oswald:—

‘I have got an invitation from General St. Clair, to attend him in his new employment at the court of Turin, which I hope will prove an agreeable, if not a profitable jaunt for me. I shall have an opportunity of seeing courts and camps; and if I can afterwards be so happy as to attain leisure and other opportunities, this knowledge may even turn to account to me, as a man of letters, which, I confess, has always been the sole object of my ambition. I have long had an intention, in my riper years, of composing some history; and I question not but some greater experience in the operations of the field, and the intrigues of the cabinet, will be requisite, in order to enable me to speak with judgment upon these subjects. But, notwithstanding of these flattering ideas of futurity, as well as the present charms of variety, I must confess that I left home with infinite regret, where I had treasured up stores of study and plans of thinking for many years. I am sure I shall not be so happy as I should have been had I prosecuted these. But, in certain situations, a man dares not follow his own judgment or refuse such offers as these.’—(p. 236.)

He wrote a journal of his tour, in letters to his brother, which are

are chiefly remarkable for the absence of all taste for the beauty of nature or pleasure in the associations of romance. The Rhine was to him no more than any other river. 'I think,' he says, 'it is as broad as from the foot of your house to the opposite banks of the river.' A castle in ruins—Drachenfels or Rolandseck—was not worthy even of notice; a Gothic church was a barbarism; and he has left a letter descriptive of Cologne, in which the cathedral is not named. To be sure, he kissed (figuratively) the native earth of Virgil at Mantua; but Virgil was part of his creed. He is delighted by no charms of scenery, excited by no recollections older than the battle of Dettingen; and yet he travelled up the Rhine and down the Danube; through Styria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol; by the Lago di Garda to Mantua; through Lombardy to Turin. But from Dan to Beersheba he found all barren.

On his return to Britain in 1749, his mother was dead; but he continued to live at Ninewells till his brother's marriage, two years later, when he turned in his mind various plans for an independent establishment, counting the cost with his accustomed caution. He was now forty. His happy, cheerful nature, and his manly spirit of independence are brought out strikingly in the following letter (June, 1751) to the same friend to whom he confided his earliest dreams of pastoral happiness and philosophy.

'I might perhaps pretend, as well as others, to complain of fortune; but I do not, and should condemn myself as unreasonable if I did. While interest remains as at present, I have 50*l.* a-year, a hundred pounds worth of books, great store of linens and fine clothes, and near 100*l.* in my pocket; along with order, frugality, a strong spirit of independency, good health, a contented humour, and an unabating love of study. In these circumstances I must esteem myself one of the happy and fortunate; and so far from being willing to draw my ticket over again in the lottery of life, there are very few prizes with which I would make an exchange. After some deliberation, I am resolved to settle in Edinburgh, and hope I shall be able with these revenues to say with Horace—

*Est bona librorum et provisae frugis in annum  
Copia.*

Besides other reasons which determine me to this resolution, I would not go too far away from my sister, who thinks she will soon follow me; and in that case, we shall probably take up house either in Edinburgh, or the neighbourhood. And as she (my sister) can join 30*l.* a-year to my stock, and brings an equal love of order and frugality, we doubt not to make our revenues answer. Dr. Clephane, who has taken up house, is so kind as to offer me a room in it; and two friends in Edinburgh have made me the same offer. But having nothing to ask or solicit at London, I would not remove to so expensive a place; and am resolved to keep clear of all obligations and dependencies, even on those I love the most.

the fulfilment of the design thus announced, he tells us in his 'own life,' 2d Ed. 1751, I removed from the country to the town; the true scene for a man of letters."—vol. 4 p. 842.

While he was abroad, in 1748, there had issued from the London press Hume's 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding,' a re-cooked dish of the old 'Treatise of Human Nature,'—with the addition of his 'Essay on Miracles' (which, in the opinion of Mr. Burton, would have been less offensive with a different title); and during his residence at Ninewells he had amused himself with composing a few personal and political squibs with which he was mightily pleased—very laborious endeavours at drillery, most dull joking they are! (pp. 308, 317.) In 1751 he published the 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals,' which Mr. Burton styles 'the full development of his utilitarian system,' and which, says Hume, 'in my own opinion (who ought not to judge on that subject) is of all my writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best. It came unnoticed and unobserved into the world.'

We wish Mr. Burton had used another word than *Utilitarian* for Hume's ethical system. It snacks too strong of the school which seeks to prove its originality by deforming our language. The 'Inquiry' is anything but a complete system—but it is a very pleasing book. We are not so often roused to question the author's positions, perhaps because there is less to prove, and it is more animated in style than his earlier work. It is not in its main doctrine new, though the mode of treatment gives it that appearance; it would be indeed a reproach to philosophy to admit that now for the first time it taught that all the kind affections and feelings, all the benevolent acts, all the better parts of our nature, are useful to society.

If Hume could complain that the 'Inquiry' came unnoticed into the world, it was not so with the next production of his brain, his 'Political Discourses,' 'the only work of mine that was successful on the first publication. It was well received abroad and at home.' Of these Essays Lord Brougham has said, that 'they combine almost every excellence which can belong to such a performance: they exhibit certainly clear reasoning, learning, happy choice of subjects, elegance, precision, and vigour of language; nor can the writer's originality be denied, or that here we have the introduction of a new and widely influential system of politics and political economy. They were successful in Britain; and immediately and repeatedly translated into French; and indeed acquired in that country for themselves and for their author much more popularity than he enjoyed at home.'

An unsuccessful attempt of Hume to obtain the moral philosophy

sophy chair in the University of Glasgow,—where Edmund Burke is said also to have been a defeated candidate,—and a successful struggle for the office of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, are both crowded into this eventful year of Hume's life. His triumph as to the librarianship produced a letter to his friend Dr. Clephane, which we wish we had room to give entire, for it affords curious glances into the then state of opinion and feeling in the northern metropolis.

‘Nothing since the rebellion has ever so much engaged the attention of this town, except Provost Stewart’s trial; and there scarce is a man whose friendship or acquaintance I would desire, who has not given me undoubted proofs of his concern and regard.

‘What is more extraordinary, the cry of religion could not hinder the ladies from being violently my partisans, and I owe my success in a great measure to their solicitations. One has broke off all commerce with her lover, because he voted against me! and W. Lockhart, in a speech to the Faculty, said that there was no walking the streets, nor even enjoying one’s own fireside, on account of their importunate zeal. The town says, that even his bed was not safe for him, though his wife was cousin-german to my antagonist.

‘The whole body of cadies\* brought flambeaux, and made illuminations to mark their pleasure at my success; and next morning I had the drums and town music at my door, to express their joy, as they said, of my being made a great man. They could not imagine that so great a fray could be raised about so mere a trifle.

‘About a fortnight before, I had published a Discourse of the Protestant Succession, wherein I had very liberally abused both Whigs and Tories; yet I enjoyed the favour of both parties.

‘Such, dear Doctor, is the triumph of your friend; yet, amidst all this greatness and glory, even though master of 30,000 volumes, and possessing the smiles of a hundred fair ones, in this very pinnacle of human grandeur and felicity, I cast a favourable regard on you, and earnestly desire your friendship and good-will: a little flattery, too, from so eminent a hand, would be very acceptable to me. You know you are somewhat in my debt in that particular. The present I made you of my Inquiry was calculated both as a mark of my regard, and as a snare to catch a little incense from you. Why do you put me to the necessity of giving it to myself?’—p. 371.

Another letter to the same person (January. 1753) has the following charming picture of a cheerful and contented mind:—

‘I shall exult and triumph to you a little, that I have now at last—being turned of forty, to my own honour; to that of learning, and to that of the present age—arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family; consisting of a head, viz., myself, and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me com-

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\* A little illegal body of street porters—amusingly described in ‘*Hampery Clerk*.’ pany.

party. With frugality I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more? Independence? I have it in a supreme degree. Honour? that is not altogether wanting. Grace? that will come in time. A wife? that is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books? that is one of them; and I have more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any blessing of consequence which I am not possessed of, in a greater or less degree; and without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied.

As there is no happiness without occupation, I have begun a work which will employ me several years, and which yields me much satisfaction. 'Tis a History of Britain, from the Union of the Crowns to the present time. I have already finished the reign of King James. My friends flatter me (by this I mean that they don't flatter me) that I have succeeded. You know that there is no post of honour in the English Parnassus more vacant than that of history. Style, judgment, impartiality, care—everything is wanting to our historians; and even Rapin, during this latter period, is extremely deficient. I make my work very concise, after the manner of the ancients. It divides into three very moderate volumes: the one to end with the death of Charles the First; the second at the Revolution: the third at the Accession, for I dare come no nearer the present times. The work will neither please the Duke of Bedford nor James Fraser; but I hope it will please you and posterity. *Καὶ οὕτως εἰς ἄλ.*

'So, dear Doctor, after having mended my pen, and bit my nails, I return to the narration of parliamentary factions, or court intrigues, or civil wars, and bid you heartily adieu.'—p. 377.

This is the first intimation of his great undertaking: but before adverting further to it we willingly turn to glance at Hume's correspondents and the society among which he was now living.

Hume's early friends (several of whom were, we believe, his relations) the St. Clairs, Baron Mure, Oswald, Lord Glasgow, all of them men of great intelligence—Sir Gilbert Elliot, whose letters confirm all our previous impressions of his admirable sense and accomplishment—were of such rank and connexions as would have secured his admission to the highest circles of the metropolis of Scotland, so far as his fortune enabled him to live in them. One of his intimates, and, as we have understood, a very frequent correspondent, was Patrick Lord Elbank—commonly known as 'the clever Lord:' but of letters to that remarkable person the R.S.E. collection has afforded no valuable specimen—and we see but one from his Lordship to Hume—a noticeable blank. His military expedition had thrown him into the intimacy of several other persons of a different class, but with whom the philosopher assimilated with perfect ease, and continued to live on terms of even greater familiarity than with the civilians of his early correspondence. Abercrombie, Edmonstone, and Erskine were all soldiers of good birth, and of sufficient standing

standing in their profession to secure their position in the best society.

Another correspondent, with whom he seems to have become acquainted in the Quiberon expedition, was Dr. John Clephane, to whom some of the most entertaining letters in this work are addressed. Clephane was, like Hume himself, a Scotchman of family but no fortune, who had turned an unusually good education to account, first as travelling tutor to several young English noblemen, and latterly as a practising physician in London. He was a very accomplished person, the friend and adviser of Dr. Mead in forming his collections of ancient and foreign art. But he never neglected his profession, and bid fair to rise high in it if he had not been prevailed upon to accept of a medical appointment in the expeditions against the coasts of France in 1758, where he died. Fortunately he had the habit of preserving his papers; and it is from a mass of varied correspondence with Italian virtuosi and eminent persons of Paris, that these letters of Hume are selected.

Though the town of Edinburgh was so different, the composition and tone of its society, in the middle of last century, was not unlike what it is known to be at the present day. There was the same body of the country squirearchy, with however a much larger sprinkling of the nobility, who had not then got inured to London life. There were the same literary lawyers and scientific doctors. There was perhaps more claret drunk, certainly more drunk in clubs and taverns—for the general narrowness of domestic accommodation as well as of fortune prescribed a very moderate indulgence of social domestic intercourse. The ladies were not, perhaps, in general so well educated as their great-grand-daughters; but there was much easy, unexpensive, and yet refined society up those high ‘common stairs,’ in the ‘closes,’ and ‘wynds,’ where a modern lawyer’s fine lady would find it impossible to breathe.

One element there was which is now, we believe, quite wanting—a considerable admixture of the most eminent clergy of the national church, who then found it not inconsistent with their duties to give some part of their time to general society. The beneficial influence they exercised upon it may be readily understood; but it was by no means greater than the good effects produced upon their own body by mixing on terms of equality and freedom with laymen at least as intelligent as themselves.

The Presbyterian establishment is in not a few respects singular among the churches of Christendom. The incitements of their clergy to study, and its rewards, have, from a very early period at least, been few and mean; and the people, interdicting to the clergy, as they do to women, all scholastic learning, seem to have had a prejudice against any accomplishments in their  
ministers

ministers except those of 'the pulpit.' This brought it about that the establishment, which has in all periods produced as exemplary working pastors and as effective preachers as any, had before Hume's day become remarkable through Europe as 'the unlearned church.' While this *γενημασις*, as Warburton called it, prevailed, the only learning of churchmen was a lay learning; and the only prizes in the lottery were the city churches—which benefices were additionally coveted for the chance of holding at the same time a Professor's chair in the University. Such combination of ecclesiastical and academic emoluments has within our own time been condemned as interfering with the due discharge of the sacred function and we believe the practice has been wholly abolished. The results of this *reform* are not yet of course developed. But it so happened, under the old system, that at the time we are speaking of, the clergy of Edinburgh numbered among them some men as eminent as Scotland has produced, in various branches of intellectual exertion. Among these, Principal Robertson the historian, the leader of the dominant (or *Moderate*) party in the Kirk, and Dr. Blair, whose lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres were once much esteemed, though he is now chiefly remembered by his sermons, were favourite, but by no means pre eminent members of the society into which Hume was now admitted. It excited some surprise in various quarters then, and continues to do so, that such clergymen should have consented to live on terms of familiar intercourse with one who held and published doctrines like those of Hume. We do not wish to enter into that question on this occasion: if Mr Burton's work may be relied on as a complete authority, and we know of little in opposition to it on this head, it must be our conclusion that the open and avowed friendship which existed between them, did not at the time and on the spot affect injuriously the professional reputation and influence of those clergymen, who yet were sufficiently exposed to criticism, from the conspicuous place they filled, and the violence of church parties at the period.\* There are two letters which throw light upon the forbearance exercised by those men of opposite principles, and with them we will leave the matter, merely

\* Robertson had for his condjutor in his cure the leader of the opposite (or *Highfly- ing*) party of the Kirk. This was Dr John Eshme, the preacher whom Pleydell took Colonel Muncie to hear on his first visit to Edinburgh—who 'had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity.' Dr Eshme was a divine of the most rigid and severe Calvinistic school, and he was also a nobly descended gentleman of the purest truth and honour. Robertson and he were, through life, opposed on all questions of church government and politics; yet they spent their days in the common duties of their ministry with mutual respect, and Eshme lived to preach a funeral sermon bearing testimony to the high merit of his friend, colleague, and rival.

observing that Bishop Butler not only exchanged the common civilities of life with Hume after having received his *Treatise*, but everywhere recommended his *Moral and Political Essays*. It was not to such men that Hume's metaphysical inquiries could prove dangerous; while the purity of his life commanded respect, and his benevolent and kindly nature (for which we need not appeal to the imagination of Henry Mackenzie and the beautiful story of La Roche) recommended him to their affection. The first of the following extracts is from a letter of Hume (in 1761) to Dr. Blair:—

'Permit me the freedom of saying a word to yourself. Whenever I have had the pleasure to be in your company, if the discourse turned upon any common subject of literature or reasoning, I always parted from you both entertained and instructed. But when the conversation was diverted by you from this channel towards the subject of your profession, though I doubt not but your intentions were very friendly towards me, I own I never received the same satisfaction. I was apt to be tired, and you to be angry. I would therefore wish for the future, whenever my good fortune throws me in your way, that these topics should be forborne between us. I have long since done with all inquiries on such subjects, and am become incapable of instruction; though I own no one is more capable of conveying it than yourself. — vol. iii. p. 117.

The next is part of a letter to Hume from Dr. Campbell, the author of a well-received and able answer to his *Essay on Miracles*:—

'25th June, 1762,

'The testimony you are pleased to give in favour of my performance, is an honour of which I should be entirely unworthy, were I not sensible of the uncommon generosity you have shown in giving it. Ever since I was acquainted with your works, your talents as a writer have, notwithstanding some differences in abstract principles, extorted from me the highest veneration. But I could scarce have thought that, in spite of differences of a more interesting nature, even such as regards morals and religion, you could ever force me to love and honour you as a man. Yet no religious prejudices (as you would probably term them) can hinder me from doing justice to that goodness and candour which appear in every line of your letter.

There is in all controversy a struggle for victory, which I may say compels one to take every fair advantage that either the sentiments or the words of an antagonist present him with. But the appearances of asperity or railery, which one will be thereby necessarily drawn into, ought not to be construed as in the least affecting the habitual good opinion, or even the high esteem, which the writer may nevertheless entertain of his adversary. — p. 119.

It is more pleasing to look on this society in another light. Hume's success in letters was the beginning of the brilliant period



of Edinburgh literature. Before him no Scotchman had done anything to redeem his country from the provincialism into which the Union had cast it. He had set his ambition on two roads of literary distinction, and he was eminently successful in both. He was followed in his philosophical career by his friend Adam Ferguson; and, with greater influence and fame, by their common friend Adam Smith. Robertson for a season divided the opinions of the world with Hume in the field of history; and a swarm of lesser aspirants were cherished into life by their success. To all these ardent sons of letters Hume was the kind and generous encourager. There was no petty jealousy in his nature. He not only supported Blacklock, the poor blind poet, and John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' but he took pleasure and gloried in each new success of friends whom he felt to be no mean rivals in his own walk; and he lived on terms of entire confidence and the most playful intimacy with men whose names and works will live as long as his. When Robertson was preferred for the office of Historiographer, with a salary which then would have fulfilled Hume's utmost ambition, he gave way to no envious complainings. We only learn from a note of Dr. Carlyle,\* that 'Honest David Hume, with a heart of all others that rejoices most at the prosperity of his friends, was certainly a little hurt with this last honour conferred on Robertson,' (vol. ii. p. 161.) There are too few instances of such society to pass this over without notice. Hume writes to Robertson (1758) on the publication of his 'History of Scotland:—

'I am diverting myself with the notion how much you will profit by the applause of my enemies in Scotland. Had you and I been such fools as to have given way to jealousy, to have entertained animosity and malignity against each other, and to have rent all our acquaintance into parties, what a noble amusement we should have exhibited to the block-heads, which now they are likely to be disappointed of! All the people whose friendship or judgment either of us value, are friends to both, and will be pleased with the success of both, as we will be with that of each other.'—vol. ii. p. 49.

We heartily agree with our author—'There is no passage in literary history, perhaps, more truly dignified than the perfect cordiality and sincere interchange of services between two men whose claims on the admiration of the world came in so close competition with each other.' (vol. ii. p. 42.)

\* Our readers will find some information about this gentleman, the once celebrated minister of Musselburgh, and most of the other friends of Hume's Edinburgh circle, in the article on 'Mackenzie's Life of John Home,' contributed by Sir W. Scott to this Review (Q. R., vol. xxxvi.), and now included in his 'Miscellaneous Prose Works.' Mr. Burton seems to think that Dr. Carlyle's Diary, which Henry Mackenzie had before him when he wrote his account of John Home, has now perished. Much entertainment might have been expected from it—and we hope Mr. Burton is mistaken; but Baron Hume's example may have influenced the witty Doctor's representatives.

Even the philosophical party most opposed to Hume were won by his placid and courteous reception of their works. Reid, their leader, (a clergyman also, by the way,) acknowledges his 'candour and generosity towards an antagonist;' and concludes a remarkable letter, in which he avows himself Hume's 'disciple in metaphysics,' with the following words:—

'When you have seen the whole of my performance, I shall take it as a very great favour to have your opinion upon it, from which I make no doubt of receiving light, whether I receive conviction or no. Your friendly adversaries, Dis. Campbell and Gerard, as well as Dr. Gregory, return their compliments to you respectfully. A little philosophical society here [Aberdeen], of which all the three are members, is much indebted to you for its entertainment. Your company would, although we are all good Christians, be more acceptable than that of St. Athanasius; and since we cannot have you upon the bench, you are brought oftener than any other man to the bar, accused and defended with great zeal, but without bitterness. If you write no more in morals, politics, or metaphysics, I am afraid we shall be at a loss for subjects.'—p. 155.

Hume was now installed in the Advocates' Library, writing, *currente calamo*, his great work. We have noticed the first announcement of the undertaking in a letter of January, 1753—by which time he had done the reign of James I; and we have the author chaunting *jamque opus cægi*, on the 1st of September, 1754. (p. 397.) In so short a space was composed the first volume, and the most important one, of that history which, as he himself pleasantly said—'only displeased all the Whigs—and all the Tories—and all the Christians,' and which has continued to be read ever since by all the three classes, and by all the world.

Of the merits and faults of Hume's 'History of England,' of the reasons of its short coming, the causes of its success, and the extent of its influence, perhaps enough has been written; but the subject is interesting, and one or two points, we think, have not been rightly considered.

The earliest of Hume's writings, in his biographer's opinion, is an 'Essay on Chivalry' (p. 19), which is remarkable chiefly for the choice of the subject by a writer who cannot sympathise with or even allow for any of the peculiar feelings on which the whole fabric of chivalry was founded. He could never read Froissart; he despised him; everything of romance was only so much of barbarism. Gothic architecture, the churches and castles of an early time, were monuments of dark superstition and brutal tyranny, in whose history he took no delight. He contemned the people of mediæval Europe, and all their institutions. The clergy were ruthless bigots, or brazen impostors, domineering intriguers, or lazy voluptuaries—the laity  
fierce

fierce and ignorant savages. He saw nothing admirable in man but high-dress and civilization, and he could not even condescend to trace its history and progress to a ruder age. He was, though but a slender classical scholar, a classicist beyond reason and all modern belief. Though he tried to 'recover his Greek,' he had no idea of any poetry beyond the smooth and high-polished *Æneid*. It is fortunate that Burns came too late to disturb his equanimity. Scott would have driven the philosopher mad. Wilkie's 'Epigoniad' (which of our readers has tried to read it?) he considered 'full of sublimity and genius' (ii. p. 25). Writing of Home's first tragedy before he had seen it, he says, 'It is very likely to meet with success, and not to deserve it; for the author tells me he is a great admirer of Shakspeare, and never read Racine' (p. 316). But he found he was mistaken, and he praises 'Douglas':— 'The author I thought had corrupted his taste by the imitation of Shakspeare, whom he ought only to have admired. But he has composed a new tragedy on a subject of invention, and here he appears a true disciple of Sophocles and Racine. I hope in time he will vindicate the English stage from the reproach of barbarism' (p. 392). It is in this insensibility to the feelings and motives of a rude though vigorous age we can trace one principal cause of the failure of Hume's 'History,' especially of the early period. Mr. Burton gives us his own 'character of a complete history' (vol. ii. pp. 123-7), not the best part of the Editor's lucubrations. He rests much on the incompatibility of minute antiquarian research with the higher duty of an historian. We think him mistaken; but if all the necessary materials had been collected to his hand, and he had used them all, Hume could not have written a satisfactory history of the earlier times of England. He might have emptied the whole Saxon Chronicle and Domesday into his volumes, and crowded his margins with Palgrave and Thorpe; he could never have produced a fitting history of old England. The man who looked upon the introduction of Christianity as a monkish juggle, who could trace nothing of the sturdy English character to the Anglo-Saxon institutions, to whose eyes all bishops and priests were but fat encumberers of the soil, and knights and heralds brought up no image but of violence and rapine, could never have handled well the old 'History of England,' under whatever rule, be it Saxon, Norman, or Plantagenet. He could not sympathise with the Past—he did not think it worth while even to try to understand it.

But now comes the more difficult question of the cause of so much misrepresentation in the 'History of the Stuarts.' Here was a time of sufficient civilization—a war of fine principles for choice. Royalty and Loyalty on the one hand—Freedom and the

the Commons on the other. Then why has Hume, in some respects failed? Why was the first philosophical historian of modern times a partial one? It appears to us there are several concurring causes. In the middle of last century, when Hume wrote, criticism was in its infancy—historical criticism unknown. The weighing of evidence of fact, or calm and dispassionate balancing of party principles, was not yet dreamt of. Historians everywhere were still undisguised partisans. For some time, too, Whig or Revolution politics, as they were called, had been in the ascendant, and were supported with intemperance and unfairness. The most candid man, applying his mind to history at such a time, might feel inclined to throw his weight into the opposite scale, and consider himself as on the whole serving the cause of justice in furnishing a refined pleading for the depressed party. In painting the Royalists, in the great struggle of principles, in their own colours, in giving to loyalty, to love of order, to disgust at fanaticism, that prominence which they really had in the minds of the saner portion of the Cavalier party, Hume was setting forth a part of the truth—contributing something which was then as necessary to the just appreciation of the spirit of the age as if he had applied himself to sifting proofs and examining documents. That in thus writing, however, he neglected the greatest and highest duty of his office—that he left the seat of judgment for the pleader's bar—will not now be denied. He wrote as an advocate, and the opposition his History met with only stimulated his advocacy.

'In this new edition,' he writes to Elliot in June, 1763, 'I have corrected several mistakes and oversights, which had chiefly proceeded from the plaguy prejudices of Whiggism, with which I was too much infected when I began this work. I corrected some of these mistakes in a former edition; but being resolved to add to this edition the quotations of authorities for the reigns of James I. and Charles I., I was obliged to run over again the most considerable authors who had treated of these reigns; and I happily discovered some more mistakes, which I have now corrected. As I began the History with these two reigns, I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with Whig rancour, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality; but if you now do me the honour to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to Whiggism. If you still continue to upbraid me, I shall be obliged to retaliate on you, and cry, *Whig vous-même*.'

'In page 33, vol. v., you will find a full justification of the impositions laid on by James I. without authority of parliament; in pages 113, 114, 389, a justification of persecuting the Puritans; in page 180, a justification of Charles I. for levying tonnage and poundage without consent of parliament. . . .

'I now justify James II. more explicitly in his exercise of the dispensing power, which was intimately interwoven with the constitution and monarchy.'—vol. ii. pp. 144, 145.

We must admit that Hume only felt half the force of the words he quotes of his Greek master, when he professed to write his History as *a possession for ever*.

Another reason remains behind. We believe Hume sat down to plan his History partly as a charming exercitation of his metaphysical mind. He wrote the 'History of the Stuarts' with no more sifting of evidence than he bestowed on his 'Essay on the Authenticity of Ossian' (vol. ii. p. 36). It did not enter into his plan to grub out received errors, and establish facts by proof. He chose an interesting hero, as he admonished Robertson to do (vol. ii. p. 84). The leading incidents were notorious and popular, as fits the groundwork of a drama, and he went on in the temper and spirit with which his idol Racine might sit down to pen a tragedy. Of minor matters he did not regard so much what was actually fact as what was poetically true. He had a wide canvas, and the outline of a fine subject,—

'Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line ;'

and if he did not group his figures in the best composition, and throw his lights *secundum artem*, he had himself to blame. There are many who think it is a pity to shake our confidence in Livy's History, when all our school philosophy is founded on his facts. Hume might defend himself so ; and had no objection that his History, in like manner, might be considered as 'philosophy teaching by examples,' though the examples were often ideal. But he says of himself, 'a passion for literature was the ruling passion of my life ;' and the first point was to achieve a great literary triumph—to produce a finished and perfect historical tragedy that might rival in plot, in *denouement*, in high-wrought interest, as well as in grace and beauty of diction, one of the great works of ancient art. Taking this object as paramount, there cannot be a doubt that the Royalist was the poetical and proper tragic version to adopt ; and Hume for the time threw aside his Whiggism, which he had not yet got rid of in real life, as well as his sceptical weighing and examination of principles, and in the idealising process kept only the figures, and names, and dates, and landmarks of actual events, and threw over them the colouring of the artist, the mist of the magician, where 'all was delusion, nought was truth.' With these views, taking Charles as the centre of his composition, Hume gave him all the interest he could heap upon him, according to his notions. To have represented him as strict and rigid even to austerity, in religious tenets and observances,

servances, as he in later life certainly was, would have lowered him in the philosopher's eye : moreover, it would have interfered with the artistic simplicity of effect, which required the dark side of rebellion to be made darker with unrelieved fanaticism. The oppressions of the law, the illegal extortion of money on the King's side, which every one now admits, are not passed over, nor denied, nor palliated ; but by a simple dash of the brush, the shadow of the picture is made to cover them so that the eye never rests on them. The iron severity of Strafford, the bigotry and oppression of Laud, the tergiversation of Charles—a deep blemish in a noble nature—are all there, but huddled into the background ; while the artist brings into the full blaze of his sunshine the amiable and heroic qualities of the king, the courage and genius of his great minister, and even the primate's zeal and genuine piety, to increase the tragic effect of their sufferings and death. It is done with admirable skill ; and the spectator, enchanted with the picture, rejects all criticism against the truth of its facts. The story flows on so sweetly, it is impossible to stop it to ask the impertinent question, ' Is it true ? '

In this artist skill the historian of the House of Stuart is unrivalled. You can find few false statements or mistakes on matters of any real importance—not many suppressions of fact. You can rarely detect any ingenious sophistry. Praise and blame are duly awarded where merited. But all is made subservient to the ' effect ' which the great picture must produce to be perfect as a work of art.

It is here that Hume shows his mastery, more than in any perfection of mere style and language ; and yet the easy, equal, sustained style of the historian was well suited to his object, and, indolent as he certainly was in many points, this achievement was the result of much study and labour well concealed. It never falls below the dignity and interest of the narrative, and shuns all flights that might distract the attention from the great scene spread before us.

In Hume's time and for long after (and perhaps it is so still), no Scotchman wrote English without fear of blunders ; and Hume was peculiarly sensitive in this matter. Even when success might have given confidence, his correspondence shows us how careful he was to have the assistance of his English friends for purifying his language of its northern spots and turns. By what discipline could one thus suffering under the irksome dread of provincialism school himself into the easy seeming language of Hume ? He has furnished us with no key to this, himself. In the dearth of other information, we have looked over the index of his philosophical works to find the authors quoted or referred to. At the

same time, we know how fallacious it is to rest on such foundations. It is one thing to cite an author and another to have studied his style; and perhaps the man who is most imbued with the spirit and language of a great writer is least likely to make actual quotations from his page. There are evidently other causes which derange the calculation. The authorities produced must, of course, often depend more upon the subject in hand than on the familiar reading of the writer; and the author of the essay 'On the Populousness of Ancient Nations' was necessarily led by his subject to consult books that might be foreign to his general studies and taste. Still the point is not without interest, and something may be found from such an inquiry. We give it for no more than it is worth.

The index of a common edition of the collected Essays, professing to notice all the authors quoted or remarked upon, gives the names of forty Greek writers, thirty-eight Latin, twenty-eight French, nineteen English, nine Italian. Of the Greek authors, Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch are each cited about thirty times:—Polybius, Xenophon, and Strabo, about half as often:—Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Lucian, each about twelve times; Plato and Aristotle, each nine times; Hesiod, Lysias, seven times each; Homer five times; and no other Greek authors so often as these. Of Latin writers, Tacitus is quoted twenty-four times; the elder Pliny, fifteen; Cicero, nineteen; Horace, fourteen; Livy, twelve; Columella, seven; Quinctilian and Cæsar, each six; Martial, four; Petronius and Virgil, each thrice; Terence, twice. Of French writers, he cites Fontenelle four times; the Abbé Dubos as often; Racine thrice; Rochefoucault twice; Voltaire and Boileau, each once. Among the Italians, Machiavelli is quoted seven times; Ariosto and Guicciardini, each twice; Boccaccio, once. His English authorities are still more curious. He quotes Bacon and Locke, each seven times; Pope, five times; Swift, thrice; Shakspeare, twice; Bolingbroke, twice; Berkeley, Hutchinson, Addison, Prior, Parnell, each once. He quotes three or four early fathers; two modern theologians; the Bible, the Koran, and Cervantes, each once.

Now, undoubtedly, such a list shows extensive research and study; and it would be hard to find an instance where a great array of authorities is used to better account than in the 'inquiry regarding the populousness of ancient nations.' His correspondence also is full of classical quotations and allusions. There is, however, something in the manner of the references which frequently suggests the idea that the author consulted his Greek authors in the Latin translations; and there is a small slip of *αἷμα*, meaning blood, in one of his last letters (ii. p. 504),

504), which is scarcely consistent with any habitual reading of Greek. He had evidently no familiar acquaintance with the Greek dramatists, probably not more than the French books of belles-lettres supplied. Homer he undoubtedly read in the original, and he loves to quote him even in his familiar letters, but too correctly, and as if he had the book open to make the quotation. Thucydides he must have studied; and he knew how to value the great historian when he pronounces 'the first page of his work the commencement of real history' (*Essay on Eloquence*). He appreciated the clearness and truth of Xenophon and Cæsar; but his admiration was reserved for the mixed historical and romantic biographies of Plutarch, which he recommended to Robertson as a model, and of which he himself at one time meditated a translation (vol. ii. p. 84). Hume knew Cicero well. Horace, and still more Virgil, he often quoted from memory in his letters, supplying or altering as he best could. He probably read Latin with sufficient ease—but it is evident that he had never studied the language with any sort of care.\* As for English, it would seem that Hume scarcely studied in that language, except when the subject on which he was engaged compelled him, or read its authors for his pleasure. He certainly drew none of his language from the 'pure well of English undefiled.' The Bible, the best book for the study of the present English tongue, he was not likely to dwell upon. Shakspeare and Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were barbarous, neglecting the unities and so forth; Milton, though learned in all the learning of the classics, was no classicist, and, moreover, was fanatical; the band of writers who first wielded English prose as masters were mostly churchmen, and were indeed in his time generally disregarded or unknown. Bacon he had read, but only for his philosophy. Johnson had not yet directed the student of English composition to give his days and nights to Addison; and though Robertson was never weary of poring over Swift, it may be doubted if Hume could appreciate the most idiomatic of modern English styles. He chose his models and his rules elsewhere. He studied the Parisian writers on criticism and belles-lettres; followed Boileau and his school; affected to rave of Sophocles and Racine as near of kin; and, without an intimate knowledge of the languages of the classics, or a heartfelt appreciation of their spirit, still set them up as the ideal objects of his imitation both in form and essence.

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\* One specimen of verse, when Hume was forty-five, may suffice. It must have been a strange ear that allowed this mangling of an Ovidian hexameter,

Nam simul ac mea caluerant pectora musæ.—(ii, p. 20).

The grammar is worthy of the quantity. He plainly intended *caluerant* to mean heated, and to govern *pectora*.



It was undoubtedly on those models that he formed his style: but he bestowed upon it no common labour, and brought to the study no common qualifications. Clear good sense, an admirable precision of thought and reasoning, gave a similar precision and transparency of diction; a remarkable simplicity of mind, joined to a quick sense of the ridiculous, guarded him against attempting too high a flight. These qualities of his nature, with a never-ceasing watchfulness of his words,\* enabled him to produce a narrative which, without the gracefulness of native and racy English, has the great merit of expressing his sense clearly and simply, and, by a wonderful art, leading us to forget the writer and the language under the fascination of his story. There is no greater triumph in this department, but it is the victory of thinking rather than of writing.

Much as we should wish to keep company with Hume in the society of his Edinburgh friends, we should be unreasonable to expect it. The residence at Grignon stops the correspondence of the queen of letter-writers. When Hume is quietly placed among his dearest friends, and busy with his great work, he cannot have much time or occasion for letter-writing. The incident of his quarrel with the learned body of lawyers, whose officer he was, for polluting the shelves of a great public library, in fact the national depository of literature, with the works of Lafontaine and Crebillon (p. 395), is ridiculous enough, unless it was a mere pretext for attacking him, when it becomes something worse. But he was able now to stand alone. His works were rising in popularity and profit. We find notices of several visits to London in connexion with new editions. He had moved in 1762 from his 'tenement' in Riddell's Land to a more spacious house which he bought in St. James's Court—the same *flat*, as Mr. Burton proves by a legal document, in which Boswell afterwards received Johnson—though Boszzy of course did not tell his guest the name of his landlord. In 1763 he wrote to Adam Smith:—'I set up a chaise in May next: and you may be sure a journey to Glasgow will be one of the first I shall undertake' (vol. ii, p. 148). In short, he was advancing in the steady progress of an industrious and prudent and most successful literary

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\* The care of his style appears even in his letters, many of which are preserved in the first draft, and show constant corrections where another word or phrase seemed neater than that first chosen. The same practice is met with even in the letters actually sent to his familiars, and—what is not always the case with others—his alterations were always for the better. His style of letter-writing became much easier as he advanced in life, and in his later correspondence he gave up a practice which offends the reader of his (collected) early letters,—repeating the same story, or thought, or play of words—sometimes almost in the same phrase, in several letters, to different friends.

man, surrounded by friends and all comforts, now playing the bountiful host in his own house to a band of guests such as will never meet again, now enjoying the freedom of the 'Poker' club,—when the quiet tenor of his days was interrupted by his visit to Paris as secretary to Lord Hertford, the English ambassador.

Hume's reception and success in Paris (1764-5-6) were enough to turn almost any head; and they had some effect upon his. His sceptical philosophy, distasteful even then to the general mind of England, was received with universal applause in the circle of encyclopædists. His history had already drawn upon him the volunteered correspondence of the Comtesse de Boufflers, and he was assured of a general welcome. To prepare him the more to enjoy it, he had to contrast it with a decided want of success in London society. He never loved the English; and, in the time of Hume and Lord Bute, North Britons were not popular in the South. He wrote thus bitterly to Elliot:—

'I believe, taking the Continent of Europe from Petersburg to Lisbon, and from Bergen to Naples, there is not one who ever heard my name who has not heard of it with advantage, both in point of morals and genius. I do not believe there is one Englishman in fifty who, if he heard I had broke my neck to-night, would be sorry; some, because I am not a Whig; some, because I am not a Christian; and all, because I am a Scotsman. Can you seriously talk of my continuing an Englishman? Am I or you an Englishman? Do they not treat with derision our pretensions to that name, and with hatred *our just pretensions to surpass and govern them!*'—vol. ii. p. 238.

And again, to Dr. Blair:—

'There is a very remarkable difference between London and Paris; of which I gave warning to Helvetius, when he went over lately to England, and of which he told me, on his return, he was fully sensible. If a man have the misfortune, in the former place, to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in a suitable society. The little company there that is worth conversing with, are cold and unsociable; or are warned only by faction and cabal; so that a man who plays no part in public affairs becomes altogether insignificant; and, if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible. Hence that nation are relapsing fast into the deepest stupidity and ignorance.'—vol. ii. p. 268.

Thus wrote David Hume of London in 1765—exactly in the most flourishing æra of Boswell's immortal cycle—exactly when Burke, Johnson, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick—not to mention Warburton, and Chesterfield, and Walpole—were in the topmost blaze of their social enjoyment and renown! The 'His-  
of the Stuarts' had appeared nine years before.

With these feelings of fierce resentment against English society, it is no wonder that Hume rejoiced in the reception he met  
with

with in France. We have seen his early aspirations after literary fame. But he might have attained the highest reputation by his writings, and yet not have satisfied so fully his craving, and come far short of the intoxicating pleasure he now enjoyed. In other times and countries, his works might have given him a passport into the society of authors and reading men. But literature just then was the rage in Paris—above all, the literature of infidelity; and Hume, with his broad face, wide mouth, and expression of imbecility, awkward in manner, speaking English like a Scotchman, and French imperfectly (p. 270, &c.), found himself instantly courted by all the great as well as the learned, by the leaders of literature and the leaders of fashion alike, by philosophers and peers and princes; above all, caressed and idolized by the most fascinating women in the world, the top of courtly aristocracy of France, and the centre of an aristocracy of letters almost as exclusive.

All this was not the less valued that he knew how rare were such attentions to a stranger. Writing to Blair (to excuse his not introducing a young Scotchman of rank whom his friend had recommended to him), he says:—

‘It is almost out of the memory of man that any British has been here on a footing of familiarity with the good company except my Lord Holderness, who had a good stock of acquaintance to begin with, speaks the language like a native, has very insinuating manners, was presented under the character of an old secretary of state, and spent, as is said, 10,000*l.* this winter, to obtain that object of vanity. Him, indeed, I met everywhere in the best company: but as to others—lords, earls, marquises, and dukes—they went about to plays, operas, and ———. Nobody minded them; they kept company with one another; and it would have been ridiculous to think of bringing them into French company.’—vol. ii. p. 194.

We learn somewhat of Hume’s brilliant success and of the feelings it caused in the philosophic breast, from his own letters; and in quoting these we shall avoid as much as we can those previously known. He writes to Blair:—

‘The men of letters here are really very agreeable: all of them men of the world, living in entire, or almost entire, harmony among themselves, and quite irreproachable in their morals. It would give you, and Jardine, and Robertson, great satisfaction to find that there is not a single deist among them. Those whose persons and conversation I like best, are D’Alembert, Buffon, Marmontel, Diderot, Duclos, Helvétius, and old President Hénault, who, though now decaying, retains that amiable character which made him once the delight of all France. He had always the best cook and the best company in Paris. But though I know you will laugh at me, as they do, I must confess that I am more carried away from their society than I should be by the great ladies

ladies with whom I became acquainted at my first introduction to court, and whom my connexions with the English ambassador will not allow me entirely to drop.'—vol. ii. p. 181.

To this letter there is no date. Was David mystifying the reverend Doctor? Or had he really been in Paris for more than a few weeks without discovering anything either of infidelity or of lax morality in the circles stereotyped by Grimm?

To Colonel Edmondstone he says, in January, 1761:—

'The good reception I have met with at Paris renders my present course of life, though somewhat too hurried and dissipated, as amusing as I could wish. . . . The material point is (*if anything can be material*); that I keep my health and humour as entire as I possessed them at five- and twenty.'—vol. ii. p. 183.

To Blair again he says, in the same month:—

'It is very silly to form distant schemes: but I am fixed at Paris for some time, and, to judge by probabilities, for life. My income would suffice me to live at ease, and a younger brother of the best family would not think himself ill provided for, if he had such a revenue. Lodgings, a coach, and clothes, are all I need; and though I have entered late into this scene of life, I am almost as much at my ease as if I had been educated in it from my infancy.

'I shall indulge myself in a folly which I hope you will make a discreet use of: it is the telling you of an incident which may appear silly, but which gave more pleasure than perhaps any other I had ever met with. I was carried, about six weeks ago, to a masquerade, by Lord Hertford. We went both unmasked; and we had scarce entered the room when a lady in a mask came up to me and exclaimed:—"*Ha! Mons. Hume, vous faites bien de venir ici à visage découvert. Que vous serez bien comblé ce soir d'honnêtetés et de politesses! Vous verrez, par des preuves peu équivoques, jusqu'à quel point vous êtes chéri en France.*" This prologue was not a little encouraging; but, as we advanced through the hall, it is difficult to imagine the caresses, civilities, and panegyrics which poured on me from all sides. You would have thought that every one had taken advantage of his mask to speak his mind with impunity. I could observe that the ladies were rather the most liberal on this occasion. But what gave me chief pleasure was to find that most of the eulogiums bestowed on me turned on my personal character, my *naïveté*, and simplicity of manners, the candour and mildness of my disposition, &c.—*Non sunt mihi cornu fibra.* I shall not deny that my heart felt a sensible satisfaction from this general effusion of good will; and Lord Hertford was much pleased, and even surprised, though he said he thought that he had known before upon what footing I stood with the good company of Paris.

'I allow you to communicate this story to Dr. Jardine. I hope it will refute all his idle notions that I have no turn for gallantry and gaiety—that I am on a bad footing with the ladies,—that my turn of conversation can never be agreeable to them,—that I never can have  
any

any pretensions to their favours, &c. &c. &c. A man in vogue will always have something to pretend to with the fair sex.

'Do you not think it happy for me to retain such a taste for idleness and follies at my years ; especially since I have come into a country where the follies are so much more agreeable than elsewhere ? I could only wish that some of my old friends were to participate with me of these amusements ; though I know none of them that can, on occasion, be so thoroughly idle as myself.'—vol. ii. pp. 196.

After the lapse of more than a twelvemonth, he writes thus to Blair :—

'In Paris a man that distinguishes himself in letters meets immediately with regard and attention. I found, immediately on my landing here, the effects of this disposition. Lord Beauchamp told me that I must go instantly with him to the Duchess de la Vallière. When I excused myself, on account of dress, he told me that he had her orders, though I were in boots. I accordingly went with him in a travelling frock, where I saw a very fine lady reclining on a sofa, who made me speeches and compliments without bounds. The style of panegyric was then taken up by a fat gentleman, whom I cast my eyes upon, and observed him to wear a star of the richest diamonds ;—it was the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess told me she was engaged to sup in President Hénault's, but that she would not part with me ;—I must go along with her. The good president received me with open arms ; and told me, among other fine things, that, a few days before, the Dauphin said to him, &c. &c. &c. Such instances of attention I found very frequent, and even daily. You ask me, if they were not very agreeable ? I answer—no ; neither in expectation, possession, nor recollection. I left that fireside, where you probably sit at present, with the greatest reluctance. After I came to London, my uneasiness, as I heard more of the prepossessions of the French nation in my favour, increased ; and nothing would have given me greater joy than any accident that would have broke off my engagements. When I came to Paris, I repented heartily of having entered, at my years, on such a scene ; and, as I found that Lord Hertford had entertained a good opinion and good will for Andrew Stuart, I spoke to Wedderburn, in order to contrive expedients for substituting him in my place. Lord Hertford thought for some time that I would lose all patience and would run away from him. But the faculty of speaking French returned gradually to me. I formed many acquaintance and some friendships. All the learned seemed to conspire in showing me instances of regard. The great ladies were not wanting to a man so highly in fashion : and, having now contracted the circle of my acquaintance, I live tolerably at my ease. I have even thoughts of settling at Paris for the rest of my life ; but I am sometimes frightened with the idea that it is not a scene suited to the languor of old age. I then think of retiring to a provincial town, or returning to Edinburgh, or ——— but it is not worth while to form projects about the matter. D'Alembert and I talk very seriously of taking a journey to Italy together ; and, if Lord Hertford leave France soon, this journey may probably have place.'—vol. ii. p. 268.

He has plainly schooled himself into moderation, and we might trust his own report as not over-stated. But we have his success recorded by other pens not liable to exaggeration; spoken to by witnesses who laugh at the triumphing hero while they affirm the triumph. Mr. Burton has collected a few passages from contemporaries, of which the following are to our purpose:—

‘Ce qu’il y a encore de plaisant, c’est que toutes les jolies femmes se le sont arraché, et que le gros philosophe Ecossais s’est plu dans leur société. C’est un excellent homme, que David Hume; il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, il dit quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu’il parle peu; mais il est lourd—il n’a ni chaleur, ni grâce, ni agrément dans l’esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s’allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu’on appelle jolies femmes. Ô que nous sommes un drôle de peuple!’—*Correspondance Littéraire de Grimm*, vol. v. p. 125.

Madame d’Epinay gives us the picture of the fat historian in some charades of the day, cajoled into enacting the part of a sultan, who was to make violent love to two beauties of the seraglio (the two prettiest women in Paris). He is on a sofa between them, gazing steadfastly at them,—

‘Il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que—“*Eh bien! mes demoiselles... Eh bien! vous voilà donc... Eh bien! vous voilà... vous voilà ici.*” Cette phrase dura un quart d’heure sans qu’il pût en sortir.’

He was not pressed to play any more; but, says the lady,

‘Il n’en est pas moins fêté et cajolé. C’est en vérité une chose plaisante que le rôle qu’il joue ici. Malheureusement pour lui, ou plutôt pour la dignité philosophique (car, pour lui, il paraît s’accommoder fort de ce train de vie), il n’y avait aucune manie dominante dans ce pays lorsqu’il y est arrivé: on l’a regardé comme une trouvaille dans cette circonstance, et l’effervescence de nos jeunes têtes s’est tourné de son côté. Toutes les jolies femmes s’en sont emparées; il est de tous les soupers fins, et il n’est point de fête sans lui.’—*Mém. de Mde. d’Epinay*, vol. iii. p. 284.

Horace Walpole writes from Paris:—‘Hume is treated here with perfect veneration. His history, so falsified in many parts, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing’ (vol. ii. p. 225.) . . . ‘For Lord Lyttleton, if he would come hither and turn free-thinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing that they believe implicitly, which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks.’ (vol. ii. p. 226.)

This great and firm success in the most difficult society in the world is not to be accounted for, either by the literary merits of Hume, or in the manner Madame d’Epinay explains it. There might

might be something in the present want of a 'Lion.' There was much in the admiration of the metaphysician and historian. His scepticism was better still, and, of course, the more valued as coming from benighted England. But, after all, we can well believe that these only gave the needful standing-place. His success subsequently is at all events very much to be attributed to the same qualities that made him the favourite of his little society at home. The 'Honest David Hume' of Dr. Carlyle and the Edinburgh club, was the 'bon David' of the French *salons*. His unselfish, kindly nature, the sincerity of his friendships, the goodness of his temper, were the qualities that won him love and esteem everywhere, and in that over-refined society there was a charm in the unaffected simplicity, and perhaps a little amusement from the very awkwardness of person, manner, and language, of the '*gros et grand philosophe*.'

Hume, however, enjoyed his Parisian triumph for two years of unabated brilliancy, and departed amidst the regrets and solicitations to return, of all that was distinguished in French society. He brought with him to England one still greater 'Lion' than himself.

Rousseau, not so much by reason of his great genius as by dint of a diseased and monstrous vanity, a little persecution, which he courted, an affectation of eccentric simplicity and shunning the public gaze, was in truth at that moment the most famous 'Lion' in Europe. Hume writes to Blair from Paris:—

'It is impossible to express or imagine the enthusiasm of this nation in his favour. As I am supposed to have him in my custody, all the world, especially the great ladies, tease me to be introduced to him. I have had rouleaus thrust into my hand, with earnest applications that I would prevail on him to accept of them. I am persuaded that, were I to open here a subscription with his consent, I should receive 50,000*l.* in a fortnight. The second day after his arrival, he slipped out early in the morning to take a walk in the Luxembourg gardens. The thing was known soon after. I am strongly solicited to prevail on him to take another walk, and then to give warning to my friends. Were the public to be informed, he could not fail to have many thousand spectators. People may talk of ancient Greece as they please; but no nation was ever so fond of genius as this, and no person ever so much engaged their attention as Rousseau. Voltaire and every body else are quite eclipsed by him.

'I am sensible that my connexions with him add to my importance at present. Even his maid La Vasseur, who is very homely and very awkward, is more talked of than the Princess of Morocco or the Countess of Egmont, on account of her fidelity and attachment towards him. His very dog, who is no better than a collie, has a name and reputation in the world.'—vol. ii. p. 299.

In a letter from London he tells Blair, 'the philosophers of Paris foretold to me that I could not conduct him to Calais without a quarrel; but I think I could live with him all my life in mutual friendship and esteem.' (vol. ii. p. 310) One of 'the philosophers' who foresaw the event was the Baron d'Holbach, who told Hume as he was leaving Paris, 'Vous ne connaissez pas l'homme. Je vous le dis franchement, vous allez réchauffer un serpent dans votre sein.' Morellet, to whom we owe the anecdote, adds that, when news of the quarrel arrived three weeks afterwards, none of the party at d'Holbach's table, Grimm, Diderot, Saint Lambert, Helvetius, &c., were at all surprised. (*Morellet, Mém.* chap. v.)

Mr. Burton has passed rapidly over the Rousseau adventures, and though we do not praise him therefore, and think the subject deserved more prominence in a life of Hume, we are compelled to imitate his example. The letters written at the time establish beyond dispute the zealous and delicate sympathy felt by Hume for his unfortunate companion; though they prove also a somewhat excessive resentment at Rousseau's ingratitude. Hume himself has described him as 'like a man who was stripped not only of his clothes but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous elements, such as perpetually disturb this lower world.' (vol. ii. p. 314.) In that morbid sensibility of his nature, lay an abundant punishment for the evils inflicted upon others by the most engrossing and exclusive selfishness and a vanity already nearly approaching to madness.

After Hume's arrival in London he acted for a year as Under Secretary of State to Mr. Conway, and then retired finally to Edinburgh. 'I returned,' he says, 'in 1769, very opulent (for I possessed a revenue of 1000*l.* a-year), healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease and of seeing the increase of my reputation.' How easily he fell back into his old haunts and habits, we learn from a letter to Sir Gilbert Elliot, 16th October, 1769:—

'I have been settled here two months, and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I think it improbable that I shall ever in my life cross the Tweed, except perhaps a jaunt to the north of England for health or amusement. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life. I have just now lying on the table before me, a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage, (a charming dish,) and old mutton,  
and



and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth, in a manner that Mr. Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncreif: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for as to giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition; as thinking it will redound very much to my honour.'—vol. ii. p. 431.

Of the last part of Hume's life there is not much to notice. He found occupation in building a house;—and *St. David's Street*, in the oldest part of the New Town of Edinburgh, is understood to have derived its name as well as its beginning from 'le bon David.'\* He took some interest in public affairs, but much more in the education of his nephews, and the affairs of all his friends. He wrote a friendly review of Henry's praiseworthy attempt at a new fashion of history, and welcomed Gibbon's first volume as likely to redeem the character of the 'declining literature of England.' He enjoyed life; but made no more efforts. He had run the race and won the prize of his ambition. Like the wedding in the last act of a comedy, the return to Edinburgh with a fortune of 1000*l.* a-year and a sufficiency of reputation is the termination of the action. His life had been successful in all its objects beyond his highest expectation, and he could now afford to withdraw. He was 'somewhat stricken in years;' fat and addicted to fat living; but he might have taken his mutton and claret for many years, had he not been assailed by an insidious, hereditary disease. In his autobiography he tells us, 'In spring 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution.' He ate his last dinner at 'the Poker,' on the 8th of December, 1775; made his will on the 4th of January; hailed the publication of the 'Wealth of Nations' on the 1st of April; on the 18th he put the last hand to 'My Own Life;' towards the end of that month he performed his journey to London and Bath in company with his attached friend John Home; marked the burning down of the taper as accurately as his physicians; continued to write friendly and lively letters; and lived to return to Edinburgh. After his return, on the 20th of August, he wrote to Madame de Boufflers condoling with her on the death of her old lover the Prince de Conti, and concluding with these words—

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\* It appears from Mr. Chambers's 'Traditions of Edinburgh' (1825), that Hume's house was that at the south-west angle of St. Andrew's Square, with the entrance in St. David's Street.

'I see death approach gradually without any anxiety or regret. I salute you with great affection and regard for the last time.' He wrote to Adam Smith on the 23rd of August: 'I go very fast to decline; and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness; but unluckily it has in a great measure gone off:' on the same day he told Dr. Cullen, 'I am going fast enough to please my enemies, and as easily as my friends could desire;' and on the 25th of August, 1776, he died. Dr. Black writes to Smith the following day, 'He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness.' Dr. Cullen says to Dr. Hunter, 'He was indeed one "*des grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*"' (p. 516).

Multitudes of all ranks flocked to witness his funeral, though it took place amid heavy rain. According to a former biographer, 'The crowd gazed as if they had expected the hearse to have been consumed in livid flames, or encircled with a ray of glory.' People bribed the sexton to be admitted to visit his grave, and his brother found it necessary to have it railed in, to protect it from their curiosity (p. 517). A circular structure of considerable pretensions was subsequently erected over the spot, on the Calton Hill.

We do not know why Mr. Burton has omitted Adam Smith's evidently unstudied letter, written the day following his friend's death. Its being already well known is no sufficient reason of exclusion in a *Life of Hume*.

'His temper seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising upon proper occasions acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independence. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantries were the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify; and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight even those who were the objects of it. To his friends who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought,

thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit.'

In Boswell's *Hebridean Journal* (Croker's Edition, vol. ii. p. 267) will be found some very just remarks on part of this effusion. At the same time the circumstances and *date* should be in candour and charity remembered; and surely, even now, looking from the cool distance of almost a century, we can recognise the truth of much of the flattering picture of the devoted and grateful friend. Hume's is one of those characters in which we need not hesitate to trace the effects produced by Christianity upon a mind that did not recognise its divine origin and operation. There were in him many of the gentler virtues which must be fostered by the gracious influence of religion pervading all society, from the training of childhood to the grave. He was free from the errors of conduct which sometimes drive men in desperation to renounce the Deity, as their great opposite. In his general conduct and government of his faculties there was no arrogance nor want of candour. Allowing much for the intoxication of fame, and the seduction of paradox, and the bewitchment of prohibited opinions, we still find it most hard to account for one so clear in intelligence, so blameless in manners, refusing the hope of a world beyond the present—'that he who revered benevolence should, without apparent regret, cease to see it on the throne of the universe.'

In perusing these volumes of Mr. Burton's we have not detected many errors of fact, and none that we should have thought it necessary to point out, if the author had not in a few instances gone somewhat out of his way to find them..

We believe there were never two families of Murray styled of Broughton, as Mr. Burton has thought it necessary to inform us in a note (p. 167). The only family so designated was seated in Galloway—that of the Chevalier's renegade Secretary, which we think did not survive him in the legitimate line.

A mistake, proceeding from the same over-anxiety for correctness, occurs in volunteering a correction of a date of Hume's, *Ragley*, which Mr. Burton thinks should be *Hagley*, the seat of Lord Lyttleton (vol. ii. p. 419). It does not appear that Hume ever visited Lyttleton; but this letter was written in 1768, when Hume was under-secretary to Lord Hertford's brother, Mr. Conway; and Ragley, in Warwickshire, was then, as now, a principal mansion of the Hertford family.

When Millar wanted to engrave a portrait for the History, Hume offered to sit to 'Ferguson' (ii. p. 409); whereupon the Editor again goes out of his way to remark that this artist has

has not been handed down to posterity by the critics and biographers. The critics may have spared him, but James Ferguson was his own biographer. The self-taught mechanist and astronomer has recorded in his delightful autobiography (prefixed to his *Select Mechanical Exercises*), that he supported himself for several years by painting portraits. They are generally in Indian ink on vellum. We have some of them now before us, mostly Edinburgh professors, very pleasing miniature sketches.

We hope in a second edition Mr. Burton will print entire and by itself Hume's sketch of his own life; and add his account of the Rousseau adventure; also Adam Smith's letter on his death, and some quotations from Bishop Horne and Boswell in connexion with it.

We have already expressed our opinion of the manner in which the Editor has executed in general his difficult task. If we had room we should like to call attention to some passages of his own writing. There is in particular a manly, cheerful tone in some remarks on the improved condition of literary labourers, which is to us very pleasing (vol. i. pp. 199, 200). The fact of the general improvement on which he dwells cannot be doubted; though when he selects Fielding, Goldsmith, and Johnson as types and evidences of the comparative infelicity of literary merit in a former age, we cannot compliment him on the choice of two at least of those instances: for in them surely illustrious talents and most amiable moral qualities too were combined with weaknesses and irregularities of conduct which, in any age, would be found incompatible with the attainment of solid independence by mere literary means.

Mr. Burton has, as might be expected, his share of the doctrines of the modern Edinburgh School, political and economical—but we are not thereby tempted to controversy; and conclude with sincerely thanking him for the enjoyment which his zeal, industry, and ability have afforded us.

ART. VII.—*A History of Greece: 1. Legendary Greece; 2. Grecian History to the Reign of Peisistratus at Athens.*  
By George Grote, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1846.

IT is remarkable, that while German literature has been pouring forth separate books and treatises of the highest value, and with inexhaustible prodigality, on every branch of Grecian history and antiquities, there is no one great and commanding work which has aspired to consolidate the whole of these labours. They have produced no full and complete History of Greece.

England, on the other hand, comparatively poor in original works on these subjects, already possesses one, and in the two volumes now before us the promise of another Grecian history of a very high order, which will comprehend the results at least of this most prolific half-century of German erudition. Mr. Fynes Clinton's work on chronology does not indeed stand absolutely alone in this domain of English literature, but it would not be difficult, though it might be invidious, to name all the untranslated volumes of authority or extensive learning which we can add to the '*Fasti Hellenici*,' even if in justice we do not pass over the labours of Colonel Leake. Compare with this the boundless wealth of Germany—Boeckh, with his elaborate work on the Public Economy of Athens, of which the excellent translation has become a standard book in our classical education, and his invaluable '*Collection of Inscriptions*':—the histories of the separate races, and of almost every state and tribe and province and island, of which Otfried Müller's '*Dorians*' is the best example. There are no less than three elaborate histories of Grecian poetry: that of Otfried Müller (which comprehends, or promised, alas! to comprehend, the whole of Grecian literature), published first, in English, in the *Collection of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*; and those of Uhrici and of Bode. The general mythology, and the mythology connected with the arts, are fully investigated in the compendious work of Müller, and the dissertations of Bottiger, and those of Gerhard, Panofka, and others, in the '*Berlin Transactions*.' Add to these such names as Hermann, Welcker, and Nitzsch. We will venture to assert that there is not a single question in the history of the Grecian language, religion, polity, manners, geography, statistics, laws, poetry, theatre, oratory, arts, trades, manufactures—not a fragment of an inscription, not a half-line of verse, not a particle, not a grammatical nicety, which is without its learned treatise. Nor is it possible for those unaccustomed to such studies to estimate how far some new light, thrown on what may appear to the uninitiate the most insignificant of these inquiries, may tend to elucidate some important part of history or national character. A complete command, therefore, of all these various resources is become the indispensable accomplishment of an historian of Greece; and in this respect the Bishop of St. David's and Mr. Grote (we decline the more delicate office of comparison on all other points) might seem committed in generous rivalry. It is curious to see two English scholars thus with indefatigable industry, with careful vigilance, we must venture to add—(being very well acquainted with the state of most English libraries)—at no inconsiderable cost, determining to be behindhand in no branch even of subsidiary

sidary inquiry—keeping up, on very point, to the last discovery—patiently hearing, and adopting, or rejecting, every German suggestion: and this, not in the character of dull compilers, who heap together masses of crude and incongruous erudition, but using them as materials only for their own original design; still asserting their own independence of thought, and their supreme arbitration over all cases, however learnedly argued and commended by the highest names in Grecian learning—above all, by no means content with these secondary sources of erudition, but themselves perfect masters of the whole range of classical literature.

Bishop Thirlwall's work is beyond our present province; it has taken its place as a high authority on Grecian history; even in Germany, we believe, its value is fully acknowledged. But surely in this ample field of ancient Greece we have space for many, and those the most powerful and original minds, to work without collision—to view from every side the history, institutions, and character of this wonderful race—to trace, each on different principles, and in a different train of thought, the development of the inhabitants of this narrow region, into the parents of everything, except religion, which civilizes and dignifies mankind. The new adventurer, we trust, needs not our encouragement to proceed in his large undertaking, for which he has already shown such high qualifications—

‘Dimidium facti, qui bene cæpit, habet.’

Mr. Grote's theory as to this primitive period of Grecian history is implied in the title of the first part of his work, ‘*Legendary Greece*.’ The larger portion of these two volumes contains no history, properly so called, at least no course of events which can command the same kind of belief which we give to those related by Thucydides or Xenophon. The whole, not merely the annals of gods and of heroes, but of mortal men, as they appear in the ancient genealogies,

——— ‘Pelops’ line,  
And the tale of Troy divine,’

have existed, according to Mr. Grote, only in the excited minds of the people. The whole is poetry in its conception, in its form, and in its language. It grew not out of—it was not addressed originally to—those of the human faculties which take cognizance of actual truth. It is not

‘Truth severe, in fairy fiction drest,’

but pure, inventive, creative, indiscriminate fiction: its life was not upon earth, in real bodily existence, in fierce war, or wild adventure; it existed only in the song of the bard, and the awakened fancy of his audience.

We admire the bold decision with which Mr. Grote has abandoned

doned this large realm, to the dominion of which History has no legitimate pretensions. It is sound historical philosophy to leave the legends in their legendary character; to relate them with perfect simplicity, as the belief of primitive times, without either attempting to heighten or to lower their poetic character. We always thought that Dr. Arnold's plan, of casting what he considered the old Roman epic ballads into a kind of biblical language and cadence, singularly unfortunate. We have received these legends only through the beautiful prose of Livy: to attempt to throw them back into poetry, to the form of which we have no clue whatever, and which was probably much nearer akin, in spirit at least, to the stirring ballads of Macaulay, than to Dr. Arnold's semi-Eastern style, seemed in itself rash and unwise; while it broke up the plain masculine prose of Dr. Arnold into incoherent and unassimilating fragments. Mr. Grote, in our opinion, has judged more wisely. We cannot, on the other hand, but think that he is liable to the fault of leaving too much disquisition in his text; that the variations in the legends, if so important as to demand notice, should have found their place in the notes. This, we are inclined to fear, as well as the great length at which he has thought proper to relate those primitive legends, may deter some hasty and desultory readers. Still we conceive that to many of the unlearned, to whom the subject is comparatively new, the diffuseness and circumstantiality may be even amusing; while to those occupied in the study of the poets, and even the prose writers of Greece, they will offer a kind of Pantheon, and a mythological hand-book, which, even though the 'ancient venerable reign' of Dr. Lempriere has been disturbed, and the excellent 'Dictionary of Classical Antiquities,' which bears the name of Dr. Smith, rules in its stead, may be of the greatest use, as illustrating the connexion and affiliation of all these Legends, the class and family to which they severally belong, the race or tribe of which they were the prehistoric history—the poets finally by whom they were successively adorned, their epic, lyric, and dramatic form.

There cannot, in short, be a better Introduction to Greek literature. Less patient readers, however, we will invite to pass at once with us to the two admirable chapters at the close of the first volume, containing the author's 'general remarks on mythical narratives.' Nothing can be more able, more perspicuous, or more conclusive than his account of the manner in which these myths were treated in the different stages of the Grecian mind. We have here a complete and satisfactory history of the interpretation of the myths during the gradual schism which grew up between the poetic and historic, the imaginative and rationalising tendencies; the widening breach between the popular belief

belief and the philosophy of Greece ; the vain attempts to resolve the religion into allegory, to extract the latent historic truth from the web of fiction ; till at length Euëmerism, having degraded the whole Pantheon of elder Greece into mere mortal men, surrendered the religion an easy conquest to Christianity.

We should not do justice to Mr. Grote if we did not permit him to explain his own theory in his own language :—

‘ To understand properly the Grecian mythes, we must try to identify ourselves with the state of mind of the original mythopoeic age—a process not very easy, since it requires us to adopt a string of poetical fancies not simply as realities, but as the governing realities of the mental system ; yet a process which would only reproduce something analogous to our own childhood. The age was one destitute both of recorded history and of positive science, but full of imagination and sentiment, and religious impressibility. From these sources sprung that multitude of supposed persons around whom all combinations of sensible phænomena were grouped, and towards whom curiosity, sympathies, and reverence were earnestly directed. The adventures of such persons were the only aliment suited at once both to the appetites and to the comprehension of an early Greek ; and the mythes which detailed them, while powerfully interesting his emotions, furnished to him at the same time a quasi-history and quasi-philosophy : they filled up the vacuum of the unrecorded past, and explained many of the puzzling incognita of the present. Nor need we wonder that the same plausibility which captivated his imagination and his feelings was sufficient to engender spontaneous belief, or rather, that no question as to truth or falsehood of the narrative suggested itself to his mind. His faith is ready, literal, and uninquiring, apart from all thought of discriminating fact from fiction, or of detecting hidden and symbolised meaning : it is enough that what he hears be intrinsically plausible and seductive, and that there be no special cause to provoke doubt ; and if indeed there were, the poet overrules such doubts by the holy and all-sufficient authority of the Muse, whose omniscience is the warrant for his recital, as her inspiration is the cause of his success.

‘ The state of mind, and the relation of speaker to hearers, thus depicted, stand clearly marked in the terms and tenor of the ancient epic, if we only put a plain meaning upon what we read. The poet—like the prophet, whom he so much resembles—sings under heavenly guidance, inspired by the goddess to whom he has prayed for her assisting impulse : she puts the word into his mouth, and the incidents into his mind : he is a privileged man, chosen as her organ and speaking from her revelations. As the Muse grants the gift of song to whom she will, so she sometimes in her anger snatches it away, and the most consummate human genius is then left silent and helpless. It is true that these expressions, of the Muse inspiring and the poet singing a tale of past times, have passed from the ancient epic to compositions produced under very different circumstances, and have now degenerated into unmeaning forms of speech ; but they gained currency originally in their genuine



genuine and literal acceptance. If poets had from the beginning written or recited, the predicate of singing would never have been ascribed to them; nor would it ever have become customary to employ the name of the Muse as a die to be stamped on licensed fiction, unless the practice had begun when her agency was invoked and hailed in perfect good faith. Belief, the fruit of deliberate inquiry and a rational scrutiny of evidence, is in such an age unknown: the simple faith of the time slides in unconsciously, when the imagination and feeling are exalted; and inspired authority is at once understood, easily admitted, and implicitly confided in.'—vol. i. pp. 473-479.

To this we must subjoin another passage, which occurs towards the end of the same chapter:—

'It is a presumption far too largely and indiscriminately applied, even in our own advanced age, that where much is believed, something must necessarily be true—that accredited fiction is always traceable to some basis of historical truth. The influence of imagination and feeling is not confined simply to the process of retouching, transforming, or magnifying narratives originally founded on fact; it will often create new narratives of its own, without any such preliminary basis. Where there is any general body of sentiment pervading men living in society, whether it be religious or political—love, admiration, or antipathy—all incidents tending to illustrate that sentiment are eagerly welcomed, rapidly circulated, and, as a general rule, easily accredited. If real incidents are not at hand, impressive fictions will be provided to satisfy the demand: the perfect harmony of such fictions with the prevalent feeling stands in the place of certifying testimony, and causes men to hear them not merely with credence, but even with delight: to call them in question and require proof is a task which cannot be undertaken without incurring obloquy. Of such tendencies in the human mind abundant evidence is furnished by the innumerable religious legends which have acquired currency in various parts of the world, and of which no country was more fertile than Greece—legends which derived their origin, not from special facts misreported and exaggerated, but from pious feelings pervading the society, and translated into narrative by forward and imaginative minds—legends, in which not merely the incidents, but often even the personages are unreal, yet in which the generating sentiment is conspicuously discernible, providing its own matter as well as its own form. Other sentiments also, as well as the religious, provided they be fervent and widely diffused, will find expression in current narrative, and become portions of the general public belief—every celebrated and notorious character is the source of a thousand fictions exemplifying his peculiarities; and if it be true, as I think present observation may show us, that such creative agencies are even now visible and effective, when the materials of genuine history are copious and critically studied—much more are we warranted in concluding that in ages destitute of records, strangers to historical testimony, and full of belief in divine inspiration both as to the future and as to the past, narratives purely fictitious will acquire ready and uninquiring

quiring credence, provided only they be plausible and in harmony with the preconceptions of the auditors.'—*Ib.* pp. 577-579.

We conceive that Mr. Grote has carried too far a theory, the truth of which, in the main, we do not doubt, and which we think that he does good service to the philosophy of history in advancing with so much openness and perspicuity. We are extremely anxious not to be misunderstood either by Mr. Grote or by our readers, as the point on which we differ from our author is purely speculative. We pretend to no key by which we can extract the history from the legend—no test by which we can detect the base of fact which may remain after we have decomposed away all the much larger constituent parts of fancy. But while we have unlimited credence in the transmuting power of religious or heroic legend, we do not believe it to be *creative*. The original religious conception, as soon as it took the form of words, was wedded to verse in the song of the earliest bard. As it passed from bard to bard, from generation of bards to generation of bards, it might, and no doubt perpetually did, entirely forget its origin. The primitive notion of divine agency, of power, of providence, of some superior, protecting, or avenging, or propitiatory being, as it became more and more humanised, more and more mingled up with mortal life, ran off into an endless range of fable. The god, in this process of poetic development, may have gained new attributes, awakened other emotions of terror or of wonder—but still there must have been some primary notion, more than that vague awe with which each individual savage contemplates his own or at most his family *Petiché*. Common worship even in a single tribe, still more of a whole nation, necessarily implies some common primary notion. Whatever natural phenomenon was transformed into an actual agent, whatever process of nature was impersonated, it was by a general consent. The deity was originally a symbol or an allegory of this special phenomenon or process; and recalled that fact to the universal mind, however vaguely and confusedly. Whatever fables the poets might go on inventing about Zeus, or Here, or Apollo, or Ares, they still recognised some peculiar attributes, some especial function, some limited and proper influence, which was the simpler and primary notion of the divinity. There was, indeed, a frequent interchange of these powers: one god or goddess is constantly in a different part of Greece assuming the functions of another: the worshipper, whatever his fears or his wants, ran to the nearest altar, without considering whether it was the proper province of the deity enshrined behind it. Some gods were much more famous for healing, some more oracular, some more propitiatory; and this  
separation

separation of functions became more distinct and acknowledged as the intercourse between the different parts of Greece became more general; but originally, if we may so say, a kind of limited omnipotence belonged to each deity.

We agree with Mr. Grote that, long before the historic period, the key to the mythology was in many, perhaps in most instances irretrievably lost; that the most ingenious and subtle conjecture on such subjects must in general be mere conjecture. All which we would assert is, that every god in the Pantheon of Greece had originally represented or adumbrated some special conception of power superior to that of man—a something not definite indeed, for philosophy only can define—but still a something; that the poetry was the expression, in the first instance, of the popular feeling, of which it became afterwards the master, and led it away into the interminable labyrinth of exploits and adventures, which it did not scruple to invent, of the now completely humanised divinities. Uranus and Nox, who appear at the head of the mythology, by their names show that one was the firmament, the other the thick and impenetrable darkness; and these ancient personages, never becoming very popular objects of worship, being superseded, as it were, by the new gods, remained undeniable and almost intelligible allegories in name as well as in conception. This seems to be the rule, that the more ancient and less popular the gods, the more clearly even their names (without recurring to the fantastic etymologies of Hermann) denote, or at least betray, the primal conception. Nor can we think it an unimportant confirmation of this view—however it may be right for the historian of Greece to insulate, and, in Mr. Grote's language, to treat that of Greece as a primordial religion—that in all the other old systems of heathendom—especially in the East, and even in Italy—we seem to surprise the gods, as it were, in this self-developed but imperfectly if at all humanised process. The symbol has not yet passed out of its first rude form. No one doubts that a deity with a multitude of arms is a coarse symbol of power; that the Ephesian Diana, with her many breasts, represented the nutritive function of nature; that Janus, with his two faces, signifies the departing and the coming year.

The absolute humanisation of the deity, the anthropomorphism, was nearly complete among the Greeks anterior to the Homeric poems; but, we may well suppose, was more generally rooted in the mind of Greece by those poems. We see, indeed, in the *Iliad*, the *Αἶναι* (Prayers) as it were in the process of impersonation, ascending in bodily forms towards the throne of Jove, but yet perceptibly human supplications addressed to the supreme power.

power. In many other cases there can be no reasonable question as to what the primæval deity was intended to symbolise. Creuzer has no doubt in his great '*Symbolik*' (improved in arrangement and perspicuity in the translation of M. de Guignaut, '*Religions de l'Antiquité*') advanced far, very far, beyond the firm ground of knowledge. The etymological theory of Hermann is even more wildly conjectural, and more utterly unsatisfactory; but, as a philosophical view, it appears to us equally erroneous to make the poets not merely the authors of endless fables about the gods, but of the gods themselves.

Mr. Grote, indeed, in some places, seems to admit almost as much. He sums up more cautiously than his bolder expressions would seem to warrant, the proper character of the religious myths; and we should hardly have thought it necessary to contest this point but for its close connexion with another, in which we are still less inclined to acquiesce in his conclusions. If we doubt whether the poets of Greece were creators of gods, we have still stronger doubts whether they were creators of heroes—above all, of men.\* It may be doubtful whether the intermediate race were impersonated conceptions like the gods, or men aggrandised towards the gods by popular wonder, but the heroes seem gradually and visibly to substantialise themselves into men. Though the special adventures assigned to Achilles or Agamemnon, as we now read them, may or may not be entirely fictitious, we have little doubt in the existence of some Thessalian or Argive chieftain whose fame for power or prowess lived in the traditions of his tribe, and by degrees swelled out into this majestic character. There must have been a border-land where the religious myth—the impersonation of the conception—ceased; and what we may call, in contradistinction, the poetic myth—that which aggrandised, altered, and embellished real events and personages—began; where poetry and history were in some sort blended—though it must, as we fully admit, be merely conjectural how much is poetry and how much history. The myth, as it approached history, became, if we may so say, less and less mythic. It was by slow yet dimly perceptible degrees that the haze cleared away, and men began to see each other as men. Though all attempts to make out a semi-historic sense to the least imaginative myths may have totally failed, yet in the nature of things we conceive that there must have been this semi-historic state or period at the dawn of all history.

Mr. Grote, however, in his remorseless historical philosophy, dismisses into the realms of unreality, and treats, as far as we can

\* Mr. Clinton boldly asserts that Hercules 'was a real person' (*F. H. i. vi.*). We should certainly espouse on this point the scepticism of Mr. Grote. ;

understand, as baseless fabrications of bardic imagination, every one of those great events which lived down to the latest times in the traditions of the Greeks—which entered into their history, became the epochs of their very artificial, though, we must acknowledge, utterly unsatisfactory chronology—which are the causes assigned to the earlier migrations, and to the fixed settlements of their historic age :—which were commemorated in their temples, and in some cases seem to have been celebrated in their periodical festivals. The expedition of the Argonauts, the wars of Thebes, and even of Troy, if they sprung not in the fulness of their grandeur, like the armed Pallas, from the heads of their poets, yet grew up, he supposes, and were developed by unaided poetic gestation. We are content to abandon the Argonauts, which may have been but a sort of ideal impersonation of the first rude attempts at navigation beyond the more sunny surface of the Ægean into the dark and perilous remoter seas. To the war of Troy we must revert when we enter upon the second subject which we propose to debate with Mr. Grote—the great Homeric question. Between our author and ourselves on this point also, there may appear to be a wider difference than there really is. Mr. Grote's ardour of composition may have betrayed him into passages of which he has not fully contemplated the bearing and the consequence.

But we must think there is a great antecedent improbability at the very bottom of his theory. It seems contrary to all that we can suppose—certainly to all that we know—of the growth of national tradition. It seems to imply a wanton neglect of those sources of poetic excitement, and passion, and curiosity which were at hand—in order to create others, with which there could have been no ready sympathy, which could have found no preparation in the popular mind. In those wild and warlike times each tribe must have possessed its renowned warriors. We hardly know how the Homeric kings (for kings and kingly families there doubtless were) attained their power and eminence, unless by those surpassing qualities of strength and valour, and success or craft in war, which, as surely as they existed, must awaken the commemorative song of the bard. These were the *κλέα ἀνδρῶν*, the glories of the heroes, handed down as the precedents and examples of valour, the proud inheritance of the clan or the race; the deeds of known, recognised, bodily men, not figments of the poet's fancy; and having their real subjects on whom they might indulge the utmost prodigality of imagination, having the outlines of exploits which they might invest in the most glowing colours, true adventures ready to be deepened into the wildest romance, feats which they might safely embellish with inexhaustible marvel

—can

—can it be conceived that the bards would desert the beaten track of tradition to lead their heroes into strange and absolutely unknown paths?—that they would invent names foreign to the popular ear, wars of which the oldest warriors had never heard a rumour, commit them in battles with tribes against whom they had no memorial feud, lead them to besiege cities as imaginary as that in the *Birds* of Aristophanes?

Every song, we have no doubt, grew out of the real life of the tribe or people, though being addressed as it was, and as Mr. Grote justly observes, to ancestral pride, to national glory, to every passion and disturbing emotion of an unreasoning and unreflecting state of society, it would endure every kind of addition and embellishment—all but the least elements of veracity might disappear. Poetic circumstances would be crowded around it; time would be lengthened or cut short; exploits, divided by long intervals, would follow in immediate sequence; the favourite heroes would rise to the most disproportionate magnitude; enemies would be raised or depressed as might suit the design of the poet; popular belief, popular tradition, popular worship, national monuments, would thus commemorate not the real event, but the poetic version of it; but though all the foliage and all the fruit belong to the engrafted branches, and we cannot mark off where the original stock begins, yet we doubt not that in most, if not in all, instances the latent root was truth.

Let us illustrate this by the case of the war of Troy, and so pass at once to the second question which we propose amicably to debate with Mr. Grote, though we rejoice to say that, to a great extent, we find in him no adversary, but rather a powerful ally in this unexhausted, perhaps inexhaustible, contest.

Mr. Grote has no belief in the war of Troy. While he courteously dismisses Jacob Bryant's strange notion of the Egyptian origin of this myth, he obviously sides with Bryant in his controversy with the late Mr. Morritt and others, who strenuously asserted not merely some historic groundwork of the ten years' siege, but an historic groundwork which might almost be defined and marked out. Now with Mr. Grote we would fully agree that the Trojan war, as we now read it in the *Iliad*, in the tragedians, in the magnificent episode of Virgil from the later poets, is pure poetry. With him we will not even bow to the authority of Thucydides, as assigning, on any proper historic testimony, the causes or the conduct of the war. But that there was a Troy, and a siege—that there was a confederacy of the chieftains of European Greece, who made an expedition against the coast of Asia, and that the return of those chieftains was in many ways

ways disastrous—we entertain not the least doubt. Every single circumstance of the war, its object, its duration, the relative importance of its heroes, may be, and no doubt are, disguised, so as hardly to leave a glimpse of their real being. Helen may be as wild a vision as the naked goddesses before Paris; the transcendent prowess of Achilles as fictitious as his fight with Scamander; the death of Patroclus by the hand of Hector as fabulous as the wounding of Aphrodite by Diomed; the adventures of Ulysses may be as extravagant, according to Payne Knight's illustration, as Gulliver's Travels: still we insist on this, that in such an age no poem would have been ventured by any bard aiming at popularity (whatever his powers) which did not rest on elder traditions, and that these traditions could only have grown out of the actual exploits of the different tribes. When, in the palaces of the Argive, or the Æolian, or the Pylian kings, the *αἰδοί* began to recount the adventures of Agamemnon, or Achilles, or Nestor, these were not names strange to their ear, invented (like the Rodomonte or Mandricardo of Boyardo) because they were high sounding, but adopted because they were famous in the national traditions; he did not conjure up some strange city (like Albracca the city of Gallafrone) of which there was no fame. Had he so done, we doubt whether, with all his enchantment, he would have been listened to for an instant. 'Sing us some of the songs of our own heroes,' the royal hearer would have sternly said to the unwelcomed poet; 'celebrate some of our famous fights, of which we have heard of old.' But let the bard once strike on the chord of national reminiscence, once touch the string of ancestral pride, he might wander away among the wildest dreams of his fancy—the stirring picture, so it still continued true to names, and localities, and manners, might run riot to the utmost limits of invention. Mr. Grote would probably admit that the Grecian mind had been long familiarised by ante-Homeric poets with the war of Troy. The *Iliad* unquestionably implies that knowledge: the poet could hardly otherwise have rushed into the midst of his subject. The first appellation of Achilles indicates but vaguely his country; Agamemnon is designated as the well-known King of Men. We must be supposed already to have great respect for the family of Pelops, when we find so much importance attached to the hereditary transmission of their sceptre. Of Troy we have no description; we are supposed already to be perfectly acquainted with its site and position, with the course of the rivers. But if Homer built on elder bards, how can we doubt that they must have built upon something already in the minds of their hearers? We believe that it is altogether

gether contrary to the genius of this kind of poetry to be *creative*. To the young imaginative age of man, it is in the place of history—it is history. But though at that period the fancy and the religious sentiment are the predominant impulses of the mind; though there is neither the power nor the desire nicely to discriminate between fact and fiction, though everything naturally and necessarily takes the form of a myth, without which it would not gain a hearing—certainly would make no lasting impression—yet it offers itself as a record of the past, and the belief that it is such a record constitutes mainly its charm and its interest. Almost all ancient tribes, if they have nothing more, have barren genealogies. These genealogies, as the more ancient, being more obscure, leave ampler room for fiction; they rise till they are lost in mythic personages, heroes, or gods. But the later links in the chain can hardly be fictitious; and to those links it would be necessary for the popular poet to attach more or less loosely his mythic songs. Unless, wherever the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* spread, the traditionary genealogies furnished Diomedes, and Agamemnon, and Nestors, they would have jarred upon rather than harmonised with the universal belief: and the same reasoning, we think, would apply to the very earliest songs, which may have served as foundations for those great poems.

For we are still of the old faith, and so to a great extent is Mr. Grote, on the original unity of the Homeric poems. We still think, as we have ever thought, the internal evidence of their structure by one hand to be unshaken by the minute criticisms of Wolff and his followers: and, like Mr. Grote, we have read, without the least conviction, the able papers of Lachmann in the *Berlin Transactions*. Lachmann would not merely actually mark out the separate poems, which coalesced, under Pisistratus, for the first time in one *Iliad*, but treats all who presume to differ from him as though they wanted that rare and fine æsthetic perception to which alone it is allotted to judge on such questions. We, on the contrary, have no great difficulty in imagining the preservation of those poems in the memory of a caste, a tribe, or rather a race of bards (*φύλον ποιδῶν*)—it is the Homeric word; and we think we can discern the manner and the occasion on which they rose gradually out of the mass of minstrelsy which floated about in every part of Greece.

As they now stand in their solitary majesty, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* remind us forcibly of the two great temples at Pæstum: every vestige of human art or life immediately around them has so long perished as to leave no tradition. Yet we would as readily believe that those stately and harmonious edifices were pieced together by some later hand, out of the fragments and  
ruins



ruins of former buildings, as accept the theory of the Pisistratid compilation of the Homeric epics. In a former Number of this Review (vol. xlv.) we strenuously asserted the unity of each of these two great poems; since that time we have watched the controversy with unflinching interest, and only gathered confidence in our conclusions. On some points, the similarity of structure in the two poems—the utter improbability that all the finer poetry about the Trojan war should dovetail in, as it were, into these poems, and the other songs, if songs there were, of equal beauty, but which could not be worked into the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, be thrown aside by posterity as refuse—the surprising and beautiful harmony of the characters with themselves and with each other, from the beginning to the end of each poem—the impossibility, we had almost written, of supposing many poets to furnish the materials, and one or a committee of poets to furnish the structure at a much later period—the total absence of later Athenian art or of Athenian tone, in language, sentiment, in the junctures and transition passages, which must have been inserted, in case of a later compilation, in the time of Pisistratus: all these proofs and difficulties are to us immeasurably greater than a few contradictions in the narrative, a few irreconcilable anomalies or incoherencies in the minute details, or some confusion as to the time occupied by the events. No one can doubt some interpolations—no one can suppose that the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* was stereotyped in the mind of Homer, or of the Homerids: and it is the legitimate province of sound criticism to detect those passages which betray themselves as of later date, as incoherent with the usages and habits of the time, or which are clearly of a debased poetic style; which, in one emphatic, intelligible word, are un-Homeric.

Mr. Grote, we rejoice to say, is a strenuous assertor of the unity of the *Odyssey*. His argument is full, clear, and conclusive:—

‘Looking at the *Odyssey* by itself, the proofs of an unity of design seem unequivocal, and everywhere to be found: a premeditated structure, and a concentration of interest upon one prime hero under well-defined circumstances, may be traced from the first book to the twenty-third. *Odysseus* is always either directly or indirectly kept before the reader, as a warrior returning from the fulness of glory at Troy, exposed to manifold and protracted calamities during his return home, on which his whole soul is so bent that he refuses even the immortality offered by Calypso;—a victim, moreover, even after his return, to mingled injury and insult from the suitors, who have long been plundering his property and dishonouring his house; but at length obtaining, by valour and cunning united, a signal revenge, which restores him to all that he had lost. All the persons and all the events in the poem are subsidiary to this main plot: and the divine agency, necessary to satisfy the

the feeling of the Homeric man, is put forth by Poseidôn and Athênê, in both cases from dispositions directly bearing upon Odysseus. To appreciate the unity of the *Odyssey*, we have only to read the objections taken against that of the *Iliad*, especially in regard to the long withdrawal of Achilles, not only from the scene but from the memory, and the independent prominence of Ajax, Diomêdês, and other heroes: how far we are entitled from hence to infer the want of premeditated unity in the *Iliad* will be presently considered; but it is certain that the constitution of the *Odyssey* in this respect everywhere demonstrates the presence of such unity. Whatever may be the interest attached to Penelopê, Telemachus, or Eumêus, we never disconnect them from their association with Odysseus. The present is not the place for collecting the many marks of artistical structure dispersed throughout this poem; but it may be worth while to remark, that the final catastrophe realised in the twenty-second book—the slaughter of the suitors in the very house which they were profaning—is distinctly and prominently marked out in the first and second books, promised by Teiresias in the eleventh, by Athênê in the thirteenth, and by Helen in the fifteenth, and gradually matured by a series of suitable preliminaries throughout the eight books preceding its occurrence. Indeed, what is principally evident, and what has been often noticed, in the *Odyssey*, is the equable flow both of the narrative and the events; the absence of that rise and fall of interest which is sufficiently conspicuous in the *Iliad*’ . . . . .

‘ If the *Odyssey* be not an original unity, of what self-existent parts can we imagine it to have consisted? To this question it is difficult to imagine a satisfactory reply: for the supposition that Telemachus and his adventures may once have formed the subject of a separate epos, apart from Odysseus, appears inconsistent with the whole character of that youth as it stands in the poem, and with the events in which he is made to take part. We could better imagine the distribution of the adventures of Odysseus himself into two parts—one containing his wanderings and return, the other handling his ill-treatment by the suitors and his final triumph. But though either of these two subjects might have been adequate to furnish out a separate poem, it is nevertheless certain that, as they are presented in the *Odyssey*, the former cannot be divorced from the latter: the simple return of Odysseus, as it now stands in the poem, could satisfy no one as a final close, so long as the suitors remain in possession of his house and forbid his reunion with his wife. Any poem which treated his wanderings and return separately, must have made entire abstraction of the suitors, and must have represented his reunion with Penelopê and restoration to his house as following naturally upon his arrival in Ithaka. But this would be a capital mutilation of the genuine epical narrative, which considers the suitors at home as an essential portion of the destiny of the much-suffering hero, not less than his shipwrecks and trials at sea: his return (separately taken) is foredoomed, according to the curse of Polyphemus executed by Poseidôn, to be long-deferred, miserable, solitary, and ending with destruction in his house to greet him; and the ground is thus laid, in the very recital of his wanderings, for a new series of events which

which are to happen to him after his arrival in Ithaka. There is no tenable halting-place between the departure of Odysseus from Troy and the final restoration to his house and his wife: the distance between these two events may indeed be widened by accumulating new distresses and impediments, but any separate portion of it cannot be otherwise treated than as a fraction of the whole. The beginning and end are here the data in respect to epical genesis, though the intermediate events admit of being conceived as variables, more or less numerous: so that the conception of the whole may be said, without impropriety, both to precede and to govern that of the constituent parts.—vol. ii. p. 221-228.

So much as to the Odyssey—but the unity of the Odyssey settles the whole question, as far as its real difficulties are concerned. If one great poem could be composed in the mind of the bard, before the art of writing was known, or at least before it was in common use—if it could be preserved in its original form by the faithful memory, and by regular recitation—two, or many more than two such poems *might* be created, and live on by the same conservative process.\* It appears to us that the character and position of the Homeric bard, *developed* as it would naturally be by the social changes which are indicated as in operation by the poems themselves, offer a very simple and satisfactory theory for the original composition of such great poems, and their preservation, till they gradually obtained something of a national and even sacred character, and were at length assigned to writing. That sacred character is manifest when we first meet them in the historic period of Greece; they were recited as part of the ceremony at great religious festivals; the only well-grounded part of the whole Pisistratid story is, in our opinion, that the Athenian introduced greater order and regularity in the mode of recitation.

Let us examine the office of the bard (*αοιδός*) as he is found in the Homeric poems, our only primeval authority. In the warlike Iliad the bard appears not; he had not the function, it should seem, of inspiring the martial ranks or the leaders to battle, as in some of the northern races. He was not present at the banquet of the weary warriors, glorifying the deeds of the day, re-inspiring courage into the desponding or uttering the lament over the dead. Achilles does not summon the bard to amuse him

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\* We confess that we are astonished at the juxta-position of these two sentences in Mr. Grote:—'Indeed, the difficulty of supposing a long coherent poem to have been conceived, composed, and retained, without any aid of writing, appears to many critics even now insurmountable; though the evidences on the other side are in my view sufficient to outweigh any negative presumption thus suggested. But it is highly improbable that the same person should have powers of memorial combination sufficient for two such poems, nor is there any proof to force upon us such a supposition.'—vol. ii. p. 269.

in his inglorious inactivity; he is himself in one sense his own bard. Among the spoils of the city of Ætion was a splendid harp (φορμιγγῆς), to which he sang the deeds of men:—

Τὸν δ' εἶδρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ,  
Καλῇ, δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεος ζυγὸς ἦέν.  
Τὴν ἀρετ' ἐξ ἐνάρων, πτόλιν Ἰητίωνος ὀλέσσας.  
Τῇ ὅγε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν, αἶεде ὃ ἄρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.\*

But we are not to suppose Achilles endowed with the gift of poetry. These were poems which he had heard from the bards in Phthia, or in some part of Thessaly or Greece. Paris likewise has a harp (*Iliad*, iii. 54), supposed, upon so high an authority as Alexander the Great, to have been tuned to other sounds than those of the deeds of battle. This relic of the Trojan war was offered, according to Plutarch, to Alexander, who disdainfully rejected it, and wished instead that he had the harp to which Achilles sang the praise of heroes. What Apollo and the Muses sang at the banquet of the gods (*Iliad*, i. 603-4) the poet tells us not. Of the Trojan bards we hear nothing till they are called upon to perform the melancholy office of lamenting over the body of Hector (*Iliad*, xxiv. 720) and there the women joined in a sort of doleful burden, the funeral wail—ἐπὶ στενάχοντο γυναῖκες. Of the older ante-Homeric bards we find the name of Thamyris the Thracian, and his fatal contest with the Muses, who not merely inflicted blindness on their daring competitor, but took away his gift of song and his skill in music. The fame of this mythic contest lived in the Pylian town of Dorion, and is commemorated by Nestor as the great distinction of that town; but the Thracian singer seems to have at that time been a bard in the palace of Eurytos, king of Œchalia (the Messenian Œchalia), either having travelled through Greece in his bardic character, or having been installed, though a stranger, as the royal poet.

In the more peaceful *Odyssey* we find the bard far more frequently, and in his acknowledged function and place in the social system. He seems indispensable as a public officer or servant in the community; he is *δημιουργός*, like the seer, the leech, and the spear-maker (*Odyssey*, xvii. 383-6); these important persons were in some manner, it appears, maintained at the public ex-

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\* Pope, as usual, has overwrought these words in his rich paraphrase:—

Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,  
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound;  
(The well-wrought harp from conquered Thebes came,  
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame:)  
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings  
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.

pense. Without the bard the banquet is joyless (i. 142 and 370; xxi. 430; viii. 99). There is no greater pleasure than when the banqueters are arrayed in due order, among all the assembled people, with the tables loaded with bread and meat, and the cup-bearer freely filling our goblets, to sit listening to the godlike voice of the bard. Nothing can be so absorbing as the song of the bard (xvii. 520). He is found in every royal palace. The 'godlike bard' sings to his harp in the hall of Menelaus (iv. 17). He does not indeed appear at the entertainment of good old Nestor—for his place is supplied by the recitation of his own adventures by Telemachus; and Nestor takes upon himself to give a summary of the Trojan war, and of the Return, a kind of brief *Ἰλίου πέροις* and *Νέστοι*. In the palace of Alcinous, Demodocus is all but the most important personage. Without his presence Alcinous cannot receive with due honours the noble stranger. He is present throughout the banquet: he is introduced at least three times—once at the commencement of the entertainment, in that beautiful passage in which the emotion of Ulysses almost betrays him—and then after the other amusements. He is there again led in by the herald, and set in a place of honour in the midst of the feasters. It is evidently according to the strict notions of courtesy that Ulysses immediately cuts off a choice slice out of the fattest of the pork, and sends it with his compliments to the bard:

Κήρυξ, τῇ δὲ τοῦτο πόρε κρέας, ὄφρα φαγησι,  
 Δημοδοκῶ, καὶ μιν προσπύξομαι, ἀχνύμενός περ.  
 Πᾶσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν αἰοῖτο  
 Τιμῆς ἔμμοροί εἰσι καὶ αἰδοῦς, οὐνεκ' ἀρα σφεας  
 Οἶμας Μοῦς ἐξίδαξε· φίλησε δὲ φύλον αἰοῶν.

But what was the subject of the songs of Demodocus? He has songs of the gods; he sings (if this passage be genuine) of Mars and Venus caught in the net by the jealous Vulcan. He can sing, not merely a whole Iliad (whether in separate songs or not we inquire not now), but the whole Trojan war, with all the subsequent adventures of the Greeks; and that with as much truth as if he had been present throughout. His first song (viii. 73) had touched by a happy accident on this subject, which now filled the Grecian mind; and Ulysses actually calls upon him for the lay of the 'Wooden Horse,'\* which was fabricated by Epeius, and into which Ulysses entered with his companions and destroyed the city. Every lover of Homer knows the exquisite sequel—how, while Demodocus, full of the god, describes the

\* Welcker observes that the *ἐνθεν ἔλων*, beginning at that part, implies a continuous poem. (*Epische Cycles*, p. 349.) The words of Ulysses, *ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ μετὰβηθι*, deserve notice likewise.

debate about the horse and the destruction of the city (the song of Demodocus must have been of some length), at the commemoration of his own noble deeds, tears fell from the eyes of Ulysses.

Phemius, the bard of the kingly house of Ulysses, sang daily to the suitors of Penelope: he sang by compulsion; and he pleads this compulsion in order to escape death, which he would have deserved by a voluntary breach of his allegiance to his royal master (xxii. 351). The range of subjects on which Phemius could pour forth his poetry was as extensive as that of Demodocus; he knew many deeds of gods and men, such as formed the songs of the bards (i. 337). He delighted indeed to recite, and his hearers to listen to, the melancholy song of the return of the Greeks, because it was the newest (i. 352). Ulysses calls him *πολύφημος*, of which the most natural interpretation seems 'a bard of many songs.' The exact meaning of the word *αὐτοδιδάκτος*, applied by Phemius to himself, adding that the god had inspired him with all sorts of songs, *Θεὸς δὲ μοι ἐν φρεσὶν οἶμας Παντοίας ἐνέφυσε* (xxii. 37), is of considerable importance. It seems to imply that there were some bards who, under supposed or asserted inspiration, composed their own songs; some who learned by heart and recited the songs of others. The latter would intimate a regular system of instruction—and therefore traditional poems of greater or less length handed down from son to son, or from master to disciple. But the bard sang not only among the people, in the banquet-hall or in the palace—he sang likewise in the temple; his song was a part of the public worship—

*θεῷσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισιν αἰεῖδω.*—xxii. 346.

And this first dawn, as it were, of the recital of poetic legend (as in the Homeric hymns) at great religious ceremonies, when those religious ceremonies were more than tribal, when they had become national, opens a vast field for the ambition of the bards, and might well lead to the expansion of the shorter epic song into the regular Epopee.

The resident bard is thus an indispensable member of the community, or, as the court poet, is held in the highest honour. Agamemnon leaves his bard in the responsible and dignified office of guardian to Clytemnestra (iii. 267). Demodocus has the appellation of Hero.\* But do the Homeric Poems furnish any authority for bards, the bards of the single tribe or chieftain, passing (we wish to avoid the ignoble word of itinerant or vagrant) from one part of Greece to another, and so becoming

\* Compare, however, Nitzsch, *Anmerkungen zu Homers Odyssee*, i. p. 121.

in any sense Grecian bards—instead of Argive, or Lacedæmonian, or Messenian; Thamyris, the Thracian, certainly appears as exercising his art in Messenia; and a passage which we have quoted from the *Odyssey* seems to recognise the usage of inviting the stranger bard, ξένος, to the banquet in all parts of the earth.\* Out of Homer we first encounter the bard Hesiod, the author of the 'Works and Days' carrying off the prize for poetry (ῥήσος we must admit that he calls it) at a religious ceremony at Chalcis, the funeral of Alcidas.

In this great, though natural and easy, it might be slow change in the office and function of the bard—in his elevation from the minstrel of a clan to that of a whole race—we find the key for the composition of the *Iliad*. It was then that the shorter and less complicated song expanded into the epopee. The traditionary exploits of his own race would content the primitive king in his paternal hall; a federal union of kings, their concourse at any common religious festival, would suggest the blending together in one the legends of many tribes. If there should have been the tradition of any war in which those races acted as confederates, it would offer itself as the subject of common interest, a theme which would awaken the ardent sympathies of the hearers in every part of Greece. This might be sung with equal success, and heard with equal favour, in any hall, where the king or the tribe would watch till the turn of their great ancestor came, to receive his share of honour; and it is remarkable that, according to the *Odyssey*, already the adventures of the Greek chieftains in the Trojan war had become the subjects of songs, recited in many, if not in all, parts of Greece. Already the

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\* It is amusing to compare our two translations of this passage, in which Pope in his un-Homeric magniloquence, and Cowper in his un-Homeric homeliness, take such opposite sides in this question:—

Who calls from distant nations to his own,  
The poor, distinguished by their wants alone?  
Round the wide world are sought those men divine,  
Who public structures raise, or who design;  
Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,  
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;  
But chief to poets such respect belongs,  
By rival nations courted for their songs:  
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,  
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.—*Pope's Odyssey*, xvii.

What man to another's house  
Repairs to invite him to a feast, unless  
He be of those who by profession serve  
The public, prophet, healer of disease,  
Ingenious artist, or some bard divine,  
Whose music may exhilarate the guests?  
These, and such only, are in every land  
Called to the banquet; none invites the poor.—*Cowper*.

whole heart of Greece beats to the sound of the war of Troy. The poet finds everywhere the popular mind prepared by its own traditions, for something beyond the fame of its own local heroes, the feats and adventures of its own already bard-sung worthies. In such a poem there would of necessity be a hero, and the hero would be designated and acknowledged by the general tradition, or raised to eminence by the partiality of the bard—that partiality arising probably out of his more or less close connexion with the tribe distinguished by that more wise or valiant chieftain.

We suppose then some one great bard (let us call him Homer) either invited to or welcomed in the halls, and at the religious festivities of many of the different Grecian tribes, or dwelling where by migrations and settlements tribes of various descent were in some degree mingled together—(and this appears to have been the case in that part of Asia Minor which is usually assigned as the birthplace of Homer). He begins to disdain the narrow traditions of any one separate clan. The lofty conception dawns upon him—or he matures, it may be, a conception already imperfectly carried out by others—of some wider and more complicated song,\* which will thrill all hearts with proud ancestral reminiscences; in which *Æolian*, and *Ionian*, and *Dorian* races will find the names of their famous heroes. There is a widespread tradition of some warlike invasion of the shores of Asia by a confederacy of the tribes in Greece,—he seizes it at once; he has his groundwork, upon which he may build as he will—no one is disposed to contest with him the utmost licence of invention; he may arrest the whole war to wait on the wrath of Achilles; he may mingle gods and men in the conflict; he may array the gods on different sides, even wound them in the fray; he may impersonate rivers; give human tongue to horses; he may invest Helen in incomparable beauty and dignity; bring out Hector as almost a worthy rival of Achilles. He may assign what part or character he will to the representative of each race; and so in a certain sense to him the Trojan war owes its origin, as almost a history; was received throughout Greece, through his poetry, as a history—and became a great national war, for so it was contemplated by Thucydides. In this limited sense, and only in this sense, not merely the earliest minstrelsy, but the later and more perfect Homeric epopee, is creative. The creation of the religion of Greece, ascribed by Herodotus to Homer and Hesiod,

\* It seems assumed by Nitzsch, Welcker, and Lange, that the *Iliad* was the earliest epopee, as distinguished from the shorter epic songs; but of this we are entirely ignorant. It would seem at first sight improbable that the earliest attempt at a larger structure should also be the most perfect specimen.



is, we conceive, true just thus far, and no farther; and the whole process bears a close analogy to that of the origin of the great Grecian epics, as contradistinguished from Thessalian, or Argive, or even of Æolian, Ionian, or Dorian songs. The local or tribal worship—in which not so much different gods, as the same gods with different attributes, powers and functions, held a different place in the popular awe of each tribe or race—in the same manner became the universal religion of the Grecian world. Even in this restricted view the language of Herodotus requires further limitation. It is quite clear that Olympus, when the bard of the *Iliad* first addressed his hearers, was the acknowledged seat or palace of the gods; they were already the Olympian deities. Wherever his poem was recited, Apollo must have been an awful god, with the power of avenging his injured priesthood by pestilence. Heré, and Athené, and Ares, and Aphrodité, were enshrined in the religious belief, and had long been the subject of poetic religious adoration, and to Hephæstos had been ascribed the great part of the divine armourer—the noblest purpose to which in warlike times art could be devoted. Still the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were a Golden Legend, which made the traditional religious fables catholic throughout Greece: just as they made the Trojan war, from a loose and vague tradition, a great universal reality to the imaginative faith—the only dominant faith of that period of all-ruling song.

Unquestionably we cannot but be astonished at the consummate structure of the *Iliad*—unrivalled—in our opinion unapproached—by any later epopee. We see its parts coalescing in one whole—and, if we throw ourselves as far as possible back, into what we suppose to have been its main design, the glorification of the ancestors of many tribes, in subordination, as the interest of poetry demands, to one transcendent hero. The two last books, though at first sight appendages, are yet necessary, as we suppose, to satisfy that profound reverence for the dead, that sanctity of funeral rites, which was characteristic of Grecian feeling. We are surprised to see the poet depart from what might seem a natural course, a chronicle of the whole ten years of the war; and, instead of that, centering as it were the whole war in one short and comprehensible period. His *Iliad*, confining itself to the wrath of Achilles, nevertheless implies as it were the cause and origin of the war, and prophetically foreshows its close; for with Hector Troy has fallen. But it is to be remembered that, according to our theory, we have a bard who has learned by experience the manner of dealing with the hearts of men, who has read in their countenances, has caught from their fixed attention, the true way of enthralling the hearers to his song: who had not to wait the slow  
suffrage

suffrage of a reading public, or even depended for his effect, like a dramatic writer, on the skill and power of the actor, and on the accessories which contribute so much to scenic interest; who, besides his own marvellous natural endowments, and a wide acquaintance with the habits, modes of feeling, passions, impressibilities of his ordinary hearers, with their grave patience, or their quick sympathies, has possessed likewise, as one of an hereditary caste, or one of a tribe or school of bards, a sort of traditionary science of his profession. He has received its undefined perhaps and unrecorded rules, has learned the bounds of its power and the conventional liberties which the imagination of the hearer has always allowed; and is thus master of an art of poetry in some respects intuitive, in others formed by his own experience or that of his poetic fathers.

We regret, indeed, to find that our author's Homeric orthodoxy is not altogether unimpeachable. But, as the more able the heresiarch the more dangerous the heresy, we must cite him before the tribunal of our Inquisition; and though we would not apply the last penalty to Mr. Grote (we would not burn a sheet of his book), we must try whether a little gentle and friendly torture will not bring him to recantation. He has imagined a primitive Achillëis, of which the *Iliad* is an enlargement. Let us hear his own explanation of his views:—

'The *Iliad* produces upon my mind an impression totally different from the *Odyssey*. In the latter poem, the characters and incidents are fewer, and the whole plot appears of one projection, from the beginning down to the death of the suitors: none of the parts look as if they had been composed separately and inserted by way of addition into a pre-existing smaller poem. But the *Iliad*, on the contrary, presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow and subsequently enlarged by successive additions. The first book, together with the eighth, and the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive, seem to form the primary organisation of the poem, then properly an Achillëis: the twenty-third and twenty-fourth books are additions at the tail of this primitive poem, which still leave it nothing more than an enlarged Achillëis: but the books from the second to the seventh inclusive, together with the tenth, are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem from an Achillëis into an *Iliad*. The primitive frontispiece, inscribed with the anger of Achilles and its direct consequences, yet remains, after it has ceased to be co-extensive with the poem. The parts added, however, are not necessarily inferior in merit to the original poem: so far is this from being the case, that amongst them are comprehended some of the noblest efforts of the Grecian epic. Nor are they more recent in date than the original; strictly speaking, they must be a little more recent, but they belong to the same generation and state of society as the primitive Achillëis.'—vol. ii. pp. 234—236.

It appears to us that this theory labours under almost every objection

objection which Mr. Grote himself suggests, or acquiesces in, as to the separatist schemes of Wolf, William Müller, and Lachmann. Is it, in the least, likely that passages, as Mr. Grote admits, equally Homeric in grandeur and power, so perfectly similar in style and character, in language and versification, should fit in so nicely, and fill up the Achilleis, till it grew into an Iliad? We have ourselves no doubt that the Achilleis stood distinct, and in some respects alone—that is, of *pre-eminent dignity and importance*—in the mind of the poet; but we think our own view of the great object of the poet, in making not a Thessalian but a Grecian poem, of itself accounts for those parts in which other heroes occupy the foremost place. Moreover, we are confident, with Otfried Müller, that there is an obvious and discernible intention in the poet, in order to enhance the greatness of his hero, to try, as it were, and find wanting every other chieftain. Even Diomed, though he wages war and wounds Ares himself, is not sufficient for the terrible crisis. As long as Achilles stands aloof, with whatever striking vicissitudes the battle sways to and fro, disaster at the end of the day awaits the Grecian arms. And are we to suppose the poet without some proud satisfaction in showing the variety of his own resources, the prolific copiousness of his fancy? The longer the movement of Achilles was delayed, so that the patience of the hearer was not worn out, and that his attention was kept awake, the more imposing and magnificent his bursting forth, when his hour is come. But we confess that we are astonished to find Mr. Grote mercilessly lopping off so noble a limb from the harmonious body of the Iliad, as the Embassy in the ninth book. He cannot himself be insensible to the Homeric simplicity and consummate dignity of that book. But it appears to us as indispensably requisite to the perfect evolution of the fable, as it is grand in itself.

The Grecian army must appear prostrate at the feet of Achilles. Agamemnon must submit to the humiliation of endeavouring to appease the wrath of the son of Thetis; he must offer to acknowledge himself in the wrong, to give up the cause of the quarrel, to make every atonement, which might be demanded by the wounded pride of Achilles. But it was obviously the poet's design that the wrath of Achilles should not be so appeased; that he was to be sent forth to battle by a far higher motive—the death of his dear friend; by the determination, the duty, according to the principles of that peculiar kind of more than brotherly amity, to avenge his death. And this submission of the army, this humble acknowledgment that, without him, the valour of all Greece was of no avail, must be so sudden and hasty resolve in a moment of extreme peril; it must have the dignity of a grave and deliberate act; it

must be a solemn embassy, not a passionate supplication extorted by the fears of fugitives crowding round him, and by some emotion of pity for their discomfiture and misery. Yet to this embassy the haughty and passionate soul of Achilles, of course, cannot listen. The poem could not close thus. Achilles, whose wrath was so awful, could not be dismissed with this kind of peaceful satisfaction, accept the apology of Agamemnon, receive back Briseis, and become again the subordinate chieftain, and thus tamely wind up the mighty quarrel. His mind, after the embassy is over, reverts to, or rather it has never thrown aside its fierce and implacable mood. Agamemnon, he cares not to consider how, must be still further humbled; the Achæan army be still further reduced to confess their absolute need of his valour. And this embassy, for all these reasons so exalting to the character of Achilles, must be separated by some considerable space from the period when the persuasion of Patroclus, rather than his commiseration for the Greeks, induces him somewhat to relent; and then the death of Patroclus, forces him by a new, and, according to Grecian feeling, far nobler motive to plunge again personally into the war. Further and still more disastrous reverses must still more and more glut his insatiable pride, and gratify his inexorable resentment. Mr. Grote quotes several passages, which seem to imply that Achilles himself had forgotten the embassy, because his unmitigated wrath still broods on the insult of Agamemnon. But what can be more natural, than that he should speak and act (having spurned away the embassy in the wantonness of his pride) as if the embassy had never taken place? In modern phrase, if we dare use it, though the humblest apology has been tendered, he has not received satisfaction, and the duel must go on as before. There must be a thousand ills (*μυριά ἄλγιστα*) which must accumulate, and succeed each other, and appeal in vain to that destructive wrath (the *μήνις οὐλομένη*), of which we are never to lose sight, till it is thrown freely aside, dispossessed, as it were, by a mightier passion—the grief for Patroclus. Mr. Grote, indeed, appears to us to fall into the fault which he justly imputes to the minute criticisms of Wolf and Lachmann, when he requires a careful and elaborate accuracy in the whole detail of the poem, and to forget that it was addressed to an eager and excited audience, too much absorbed, as the poet himself may have been, in the impassioned interest of the story, to examine too closely its perfect and faultless coherence. But, in truth, the embassy has made no impression on Achilles; and therefore it is that he appears, after it, exactly what he was before, unconciled, irreconcilable, possessed by the same absorbing feeling, expressing himself in the same untempered language.

We were at one time disposed to doubt the identity of the poet of the *Iliad*, and the poet of the *Odyssey*, and this, as it had been the conclusion of Welcker, so it appears to be that of Mr. Grote:—

‘The balance of probabilities seems in favour of distinct authorship for the two poems, but the same age—and that age a very early one, anterior to the first Olympiad.’

Yet the more we study the structure of the two poems, the more we seem to perceive that they were cast, as it were, in the same mind. Though the one is more various and complicated, combining more characters, and with more general interest; the other more simple, centered on one single person; though the *Iliad* is more than an *Achillôis*, the *Odyssey* the adventures of *Odysseus* alone; there is exactly the same art of suspending the hearer’s attention, the same happy gradation, by which we rise to one magnificent culminating point—*Achilles* in the trench, arresting by one shout the victorious *Trojans*; *Odysseus* leaping up on the threshold, and dealing his deathly arrows. Nor is it an argument without great force, that never in the history of man were two such great poets, if not absolutely, yet nearly contemporaneous. One *Homer* is marvel enough; it seems beyond probability to multiply him even into two. The ancient tradition, that the one poem was the work of the prime of manhood, the other of more advanced age, seems to solve all the difficulties of the question, and to harmonise with singular felicity, with our theory of the region to which each poem belongs. We have formerly asserted our conviction that the poet of the *Iliad* was an Asiatic Greek. We rejoiced to find that in this, as well as some other points, we had anticipated the conclusions of *Otfried Müller*. *Müller*, indeed, aspires to decide the question of the *Ionic* rather than of the *Æolic* descent of the poet. The choice of a *Thessalian hero* (the *Thessalians* were of the *Æolic* family) had led us to a different judgment: but as, according to our view, the aim of the poet was to be heard with favour in the halls of the *Homeric kings* (which still, we believe, ruled when he sang), whether of one race or the other, and at religious festivals of *Ionian* or *Æolic* deities, we should expect to find, rather, than be surprised at finding, characteristic and peculiar usages, religious myths, or allusions, which may belong to both.

But the fact that the poet is so familiar with the scenery, the manners, and the whole life of Asiatic Greece, has struck *Müller* as forcibly as ourselves:—‘Besides the proper localities of the two poems, the local knowledge of the poet appears peculiarly accurate and distinct in northern *Ionia* and the neighbouring *Mæonia*, where the Asian meadow and the river *Cayster* with its swans, the *Gygæan lake*,

lake, and Mount Tmolus, where Sipylon with its Achelous appear to be known, as it were, from youthful recollections.\* The similes, we will add, as that of the Mæonian purple-dyeing woman, are from the same region. In short, we know no passage in the *Iliad* which indicates any distinct local knowledge out of Asia Minor, except in the Catalogue of the Ships. Now, without subscribing to Müller's conclusion, that the Catalogues (of the Achæans and the Trojan allies) 'are not of genuine Homeric origin' (the authority ascribed to them from the earliest period is a strong testimony against this judgment), yet no part of the poem would be more liable to variations, interpolations, to the licence of the later Homericists, or the Rhapsodists; no part would cleave less strongly to the memory, or submit to such manifold changes. It may even be fairly conceived as an after thought of our bard, or to have been retouched and recast, when, according to our theory, having in Asia completed, and sung in every court and city, and at the full religious festivals, his *Iliad*, he passed over to Greece Proper, to delight the descendants of the Agamemnons, and Menelai, and Nestors, with this great epopee of the deeds of their ancestors. There, in the more peaceful decline of life, now as familiar with European Greece as of old with Ionia; in his journey from court to court, from festival to festival, having gathered a new stock of traditions, encountered new legends of the gods, new institutions, new forms of language; by his own occasional short voyages, having been made acquainted with the perils of the deep; finding, as was not improbably the case, the minds of his hearers as wildly curious about adventures by sea, as they were before about feats of arms, he wrote the *Odyssey*, that ancient Robinson Crusoe, in full knowledge and experience of the maritime sympathies of his audience. This change from Asia over to Europe, with the lapse of twenty or five-and-twenty years, which we may fairly allow, will fully account for all the discrepancies of mythology, of manners, and social usages and institutions, even of language and the structure of language, which have been raised, we cannot but think, to more than their due importance, by Payne Knight, by Benjamin Constant, and by others.

\* Granting (writes Otfried Müller) that a different taste and feeling is shown in the choice of the subject, and in the whole arrangement of the poem, yet there is not a greater difference than is often found in the inclinations of the *same* man in the prime of life, and in old age; and to speak candidly we know no other argument adduced by the *Chorizontes*, both of ancient and modern times, for attributing the wonderful genius of Homer to two different individuals. It is certain that the *Odyssey*, in respect of its plan and the conception of its chief characters,

\* *Literature of Ancient Greece*, p. 46.

of Ulysses himself, of Nestor and Menelaus, stands in the closest affinity with the Iliad; that it always presupposes the existence of the earlier poem, and silently refers to it—which also serves to explain the remarkable fact, that the Odyssey mentions many occurrences in the life of Ulysses, which lie out of the compass of the action, but not one which is celebrated in the Iliad. If the completion of the Iliad and the Odyssey seems too vast a work for the lifetime of one man, we may, perhaps, have recourse to the supposition, that Homer, after having sung the Iliad in the vigour of his youthful years, in his old age communicated to some devoted disciple the plan of the Odyssey, which had been long working in his mind, and left it to him for completion.\*

This last seems to us an unnecessary and unwarranted supposition. The design and the execution of the Odyssey bespeak most distinctly the same mind: and this suggestion relieves us from no existing difficulty, and involves us in new ones. It seems much more likely that a poet should bequeath a poem to the memory of a faithful disciple, to be preserved by him with careful fidelity, and refreshed by constant recitation, than that he should leave him, as it were, his art and inspiration, and the plan of a poem, which was to be filled up according to certain instructions.

In estimating, indeed, the probability of the original composition and the conservation of these poems in the mind alone (without written records), we must entirely detach ourselves from our busy and complicated state of society. We cannot say how highly Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses, may have endowed the worshippers and priests of her daughters. The bard's was a profession, a profession to which he was trained from his youth:—it was his sole occupation in rude times; he had no distracting cares, no conflicting duties. There is no calculating to what extent either the memory or the imagination can be cultivated, especially when the other faculties are almost in abeyance. We could mention acts of memory which surpass, not the composition and recitation of the Iliad and Odyssey, but that of the gigantic Ramayana and Mahâ Bharata. Even in our own days, we are inclined to think that an actor might almost compete with an Homerid or a Rhapsodist. We have reason to believe that, if commanded, one of our first-rate tragedians could furnish a list of twenty parts for which he would be prepared in the course of the day. These parts would average what is called technically fourteen or fifteen lengths, about forty or forty-two lines each; and this, be it remembered, not of one continuous recitation, with a kind of accompaniment to allow occasional repose to memory, such as was the *phorminx* or *cithara* of the bard, but broken up and dependent upon the cue furnished by one or more other actors.

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\* Literature of Greece, p. 65. Compare Müller's Note.

This advantage may fairly be set against the power of the actor to refresh his memory, for a few hours, by the book. And compare the total isolation of the old bard in the duties of his function with the occupations of the modern actor, and all the unavoidable details of life—the tragedian, perhaps, like Mr. Kemble or Mr. Macready, overwhelmed besides with the cares of management.

We cannot but think that the composition, and the preservation, chiefly at least, by oral recitation, of all the other long poems, which were afterwards formed (probably by the Alexandrian critics) into a regular cycle, and were called the cyclic poets, has more close connexion than is generally allowed with the unity of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. These poems—those at least which belonged to the war of Troy—religiously respect that part of the war and of the adventures of the chieftains comprehended in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though they by no means refrain from repeating each other. They are strictly ante-Homeric and post-Homeric: they presuppose, the earliest of them, the existence of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, not as a collection of loose lays, but each as a complete whole, filling up a certain period of the Trojan story. They must have had before them a type and example of long consecutive poems; the ambition of composing such works, and the willingness to hear them, must have been already excited by some great model; the poets or the rhapsodists must have conformed to an established usage, and supplied some acknowledged want of society, in framing an *Æthiopid* or a *Destruction of Troy*: and these poems being supplementary to those of Homer, prove the prior existence of his epics, as much as May's continuation of *Lucan*, or *Avellaneda's* of *Don Quixote*, the existence of the *Pharsalia* or the work of *Cervantes*. But as some at least of these were of very ancient date, somewhere about the commencement of the Olympiads at least, they totally destroy the whole *Pisistratid* theory, that of *Solon*, and even perhaps that which makes *Lycurgus* the first collector of the Homeric poems. We are in truth absolutely ignorant as to the relative date of the earliest of these poems, and that of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*:\* and the oldest writers, who assigned many of these poems to Homer himself, were confessedly as ignorant as ourselves. *Herodotus* thought it worth while to adduce an argument to show that the Cyprian verses were not Homer's.

All that Mr. Grote ventures to conclude as to the age of

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\* Mr. Fynes Clinton, we observe, interposes not much more than fifty years between *Hesiod* and *Æschylus*, a century between *Hesiod* and *Homer*; but he places the *Odyssey* fifty years later than *Homer*;—*Homer*, a.d. 962, 927; *Hesiod*, b.c. 850, 824; *Æschylus*, a.d. 775, 740—but we confess that we have no faith whatever in the pre-Olympiad chronology of Greece.



the Homeric poems is that it was a very early one, anterior to the first Olympiad; and the chronological accounts (writes O. Müller) place Arctinus of Miletus immediately after the commencement of the Olympiads. Have we any certain or satisfactory reason to suppose that, in this unknown interval, between the completion of the *Odyssey* and the appearance of the *Æthiopis*, any sudden or slow increase in the facilities for writing, the improvement of the art, or the introduction of cheaper and more durable materials, the substitution of the *Ægyptian* papyrus for the skins (the *διφθερά*) of a former period, had called forth this teeming race of epics? Were not these poems also, even if here and there they might be consigned to writing, chiefly promulgated by oral recitation, by the *Aoidos*, the *Homerid*, or the *Rhapsodist*? All that we know of these Epics is, in some cases their length, in others their contents, uncertain and often contradictory accounts of their authors, and their immeasurable inferiority to the Homeric poems. Yet it is curious that many of them were long preserved, not as it should seem in fragments, but in their integrity—not in the dramas of the tragedians, who drew their subjects as freely from the later epics as from Homer, but the complete *Epopées* themselves. They were collected and arranged into a regular cycle by the Alexandrians. Pausanias seems to have read some of them (iv. 9); and the summary of their contents by Proclus (not, as Welcker has shown, the Platonic philosopher of a late Byzantine period, but a grammarian of the age of the Antonines) seems to intimate that it was taken from their works in his possession, or at his command. It is possible that in the post-Homerica of Quintus Smyrnæus, or of Tryphiodorus, may lurk some lines of the ancient *Homerids*; and during a painful search we have sometimes fancied that we could detect the fine flavour of antiquity; but it may have been only a momentary relief by some few lines in a higher flight from the flat monotony of the weary desert of verse. As to the length of these poems, we know that the *Æthiopis* contained 9100 verses;\* and many of the others, if we calculate by the wide range of adventures which they celebrate, must have been drawn out to considerable length. They must have contained noble subjects, for poetry; and, however not to be named in the presence of Homer, we cannot but think that they must occasionally have themselves been instinct with spirited poetry: otherwise, having furnished their fables to the mythographers, or their subjects to the dramatist, they would utterly have died away. But they do not seem to have been superseded by the poems of later epic writers on the same subjects. That which was thought the finest after Homer

\* See the inscription on the tablet in the Museo Borgia, illustrated by Heeren.

(at least in the judgment of Pausanias), the Thebais (including the Epigoni), was not driven out of the field by Antimachus of Colophon: yet Antimachus had been highly admired in a former age, and by better critics than the Emperor Hadrian, who set him up against Homer, but found that, though his autocracy was complete over the persons and fortunes of the whole Roman world, he could not dictate to their judgment in poetry. How far did Virgil use them in the wonderful tessellation of his second book; or, as we can trace in some parts, was he content with receiving them through the tragedians? Was Ovid indebted to them in his contest for the arms of Achilles? Did Statius work them up into the un-Grecian exaggerations of his Thebaid; or soften them away into the more pleasing but artificial tenderness of his Achillëid?

But our limits admonish us to break off, and to suspend, at least for the present, the examination of the contents and very few fragments of these poems, which must be done, we conceive, in order to complete the investigation of the Homeric question. What we have said, at all events, may seem to prove irrefragably that they were not the parents, but the children of the Iliad and the Odyssey; the children, however late-born, of full-grown parents, in whose perfect image in one respect, as to size and stature, they were born—however far less beautifully and symmetrically formed, still stamped in the same mould; and continuing to live as supplementary to that in whose similitude they first came to life.

\* Our great interest in Mr. Grote's work induces us to offer some further suggestions to his attention. First, as to his manner of composition. He promises us a *History of Greece, not disquisitions on Grecian history*. We may remind him therefore that we want the results, not the process of investigation: his own sound judgment on the conflicting opinions of others, however valuable—not those opinions arrayed against each other in their unreconciled hostility. In these earlier volumes it was perhaps more difficult to avoid this form of dissertation; yet even here much which should have been reserved for the notes has found its way into the text. The long, and we think successful, disputation with Mr. Fynes Clinton on the subject of chronology would more fitly have formed an appendix, rather than a chapter in the regular text of the work. Notes and appendices, to a high ideal notion of history, may appear but awkward and unseemly excrescences, yet they are absolutely necessary now that history has been compelled to take up an inquiring and philosophical rather than an authoritative and, as among the ancients, something of an oratorical form. The kind of matter usually given in these subsidiary

diary shapes cannot, in short, be altogether dispensed with; but still the narrative itself, even in modern history, should be, as far as possible, free, flowing, and uninterrupted. The historian should already have organised in his mind, and should deliver, without a constant appeal to the relations of others, the whole course of events. At least, this departure from simple narrative should be reserved for particular occasions, not arrest us at every instant, even perhaps at the period of our profoundest interest, by nicely balanced statements of probabilities and careful examination of opposing evidence.

In the same friendly spirit we would make a few observations on the style of Mr. Grote. His prose possesses in general some great elements of excellence—vigour, vivacity, and perspicuity. But for a great and enduring history, he should bear in mind that no work will take its permanent place in the literature of England without some care and study at least as to purity of language. An English historian is under a tacit covenant to write English. Now we will only glance at the wicked lines of one of our poets against a forgotten political writer, who wrote—

‘As plain as man can speak,  
Whose English is half modern (ancient) Greek.’

But certainly Mr. Grote sometimes carries beyond all bounds the privilege (of which the Germans have set him the example) of Anglicising Greek words. We may endure eponyms, autochthons, thalassocracy, hegemony, dêmes, exegetes; but why acephalous? and words as remote from English, and for which we have plain English equivalents? We protest especially against the *Latîngens*, as a word equally foreign to Grecian notions and to the English language. Surely, too, we should leave to novels French words, such as ‘élite,’ ‘coteries,’ ‘protégés,’ and some others, not fairly naturalised, and we hope never to be naturalised among us. Nor are such phrases as, Sophocles ‘the prime political genius of Grecian tragedy,’ to our taste.

These animadversions will be received by Mr. Grote as testimonies of the high opinion which we entertain of his book. We should not have cared to argue such points, unless we supposed that the work—of which on some questions we have ventured to doubt the conclusions—would become an authority with scholars, and occupy a distinguished place among our histories of the older world. We look forward with much interest to his forthcoming volumes—to what may strictly be called the *History of Greece*.

ART. VIII.—*Ægyptens Stelle in der Weltgeschichte, &c.—Egypt's Place in the History of the World: an Historical Treatise, in five books.* By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, Phil. and LL.D.; Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and of the Royal Society of Literature in London; and General Secretary of the Archæological Institute at Rome. Vols. i.—iii. 8vo. Hamburg, 1845.

THE appearance of this variously learned work from the pen of a Prussian Ambassador might well suggest a doubt whether Plato's views were altogether chimerical—whether he merely expressed a wish without looking to the possibility of a realization,—when he proposed to place philosophers at the head of the state. It is certain, at least, that since the beginning of the present century many of the rulers and administrators of Germany have been distinguished as literary men; and some of the greatest names in the annals of German philosophy and scholarship may be found also in the list of ministers and diplomatists. To take the latter field alone, the Chevalier Bunsen, who, in the work before us, attempts a complete solution of all the problems connected with the language and history of ancient Egypt, has been engaged in diplomacy during the best years of his life. At Rome, he had to unravel all the intricacies of a negotiation carried on between a Lutheran monarch and a college of cardinals; in England, he may be required to adjust some of the many questions which must arise between this nation and the country, which has given a new impulse to the trade of Germany, and has endeavoured to form a commercial centre at least for the *disjecta membra* of the Confederation. Yet he has found time to produce works which would seem to demand the undisturbed leisure of a college life. And whom did he succeed in his first appointment? Simply, the greatest philologer of the present generation—Niebuhr, the historian. And among his predecessors at the Court of London he can count a name scarcely less distinguished—William von Humboldt, a man who did more to establish the true theory of language than any one who has lived since Leibnitz.

The numerous readers of Dr. Arnold's correspondence have become well acquainted with our author, and have given him credit for the union of many qualities beyond those which are implied in the mere combination of the scholar with the statesman. Making every deduction which the partiality of the writer may seem to exact, we may well believe that it was no ordinary man of whom Arnold allowed himself to write as he did of M. Bunsen; and we may justly form high expectations of a work to which he has given so many years, and the subject of which has always been of the first interest to the student and the philosopher.

And truly there is no name in ancient history which can rival that of Egypt in the multitude of associations which it calls up in the mind; there is no country known to the activity of modern travellers which is so well worth visiting on its own account. It should seem as if all the sciences which Dr. Whewell calls *palætiological* were destined to verify some at least of their principles in the valley of the Nile. For while the alluvial nature of the soil and the great saurians which still infest the banks of the river present a living picture of the lacustrine period described by geologists, the huge monuments of human art and labour, the deeply-cut inscriptions, the bodies of the dead preserved in their cerements just as they were entombed,—all these have made Egypt a colossal page, distinctly written and highly illustrated, on which the philologist may labour till he has spelt out every syllable. Nor is theology uninterested in the results of Egyptian researches. The sacred traditions, which form the basis of all Christian divinity, lead us back to a people whose contacts with Egypt were continual, and most critically affected their culture and their destinies; and we cannot speak of Israel without having our thoughts directed to Mizraim. From the days of Abraham to the fulness of time, which finally verified the prediction, ‘out of Egypt have I called my Son,’ there is a constant parallelism between the histories of the two nations, and it can scarcely be doubted, that if the many difficulties which still beset the student of the earlier Scriptures are destined ever to receive a full solution, the key must be sought in the land of the Pyramids—the torch must be borrowed from the last runner in the race of Egyptian discovery; for the sphinx still guards the access to the tree of knowledge.

‘Tradition’s legend, History’s page, and many a mould’ring pile,  
 Alike associate with the past thy glory, ancient Nile!  
 ’Tis linked with sacred chronicles, where faithful records tell  
 Of Pharaoh’s pride and punishment, and captive Israel;  
 Nor can the wide earth boast a spot by pilgrim’s footsteps trod,  
 Where have been made more manifest the wondrous works of God.\*

M. Bunsen has given a special character to every book of his work by prefixing the name and portrait of the individual whose intellectual and literary exertions have had most influence in that particular department of his researches. The first book, which is called ‘The Way and Object’ (*Weg und Ziel*), is inscribed to *Niebuhr*, whose profile, somewhat Egyptianised, as the author ad-

\* These lines are from a poem on Egypt in Mr. Bernard Barton’s volume entitled ‘Household Verses’ (1846). The poem is in a higher tone than most of those in the volume; but there are others also that exhibit a loftiness of thought and expression which may perhaps surprise the readers of his former publications. The domestic pieces that predominate are, as usual, the unaffected transcripts of most pure and gentle feelings. Indeed we are acquainted with no writings that leave a more amiable impression of the man: and the circumstances under which they have been composed invest them with a very peculiar interest and value.

mits (vol. ii. p. 9), is represented under a doorway borrowed from the great pyramid of Sakkarah, and surrounded by the symbols of old Egyptian royalty. Some spirited and elegant elegiac distichs dedicate the book to him as the great historical reconstructor of this age; and it is for this reason that he has been selected as the type and the model of historical criticism. 'We wish to express,' says the author (i. p. 20), 'that the true seal and the safest voucher of genuine criticism appears to us to lie not in destruction, but in the recognition and restoration of the historical.'

The subject of the second book is indicated by the name of the great astronomer, geographer, and chronologist, *Eratosthenes* of Cyrene, whose portrait, surrounded by extracts from the table of Karnak, forms the frontispiece of the second volume, and by whose aid the author has endeavoured to restore the chronology of the ancient monarchy.

The illustrious Egyptian, *Manetho*, whose name is prefixed to the third book, has been of course the author's guide in the restoration of the chronology of the middle and new monarchies, which are examined in this part of the work.\*

The fourth book, which is to contain the application of synchronistic tests to the preceding investigations, will be dedicated to the late *Champollion*; and the fifth book, which is designed to connect the author's Egyptian researches with comprehensive speculations on linguistic science, mythology, and ethnography, will be inscribed with the name of the veteran philosopher *Schelling*.

Without exactly embracing the principles of hero-worship advocated by Mr. Carlyle, we like the genial and enthusiastic appreciation of merit which M. Bunsen has evinced not only in this selection of household gods for the five leading subdivisions of his work, but also in the warmth with which he speaks of these and other great men, his predecessors or fellow-labourers, whenever he has occasion to mention their names. His hearty panegyric on *Manetho* (i. p. 88), his ample recognition of the services of *Eratosthenes* (i. p. 158), his acknowledgment of his obligations to his teachers *Heyne* and *Heeren* (i. p. 287), and his early appreciation of *Lepsius*, who has done so much for Egyptian philology—all these and many other traits which we could mention, are indications of that perception of personal merit, and that sympathy with genius wherever it is found, without which a man would be ill qualified to write on Universal History.

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\* M. Bunsen has not been able to avail himself of a treatise by August Böckh, which appeared shortly before the publication of these volumes, under the title: '*Manetho and the Annus Canicularis, a Contribution to the History of the Pharaohs.* Berlin, 1846.' The object of this treatise is to show that *Manetho's Chronology*, even in the historical part, is a mixture of the historical and astronomical (p. 390). We understand that Böckh has since expressed himself satisfied with many of the results of M. Bunsen's labours.

The first and most bulky of the three volumes now before us is divided into two parts of three sections each. The contents of this book are thus described in the preface to the second volume:—

‘The first book has endeavoured to give a general and preliminary proof of the fact that Egyptian tradition rests on a historical basis, and may be reconstructed. This we have done in two ways: in the first three sections, by showing the antiquity and essential agreement of the authorities; in the three last, by establishing the primeval realities, a language and writing, a mythology and civilization, anterior to the oldest monuments as yet known to us, nay even anterior to Menes, who is the starting point of Egyptian chronology and annals.’

It will be seen at once that these introductory sections are themselves so many reviews. It would, therefore, be idle in a single article to attempt traversing all their ground. We shall confine ourselves to a few points, and probably return to others when the work is completed.

The antiquity of the invention of writing is placed beyond the reach of controversy; not only by the age and demonstrable genuineness of the Egyptian documents, but also by the pictorial representation of writing materials—the style and the ink-bottle—on the earliest of their monumental remains (Lepsius, *Preface to the Book of the Dead*, p. 17). Indeed, we should be justified in considering the monuments themselves as tantamount to written authorities; for they are, in effect, the imperishable archives of the land of Ham. But we must be careful, even with these primeval writings before us, and with a clue to their interpretation, that we do not neglect the essential distinction between first and second-hand documents. Granted, that the sculptured and written memorials of the Egyptians are older than those of any other nation, we must never forget that unless the monuments are really contemporary with, or shortly subsequent to, the events and persons whom they commemorate, we have not evidence, but tradition. The discovery of the name of a king on his monument—still more so when that monument is an unopened pyramid—may be taken as indisputable evidence of his historical personality. But the occurrence of a name or series of names in a document, however old, which was drawn up a long time after the supposed existence of the person or persons, is very far from being a proof of the same kind. The pride of sovereignty, and the vanity of a learned priesthood, are too much interested in the fabrication of pedigrees to make such compilations safe materials for history. No one would think of asserting the personality of all the Scottish kings whose so-called portraits coat the walls of Holyrood House; no one would pin his faith to every item of the pedigree of Henry VI., preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; no critical scholar—certainly  
not

not such a scholar as M. Bunsen—would recognise the historical existence of Cecrops, Mars, Neptune, Hellen, Cadmus, Triptolemus, &c. &c., because these names are found in the chronicle of Paros. Now, although we are willing to concede to M. Bunsen that the Karnak series of kings is ‘the most remarkable of all chronologico-historical monuments’ (i. p. 66), and though it affords unquestionably some most important historical evidence, we cannot consent to neglect the distinction between the muniment and the tradition—the deed and the abstract—which the sister of testimony will apply in considering similar documents of more recent date. As the full consideration of the table of Karnak is reserved by M. Bunsen for his fourth book (see i. p. 70), we will not open a discussion upon this subject now; but we must remark in connexion with it, on a matter which properly belongs to the second volume.

M. Bunsen not only admits the personality of Menes of This, the founder of Memphis, but attaches great importance to his historical position. He expressly repudiates the mythical treatment of his name (vol. ii. p. 61), and speaks of him as the real builder of the great city of Lower Egypt, as the great centralizer of the kingdom—in a word, as the Egyptian Charlemagne; indeed, he makes him the relative rather than the absolute commencement of history; for he says (ii. p. 60), ‘the feeling of nationality (*Volks-Bewusstsein*) awakes with Menes, as an Egyptian one; but it rests upon the ground of old recollections belonging to the time of the separate existence of the provinces.’ Now it must be remembered that there is *no documentary evidence of the existence of Menes*. His name is found in the Turin papyrus; and in the palace built by Ramesses-Sesostris, a king of the 19th dynasty, a list of kings begins with an escutcheon which is read MeNA (ii. p. 45). This, as we have already said, is merely evidence for the antiquity of the *tradition*; it does not operate as historical evidence. When, on the contrary, we find that the commencement of civilization, laws, political union, and the like, is indicated in almost all ancient nations by a personification, whose name is identical—the *Menu* of the Indians; the *Menes* of the Egyptians; the *Minos* and *Minyas* of the Greeks; the *Minerva* of the Etruscans; the *Mannus* of the Germans—and when we find that in all these languages this name is connected with a root signifying ‘to think and speak,’ and denoting ‘the mind’ as the constructive and retentive faculty, and ‘man’ as the constructor—Sanscrit, *man*, ‘to think;’ *manas*, ‘the mind;’ *manu’sya*, ‘man;’ Egyptian, *men*, ‘to construct, to establish,’ *month*, ‘man;’ Greek, μέμονα, μέλλω, μένω, μνηύω, &c.; Latin, *maneo*, *mens*, *me-min-i*, *moneo*, *ho-min*, &c.; Gothic, *minan*, *manna*; German, *meinen*, *mund*; English, *mean*, *mind* &c.



&c. &c.; when we find this we must acquiesce in the conclusion that we have before us one and the same tradition; and, in a word, it seems to us impossible to believe that if Minos and the rest are mythical, the Egyptian Menes is historical.

But although criticism compels us to class this commencement of Egyptian history with so many other beginnings which evidently stand on the debatable land between the authentic transmission of events and the figurative representation of more general realities—because the starting point of chronology, situated as it is, ἐν μεταξὺ σκότους, between the daylight of fact and the night of fable, is, like a mountain beyond the bright edge of the moon, the illuminated summit of an invisible base—although we are obliged to make this great exception, we are by no means sceptical as to the general success of M. Bunsen's chronological restoration; nor are we at all disposed to disallow the majority of the results claimed in the recapitulation at the end of this first section (pp. 132—136). One end of his ladder rests firmly on the ground, and we will thankfully accept his laborious reckoning of the steps, although, as at Bethel, the other extremity is lost in the clouds.

M. Bunsen very properly denies any historical weight to the legendary traditions which speak of early contacts between Egypt and Greece. Many of these were merely priests' tales, founded on imaginary or very slight coincidences. Though the name *Iun*, i. e. 'Ionians,' occurs in a papyrus which is supposed to be older than the Trojan war—and though unquestionably the Egyptians were known to the Greeks as a cultivated and important people long before the Homeric poems were framed—Greek researches into Egyptian chronology did not exist in any extended sense of the word before the time of Eratosthenes (p. 158); and we must acknowledge that the Egyptian chronology of Herodotus begins only with Psammetichus (p. 147). Still it must be admitted that it is to the Greeks that we owe the greater part of our knowledge respecting ancient Egypt, and M. Bunsen has well compared the learned Greeks in Egypt to our learned countrymen in India (pp. 124—5); 'Alexandria itself must have been full of Egyptian pundits or hierogrammateis, and Dicæarchus, Eratosthenes, and Apollodorus were no Wilfords; nay, they were in proportion much more learned even than the admirable Presidents of the Asiatic Society, Sir William Jones and Mr. Colebrooke.' The reader will find in p. 151 and the following some good remarks on the union of the Greek with the Egyptian under the Ptolemies, and on the advantages derived by the Egyptians from the peaceful reigns of the first three of these monarchs. There were three epochs in the history of Egyptian researches: for the first we have the genial Ionian, Herodotus; for the second, the

the dry and documentary Egyptian, Manetho; and for the third, the critical Alexandrian, Eratosthenes (p. 176). The lists of this last, though confined to the Memphito-Thebaic kings, are our chief authority for the restoration of the first thirteen dynasties, and it is on the comparison between the fragments of Eratosthenes and Manetho, and the names still preserved on the monuments, that M. Bunsen bases the historical pretensions of his whole chronological system (p. 192). There can be no doubt that Apollodorus the chronographer, who was taught by Aristarchus and by Aristophanes of Byzantium the scholar of Eratosthenes, was the same Apollodorus of Athens who is well known as the author of the mythological 'Bibliotheca' (pp. 161, foll.); and as the lists of Eratosthenes have been transmitted to us through him, we are indebted to his industry not only for a collection of legends scattered through the lost epic poems of the Greeks, and containing many suggestions of the greatest service to the theoretical mythologer, but also for the means of recovering for history the names and dates of the earliest Pharaohs.

It must have occurred to every classical student that the Romans, although aspiring to universal dominion, have done less than any people for universal history. Our author has very happily suggested some of the causes of this Roman indifference to the traditional glories of the nations which they conquered:—

'The Romans knew how to conquer the world, and how to govern the vanquished. They substituted Roman jurisprudence and a regular administration of affairs for the wantonness of court intrigues, for aristocratic violence, and the pernicious contests of democracy. They carried the straight lines of their laws no less than of their roads through all the lands of the earth, and along them marched the legion and the colony, the judge and the publicanus, the language of Cicero, and still more that of Homer and Plato, into the regions of barbarism. Their generals and rulers were at least cultivated, and lovers of art, in some cases learned men. How then did it happen that the Romans, so shamefully inferior to the Greeks whom they despised and ill-treated, did nothing for the languages, manners, and history of the nations of antiquity? Simply for this reason,—because they did not recognize and reverence humanity in any nation but their own, and because a love for knowledge and truth on their own account was a phrase without meaning to them. They recognized no race of men as other than a degraded one; they loved and were beloved by none, because they neither offered nor sought in return the offices of humanity, and did not even confer a benefit except for their own advantage. Their calculating self-love made them essentially beneficial rulers; but they had no esteem for their subjects. The conquered nations were to them objects and not personalities; and this they were not long in discovering. Humanity was to the Roman statesman and practical philosopher—and they never had any but *practical* philosophers—a ministering handmaid with whom it was not worth while, nay even derogatory, to converse, unless she spoke Greek or Latin: for these were the only nations in which they

they admitted a divine ingredient; yet even in the Greek it was not so much for the purely human in which the Greek surpassed all nations even in the days of his grossest debasement;—it was not for this that the Romans loved and honoured him. The life of the Greeks allured them because it was at once convenient and useful to their own mental and bodily self-indulgence; nay, the *os rotundum* of the Greek muse, as imitated by the Romans, by degrees captivated the ear of Roman audiences. Rhetoric borrowed from Athens and Rhodes made people rich and powerful: from the eighth century it was considered good *ton* in the best parts of the city to speak Greek; little flowers of Greek poetry were scattered over their epistolary correspondence, and sometimes it was necessary to quote familiar verses of Homer and the Greek tragic or comic poets; lastly, Greek was very useful to the rulers of the world on their travels. But what end did the other nations serve except that of furnishing to their lords money and the other appliances of comfort and enjoyment?—vol. i. p. 194.

The only exception to these remarks which suggests itself to us (as far as Romans of the first rank are concerned) is the journey of Germanicus to Upper Egypt, and his inquiries addressed to the hierogrammateis of Thebes (Tacitus, *Annal.* ii. 59—61); we can scarcely avoid believing that cosmopolitan notions had begun to dawn in the mind of this extraordinary man; there are many features in his character which show that he had at least partially shaken off the trammels of Roman prejudice; and it was, perhaps, on this account that the wily Tiberius, while he dreaded Germanicus as a possible rival, looked forward with uneasiness to the time when his nephew might be called upon to administer the *arcana imperii*.

In his third section M. Bunsen has examined the chronology of the Hebrew Bible, and the Jewish and Christian systems based upon it. The sentiment with which he has approached this part of the subject will be shown by the following extract (p. 204):—

‘The point of view taken by the present work cannot be ambiguous: it is necessarily that of a purely historical investigation; but presumes withal a feeling of reverence which the chronological statements in the Bible exact, if for no other reason, because the belief of Christians in the facts of revelation has for so many centuries, without interruption, rested upon them, and is still bound up with them. . . . History cannot employ the cogent demonstrations of mathematics, because her department is an infinitely higher one—that of our spiritual and moral convictions. But she demands, all the more on this account, a freedom of spirit and thought; and although standing, as she does, on her Archimedean centre of force—philological criticism—she is occasionally troublesome to theology as well as to philosophy; still, in the long run, she alone prevents the greatest of all evils—a general disbelief in the truth, which cripples the free action of the balance of conscience, and, in all that relates to history, is tantamount to madness.’

Mr. Bunsen being, as we know, a sincerely pious man, it is impossible

impossible that he should intend to treat with any disrespect the authority of the Sacred Scriptures. No chronological scheme, which shall not be reconcilable with those Scriptures, can be sound. To discuss *how* he thinks, or others think, that his scheme may or can be reconciled with Hebrew authority, would, however, be entirely incompatible with our present limits. In the sequel of this article, therefore, we are to be understood as confining ourselves to an exposition of M. Bunsen's scheme—neither adopting his details, nor, on the other hand, deciding that his scheme is irreconcilable with the Hebrew authority.

In the last three sections of this first book, M. Bunsen discusses the language, writing, and mythology of the ancient Egyptians. With regard to the two former subjects, which must be considered in close connexion, the reader will find in Sections iv. and v., and in the Appendices (some of which are from the pen of Moritz Schwartz, the author of the great work on Egypt), more practical information in a short compass than he will meet with in any book known to us. Indeed, for those who desire only a general acquaintance with Egyptian philology, and do not propose to enter formally on the study of Coptic, the details given in the latter half of his first volume will be amply sufficient.

No one who has studied the subject can doubt that the Egyptian language may claim an Asiatic, and, indeed, a Semitic parentage. We are disposed to go further in this opinion than M. Bunsen; and we hold that the Egyptian language was not only Semitic, but is presented to us in the same condition as the Hebrew—perhaps somewhat less disorganized, but exhibiting traces of the same original mechanism, defaced by nearly the same corruptions. M. Bunsen claims for the ancient Egyptian a central position and high functions in the domain of comparative philology. He says in his preface (p. xi.) :—

‘German philology must have exhibited, to every one who has cultivated it since F. Schlegel, the important truth that a method has been discovered of restoring the pedigree of the human race by means of their language; not by means of precarious and detached etymologies, but by detecting and explaining the organic and permanent structure of the several languages according to the different families. If, starting from this point, I was convinced, even by a comparison of the Coptic with old Egyptian words and forms discovered up to that time, of the Asiatic origin of the Egyptians, and of their affinity to the Semitic or Aramaic race; a more general study of language had long ago induced me to think that the training of the human race was specially the work of these two great families of nations, whose relationship cannot be mistaken, but who must have been separated at a very early period. Consequently, from this point of view, universal history could not but appear to me as the history of two races, who, under different names, have played their parts on the great stage of our intellectual development; the Indo-Germanic

Germanic appeared to me as the element which carried on the great stream of universal history; the Aramaic, as that which crossed it, and brought out the episodes in that divine drama. . . . The Egyptian language manifestly stands between the Semitic and the Indo-Germanic: for its forms and roots are not explicable from one only, but point to both of these families. If, then, it is of Asiatic origin, consequently a language introduced by emigration and established in the valley of the Nile; it must furnish us with the means of drawing safe and historical inferences respecting the oldest language of the population of Asia—*i. e.* respecting a period of the development of the human mind in primitive Asia, which is historically defunct.'

We have similar expressions in pp. 338 and 515; and others have stated the same opinion. We are not, however, disposed to entertain such sanguine views respecting the philological results to be expected from a study of old Egyptian. A great deal remains to be done for the Hebrew language, and Egyptian philology will materially facilitate this; but we think that the comparative grammar of the Indo-Germanic languages is already established on a firm basis, to the support of which the discoveries of Egyptologists will not essentially contribute. At all events we cannot accept some of M. Bunsen's comparisons. For example, in p. 350, we have *ar* compared with the English 'are,' *au-i*, 'I am,' &c., compared with the *au* in *αὐ-τός*; *un* compared both with *ἄν* and *unus*. Now, as these Indo-Germanic words are in a tertiary state, having suffered from more than one corruption, it does not seem reasonable to compare them with Egyptian words, which are supposed to be still in their primitive state. In the English 'are,' Anglos., *aron*, we have a corruption of the original *asint*; the *au* in *αὐ-τός* represents the Sanscrit *a-na*, and the Slavonic *ovo* (Bopp, *Vergl. Gr.*, pp. 400, 544); *ἄν* was originally *ἐό-ντις*, and the root of *unus* appears in the other forms *ὄν*, *sine*, *singulus*, &c. Not less objectionable is the comparison (p. 358) between *pēnis* (originally the same as *cauda*, and containing the same root as *penna*, *i. e.* *pes* or *pet*—comp. *schweif* with *schweben*), and *pēnes*, a mere crude form like *tēnus*, and connected with *pēnus*, *pēnitus*, &c.

In Section V., M. Bunsen has discussed at length the different steps in the discovery of the true method of reading the hieroglyphics. Suffice it to say, that hopeless as the task appeared to recover an unknown language by means of an unknown system of writing, the great problem has received more than an approximate solution; and an European may soon be able to qualify himself for the part of *ιερογραμματεὺς* in respect to those ancient writings which claim *Tet* for their author. By a singular chance, each of the great nations of Europe can claim a share in the good work—Denmark, Sweden, England, France, Italy, and Germany

Germany may severally point to Zoega, Akerblad, Young, Champollion, Rosellini, and Lepsius, as having, each in some degree, contributed to the elucidation of the subject. It is perhaps a question of secondary importance in what state of illumination the torch passed from one hand to another; there can, however, be no doubt that the greatest results have been achieved by Young, Champollion, and Lepsius. We are not yet called upon to pass any judgment on the labours of the last of these three, who is still a young man,\* and has, we hope, many years of usefulness before him. With regard to Young and Champollion, of whom it is the fashion to speak as rivals, we may be well content to leave to each of them his own share of the credit which they have both fully earned. The case between them seems to be this. A man, having laboriously travelled along a difficult road, in search of a definite object, and having on his way put aside many obstacles which might impede those who should follow him, is overtaken, at a place where the road divides, by a lightly-equipped traveller, who recalls him from the wrong road, which he had begun to follow, and points out, by his natural shrewdness, that the other way is most likely to lead him to his journey's end. The lightly-equipped traveller does not, however, follow the painful wayfarer for more than a few steps on the right road, and on that short journey is saved from tripping by the strong arm of his friend, who goes on patiently and stoutly till he has won the wished-for goal. Let us give the keen-sighted guide all the praise which his ingenious sagacity deserves; but let us not, from national jealousy, seek to deprive the more persevering pilgrim of his meed of fame. A very partial English writer has ventured to say—'M. Champollion has no claim of any kind as a *discoverer* of the phonetic value of Egyptian hieroglyphics.'† M. Bunsen, on the contrary, observes (p. 381):—'Young had commenced with mere guess-work, and ended with finding out *two* important names out of some twenty; what he has really decyphered and discovered is absolutely nothing.' We believe the case to be as we have put it; and in

\* Charles Richard Lepsius was born at Naumburg in 1810, and attended successively the universities of Leipsig, Göttingen, and Berlin. He thus enjoyed the best philological education which a young man could receive; for while he has studied the classical languages both according to the old critical system under Hermann, and in the rival school of C. O. Müller and Boeckh, he has had an opportunity of learning Oriental and Teutonic philology under Bopp and the two Grimms. Having attracted the notice of M. Bunsen by his earliest essays, he was recommended to apply himself to the study of Coptic, and was enabled by the generosity of the Prussian government to spend some time in Paris for this purpose; he was afterwards engaged, at the expense of the Royal Academy of Berlin, in collecting the Umbrian and Oscan inscriptions scattered over Italy; and was since then despatched by the King of Prussia to Egypt, whence he returned some short time since, having successfully accomplished the objects of his mission.

† *Libr. Ent. Kn., Egypt. Antiq., ii. p. 350.*

this, as in other instances, we prefer the *bonâ fide* workman to the byestander who points out occasional improvements.

At the end of this volume M. Bunsen has given a most valuable collection of all the hieroglyphics at present understood, according to the classification adopted by Champollion, and improved by Lepsius: *i. e.* A. the objective signs, which are either figurative or symbolical; B. the determinative signs; C. the syllabarium and alphabet; and D. the mixed signs. There can be no doubt that the phonetic signs are subsequent to the objective and determinative hieroglyphics; and showing, as they do, a much higher power of abstraction, they must be considered as an infinitely more valuable contribution to the art of writing. But the Egyptians have conferred a still greater boon on the world; if their hieroglyphics were to any extent the origin of the Semitic alphabet (see Ewald, *Gesch. d. Volks Israel*, i. p. 474), which has formed the basis of almost every known system of letters.

M. Bunsen has, of course, discussed the celebrated passage of Clemens Alexandrinus (*Strom.*, v., p. 237). His interpretation (p. 395) does not materially differ from that of Letronne. The difficult passage—*τοὺς γοῦν τῶν βασιλέων ἐπαίνους θεολογουμένοις μύθοις παραδίδοντες, ἀναγράφουσι διὰ τῶν ἀναγλυφῶν*—is explained as follows (p. 56):—‘This description has not been understood hitherto. We have no doubt, however, that by the *anaglyphs* are meant the *monumental writing* applied to books, as distinguished from the *book-writing*, properly so called—*i. e.* that which we term the *hieratic*. For the former alone was the engraved and holy writing, and was on this account designated the *hieroglyphic*.’

The subject of the last section of the first volume—‘the Mythology of the Egyptians’—is more nearly connected than might at first sight be supposed with that of the preceding division of the work. The long continuance of a pictorial and figurative system of writing among the Egyptians, and the slow, and, after all, imperfect development of the phonetic syllabarium, must be referred to the same source as their pictorial and figurative representation of their idea of the Deity; just as, on the contrary, the early adoption by the people of Israel, of an alphabet properly so called, must be regarded as one among many proofs which they gave of their powers of abstraction, and, consequently, of their fitness for a more spiritual worship. Civilization and city-life they found in the country which they sought no less than in the land which they left; but it was the civilization of sensual life—a knowledge of the ways and means to gratify the lower appetites, coupled with a total want of that higher cultivation which can only spring from an habituation of the mind to abstract thought. Gross vices and coarse idolatry combined with the civilization of sensual life were to be found among the Egyptians and

and Canaanites, as Cortez found them among the Mexicans; but all this was without—perhaps was incompatible with—any pure notions of God, and any rational form of adoration. With all this the Egyptians and Mexicans had their hieroglyphics or picture-writing; and we could, if the occasion served, prove the same with regard to the Canaanites. A recent writer has observed, that ‘the invention of alphabets, or of writing, in the modern sense of the word, was the first step towards the overthrow of idolatry; and it is a remarkable fact, that Europe owes her alphabet to the only nation which, in the remote ages, preserved itself to any considerable extent from the worship of symbols’ (Donaldson, *New Cratylus*, p. 50); and a friend has just placed in our hands a little book, published anonymously in 1772, with the title ‘Conjectural Observations on the Origin and Progress of Alphabetic Writing,’ in which we find the following remarks (p. 51):—‘Symbolic writing, amongst the Egyptians, may reasonably be presumed to have been one source of their idolatrous worship, with which the Israelites were infected at the coming out from Egypt; the establishment, therefore, of an alphabetic character, at this period, was intended probably to put a stop to the progress of this contagion; and this was further guarded against by the command of God, to make to *themselves* no images whatever, to bow down before them as the symbols of His person.’ (comp. *Exod.* xx. with *Deut.* iv.). Believing, as we do, that these remarks are well founded, and regarding the Egyptians as a Semitic nation, we are bound to look upon their religion as one of the early corruptions of the primitive faith of man; and instead of deriving other religions from it, we should rather feel disposed to extract, where we could, from its crude symbolism the fragmentary remains of a purer and better worship.

M. Bunsen has earned the thanks of philologists by his careful examination of the lists of Egyptian divinities. These present themselves to us in three cycles. The first consisting of eight, or originally twelve, divinities; the second, of twelve gods; the third comprising the Isis and Osiris group. Menes, a prince of Upper Egypt, became the centralizer of the provincial monarchies, by uniting them under one government at Memphis, and thus making one *Misraim* out of two *Misr*. The outlines of his system would consist of the following six divinities (p. 456):—

1. *Ammon*, “the hidden god.”
2. *Khem*, “the phallic god,” or productive nature.
3. *Kneph* (*A-nub-is*), “the spirit,” or world-creating idea, who forms the divine limbs of Osiris, the primal soul, in opposition to
4. *Ptah*, who, as real demiurgus, forms the *visible* world.
5. *Neith*, the creative principle—as nature, feminine.
6. *Ra*, her son, the father and nourisher of the earthly.



As early, however, as the fifteenth century B. C., Ammon is called *Ammon-Ra*, i. e. Ammon who is the Sun, as the beginning and end of cosmogonic formation. Of these six deities, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, belong to the Thebais; and Nos. 4, 5, 6, to Lower Egypt: the last two probably to Sais and Heliopolis. In p. 459, M. Bunsen has adduced reasons for believing that the holy number 12 was observed in the original series of gods; and he has made it clear (p. 481), that Herodotus was right when he designated the twelve gods of the second cycle as the offspring of the oldest divinities: thus *Khunsu* was the son of *Ammon*; *Tet* of *Kneph*; *Atumu* and *Pecht* of *Ptah*; and the remaining eight of *Ra*. With regard to the third cycle, he has shown (p. 484) that Isis and Osiris are the first and second cycles repeated, so that some manifestation of these divinities corresponds to almost every development in those former systems.

A fuller examination of the mythology of Egypt is promised in a future volume; and we shall be happy to have an opportunity of returning to the subject when that has made its appearance.

The second and third volumes carry us along on a full flowing stream of chronology from the shadowy days of Menes down to the establishment of a Greek monarchy in Egypt.

The critical researches, by means of which M. Bunsen has, we think, in the main most satisfactorily reconciled the lists of Eratosthenes and Manetho with the documentary evidence of the old monuments, and with one another, deserve to be carefully studied by the philological student. We will here state, for the benefit of the more general reader of history, the results at which he has arrived. We do not indeed profess to be satisfied with all the details; but our limits will not allow us to discuss every objection which has occurred to us, and even if this were not the case we should still think it wiser to suspend our judgment till Lepsius has published the additional authorities which he has collected. Then, perhaps, our greatest doubts will be removed, or, it may be, our most confident anticipations will be disappointed. In the meantime, M. Bunsen's readers should remember that they have to deal, not with a crude speculator or a rash enthusiast, who is eager for the temporary establishment of a particular hypothesis, but with a sober-minded and conscientious man, who has already manifested a willingness to admit his errors (II. p. 4), and who is anxious only for the discovery of truth. Above all, we must not fall into the error of supposing that M. Bunsen's chronological investigations presume a more extended knowledge of the old Egyptian language than we at present possess. It is one thing to be able to read the proper names of kings in the Table of Karnak, another thing to be able to decipher and explain a page of the *Todtenbuch*. The latter is a task which M. Bunsen would shrink

from

from attempting (I. p. 320), and which must be left to the bolder genius of Dr. Edward Hincks, or M. Seyffarth. But we believe that all competent Egyptologists would agree in the transcriptions of 99 out of 100 royal cartouches.

In the year 3643 B.C. the Thinite Monarch Menes (according to us, a type of civilization) descended the Nile from his original settlement in the Thebais, and established at Memphis the metropolis of united Misraim, just as Theseus centralized the provincial governments of Attica. The dynasty of 'the Civilizer' lasted for 190 years, and while one branch of his family continued the succession in Upper Egypt, another, the third dynasty as it is called, reigned for 224 years at Memphis,\* and carried forward the process of social development which Menes had begun, introducing a symbolical worship, improving the system of writing, and founding a class-division of the Egyptians. The fourth dynasty also reigned at Memphis, not far from whence stand their world-famous monuments, the Pyramids of Gizeh. The duration of this dynasty was 155 years. While the fifth dynasty was ruling at Elephantine, the ninth and tenth at Heracleopolis, and the eleventh at Thebes, the throne of Memphis was occupied during 273 years by the sixth, seventh, and eighth dynasties. The great and beneficent labours, by which the Fayoum was converted into the most fertile district in Egypt, are attributed to Mœris (*Merira-Apappus*), a king of the sixth dynasty, whose name a late posterity will still connect with the *Birket el Keirun*. The two dynasties, which reigned at Heracleopolis in the Delta during the 166 years duration of the seventh and eighth dynasties, indicate a period of distraction and decadency in the realm of Memphis; the monarchy, however, was gloriously revived by the twelfth, a Theban house, which reigned 147 years, and which claims the Labyrinth, as well as some share in the legendary glories of Sesostris. In the reign of the third king of the thirteenth dynasty, and after that house had ruled Egypt 87 years, the invasion of the *Hyk-sôs* overthrew the old monarchy, 1076 years after Menes, and 2568 years B.C.

Not the least interesting and important of the views which M Bunsen presents to us is his mode of exhibiting the relation between the Pyramids and the lists of kings, and between the groups of Pyramids and the dynasties of the old monarchy. If we examine any good map of the district in which the Pyramids stand, we shall be able to reckon up twenty-nine of these structures, one of which contains several sepulchral chambers. Now

\* It does not appear to us that there is any sufficient reason for rejecting Manetho's numbers—17 years for the 4th reign, and 214 years for the whole dynasty. At any rate this would be a simple remedy for M. Bunsen's oversight in II. p. 112, where he has written (l. 15) 245 instead of 253.

there are just thirty-two kings and queens of the old monarchy (reckoning from the beginning of the third dynasty to the sixth king of the twelfth dynasty, both inclusive), for whom we should expect to find pyramidal graves; for there is no evidence of such a grave for any monarch earlier than the third dynasty, who claim the Pyramids of Sakkarah; and the sixth king of the twelfth dynasty, *Menes-Amenemhe*, built a pyramid for himself by the side of a different kind of monument—the *Labyrinth*. Moreover there is good reason for believing that the first and fifth kings of the fourth dynasty were buried in the same grave, and Nitocris, of the sixth dynasty, was buried in the Pyramid of Mycerinus. We have, therefore, only thirty sovereigns to provide with monuments of this description, and we have exactly twenty-nine Pyramids. We can hardly, therefore, refuse to acquiesce in M. Bunsen's conclusion that the great Pyramids correspond to the rulers of the old monarchy according to the list of Eratosthenes, and that they are the graves of the kings from the beginning of the third dynasty down to Mares, who built the Labyrinth.

It is a most impressive confirmation of the general truth of historical tradition that we have still standing on the verge of the desert such stupendous vouchers for the fragmentary list of Eratosthenes. These 'wild enormities of ancient magnanimity,' as Sir T. Browne calls them, should be accepted by us as a providential scripture which tells the tale of the past, and proves it even in our very eyes. Occupied as we are by the bustle of the present, we are but too apt to look upon ancient history as little more than a dim series of possible occurrences; and it is often found more easy—as often thought more critical—to deny than to believe. It is, therefore, a great fact that the most ancient profane history known to us is thus confirmed by authorities which cannot be mistaken or thrown aside, and that while the colossal grave-stones of the old monarchy of Egypt raise their time-furrowed summits to the sky, we shall always be able to look on the register of Eratosthenes as referring (to a large extent, at least) to real persons whose works remain behind them. In this view, it is difficult to estimate too highly the laborious and costly exertions of our countryman, Colonel Howard Vyse, to whom, and to his coadjutor, Mr. Perring, we are indebted for a perfect acquaintance with the dimensions, structure, and destination of these monuments. The second volume of the work before us is enriched with additional communications from Mr. Perring, and with most of the results and some of the more important plans and drawings from Colonel Vyse's splendid publication.

When we speak of the Pyramids, we generally revert, in thought at least, to the group at Gizeh, which are not only most remarkable from their greater altitude and from the neighbouring

ing wonder of the Sphinx, but also most accessible, from their proximity to Cairo, to the many English travellers who pass through that city. Besides, they are more particularly described than any of the others by the Greek historians, and there are few young students of classical literature to whom the names of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus are unknown. M. Bunsen's present restoration of the fourth dynasty (in 1839 he adopted a somewhat different arrangement), and the Pyramids which he assigns to each king, are as follows :—

Eratosthenes.	Monumental Names.	Pyramids built by them.
1. ΣΑΩΦΙΣ I.....	CHUFU ( <i>Cheops</i> ) .....	Second Pyramid at Gizeh.
2. ΣΑΩΦΙΣ II.....	CHNEMU-CHUFU ( <i>Chephren</i> ) .....	Great Pyramid.
3. ΜΕΓΧΕΡΗΣ I.....	MEN-KE-U-RA ( <i>Mycerinus</i> ) .....	Third Pyramid.
4. ΜΕΓΧΕΡΗΣ II.....	MEN-KE-RA=NEFRU-KERA.	
5. ΧΑΦΗΣ.....	SCHA-FRA.....	Completion of the Great Pyramid.

It will be observed by the philologer that there is a reciprocal interchange in the initial letters of the first and last names in the two columns—that while Eratosthenes softens the guttural in *Saôphis* for *Chufu*, he hardens the sibilant in *Chephres* for *Schafra*. This is a natural process as common in old Egyptian as in other languages. (See Schwartze, *Das alte Egypten*, p. 1299-1301.) *Chufu* is probably not a proper name, but an epithet signifying 'covetous' (χρηματιστής, according to Eratosthenes; in Coptic *Djóf*=*avarus*, see *Urkundenbuch*, p. 63). One of Colonel Vyse's discoveries was the sepulchral chamber, sarcophagus, and corpse of the good *Mycerinus*, in the third Pyramid. The sarcophagus itself was unfortunately lost off the coast of Spain on its voyage to England; but the lid, with its inscription, and the body of the king, are now in the British Museum. M. Bunsen has some happy remarks on this subject (ii. p. 178) :—

'The bones of the two oppressors, who for two generations tormented hundreds of thousands day after day, have been torn from their sepulchral chambers, which were destined to defy the curiosity and destructiveness of men, and preserve their bodies for ever from the annihilation which they dreaded. Nay, Diodorus relates an Egyptian tradition according to which both of these kings, owing to the apprehensions which were entertained of a violent outbreak of popular fury, were silently deposited in humble graves, and never occupied their Pyramids. But the good and philanthropic king, who put an end to the inhuman oppression of the people; and in consequence of this lived in poetry and song even to the latest times as the people's darling, has, even to our days, although his coffin has been broken open, remained in his own Pyramid, and has now, rescued from the mass of ruins, found a resting-place worthy of him! A notable destiny! The old monarchy of the Pharaohs, of which he was the eighteenth ruler, has passed away; two other monarchies have followed it, and the destroyers of the most ancient have

also made their exit from the stage of history. The gods of Egypt have crumbled into dust; son of the Pharaohs\* is a name of reproach in the Pharaohs' land; even the language has grown dumb among the people, and threatens to vanish from the altars, where, though for the most part an unknown tongue, it used to be transmitted. The body of Mencheres, however, now rests more securely than it did 5000 years ago—in the world-ruling island, which is protected by the might of freedom and civilization still more than by the waves which encircle it—amid the treasures of every realm of nature, and the most sublime remains of human art. May its rest there, in the onward course of universal history, never be disturbed !'

One of the results of Mr. Perring's researches has been to establish the symmetrical proportions of the Egyptian Pyramids. He has shown that the unit of Egyptian measurement, the ell = 1·713 English feet, is expressed a certain number of times without remainder in the correct admeasurement of the Pyramids of Gizeh—*e. g.* the perpendicular height of the great Pyramid is exactly 280 of such ells, the base exactly 448. The relation between the elements of the admeasurement is as follows:—

$\frac{1}{2}$  base : perpendicular height : : slant height : base.

The ability to observe these proportions in itself indicates at least a certain amount of science; and it proves to us that even the colossal masses which these antique kings of Egypt raised over their graves were works of art, built according to a fixed design, and exhibiting in their bold proportions an idea of symmetry. In the first instance, no doubt, the Egyptians, like other ancient nations, raised over the graves of their kings only rude tumuli of earth. Such a monument was the mound of Alyattés in Lydia (Herod. i. 93), which, however, had a stone basis; similar masses of earth were raised in honour of the Scythian kings (Herod. iv. 71), and are still found in Russia; and we have something of the same kind in the conical hill near Avebury in Wiltshire. The Egyptians would naturally begin at an early period to substitute structures of brick or stone for mere coacervations of soil, which they would hardly find available in a sandy desert. The basis of their labours would be a bare rock which would also serve as a core to the building. With regard to the coating of the Pyramids, M. Bunsen remarks (vol. ii. p. 84) that the practice of building in regular layers, which was adopted as early as the Fourth Dynasty, was in itself a near approximation to the invention of the arch; but he does not think that this consequence followed in the old monarchy—an opinion which has been confirmed by the researches of Lepsius (p. viii.). And though the constructive principle of

\* M. Bunsen is here alluding to the term *gins-el-farauni*, i. e. 'descendant of Pharaoh,' which the Arabs apply, by way of reproach, to the Christians in Egypt. Like *Giaour*, *Feringhi*, &c., it is used to signify 'unbeliever.'

the true arch is involved in buildings like the subterraneous chamber of Minyas at Orchomenos, and the treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ (see Sir W. Gell, apud Rich in *Dict. of Gr. and Roman Antiquities*, s. v. *Arcus*), the earliest examples that we have of the stone arch are to be found in the cloaca at Rome, and the nearly contemporary tomb at Sakkarah, *i. e.* about 600 B.C. (Wilkinson, *Thebes*, pp. 81, 126). The columnar architecture of the Egyptians assumed an elegance nearly Grecian at a very early period. The tomb of Amenemhe, a general of Sesortosis I., is adorned with pillars which are a very close approximation to the Doric (Bunsen, vol. ii. p. 308); and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson suggests (*Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iii. p. 310), that the latter capital is but a shortened form of the unopened lotus bud, which was a favourite ornament with the ancient Egyptians. The Philistines, of whose relationship with the Egyptians we shall presently speak, and who had many contacts with Egypt, seem to have used columns as the sole support of their roofs. Samson's suicidal massacre of his enemies at Gaza is explicable only on this supposition. The description in Milton is quite unintelligible:—

‘ The building was a spacious theatre,  
*Half-round*, on two main pillars *vaulted* high,  
 With seats, where all the lords to each degree  
 Of sort might sit in order to behold;  
 The other side was open,’ &c.

And he speaks afterwards of the


‘ two massy pillars  
 That to the *arched* roof gave main support.’

The most simple view of the matter seems to be this:—the nobles of the Philistines were assembled in the temple of Dagon, which was probably divided by a façade of lofty columns from an open court, as was the case also with temples in Egypt. Samson was sent for to perform feats of agility and strength (the Syriac version says ‘he danced,’ *i. e.* ἐνόπλια χαλκῶδεις ἐπαιζεν—Pind. Ol. xiii. 86, or something of the kind) in this open court; and as the temple itself was crowded with the patricians, three thousand spectators of the lower order witnessed the performances of the captive giant from the flat battlemented roof. Having performed his appointed task, Samson returned to his post between the two central pillars of the façade, and having by his superhuman strength removed these—the central support of the building—the overloaded roof fell in. As these columns stood close together, it is clear from the narrative that the façade must have consisted of pairs of columns at considerable intervals at least from one another. There seem to be good reasons for believing that the Egyptians, no less than the Philistines, derived this more open style of columnar architecture from their Asiatic neighbours.

See a paper of Lepsius in the *Annali dell' Istituto*, 1837 (especially pp. 66, 90).

But, to return to the Pyramids. M. Bunsen, although he very properly admits that the name of the Sphinx is as little Egyptian as the gender which the Greeks have given it, does not hesitate to deny the Greek origin of the word Pyramid; and confidently adopts the conjecture of Ignazio de Rossi, that the word is Egyptian, signifying *pe-ram*, 'the height;' so that the Greek pronunciation has only made the same change as in the *πίρωμις* of Herodotus, for *pe-rómi*, 'the man.' Now we are not only prepared to re-assert the prevalent opinion that *πυραμῖς* is as good a Greek word as *σφίγξ*—that Herodotus never speaks of Egyptian objects by any but Greek names (we will speak of *λαβύρινθος* by and bye)—and that the Greeks, having names of their own for all the other mathematical figures, would not have gone to Egypt to find a term for the Pyramid—a form so familiar to them that we should as soon think of asserting that the Greeks got the name of their letter *Delta* from the district so called, as that they derived from the same country their designation for this combination of four *Deltas* :\*—we are not only prepared to reassert this and more to the same effect; but we are convinced that the Hebrew Scriptures have preserved the genuine Egyptian names of the *Pyramid* and the *Sphinx*; names which present slightly modified forms of the same Semitic root. As we conceive that this may possibly be productive of some fruitful results, we will give here some of the steps of the process.

Several writers have remarked that the Book of Job is full of allusions to Egypt; that chap. iii. verse 14 refers to the tombs of the Egyptian kings; that chap. xix. verse 24 contains a description of the mode of carving hieroglyphics on stone and colouring the traces; that chaps. xl. (*a v. 15 ad fin.*) and xli. describe the hippopotamus and the crocodile; and so on: and Ewald (whom M. Bunsen quotes) does not hesitate to translate the first passage thus: 'with the kings and counsellors of the earth who built *pyramids* for themselves.' But Ewald has got upon a wrong scent in endeavouring to connect the word *הַרְבֹּת*, *hharâbôth*, through the Arabic *هَرَام* *harâm*, with our word *pyramid*: and no one, we believe, has examined this Hebrew word according to the rules of sound philology. *Ihharâbôth* is, of course, the plural of *hhârbâh*, a feminine derivative from the root *hhâréb*, 'to be dry.' Other derivatives from the same root are *Hhôrêb*, 'the lower summit of Sinai;' and *hhereb*, 'a sharp instrument.' Omitting

\* The base of the Greek Pyramid was generally triangular: that of the Egyptian Pyramid quadrangular. It has perhaps escaped the notice of many readers of Mr. Southey's book, 'The Doctor,' that the figure on the title-page is  a pyramid, i. e., four  $\Delta$ 's standing for 'Doctor Daniel Dove, Doncaster.'

the points, our root is *rb* with the strong guttural prefix. Now we have precisely the same combination of elements, with the same varieties of meaning in the Greek words, *καρφω*, *κορυφή*, *γράφω*, (by-form *γ-λύφω*), *χ-ραύω*, *χέ-ραβ-ος* (= *χάσμα γῆς*, Hesychius), *Κά-ρπα-θος* a lofty island (*ὕψηλὴ ἔστι*, Strabo, p. 489A), &c.: Latin, *ca-rp-o*, *s-c-rob-s*, *s-c-rup-us*, *s-c-rof-a*, *s-c-rũ-tari* (where the labial is absorbed), *s-c-rib-o* (by-forms, *s-ca-lp-o*, *s-cu-lp-o*), &c.: Gothic, *g-rab-an*, *g-rob-a*: Anglo-Saxon, *g-ræf-an*, *s-ceo-rf-ian*, *g-leav*, &c.: Russian, *g-rob-niza*, 'a grave,' *po-g-rehʒ*, 'a cellar,' &c.: German, *g-rab-en*, *s-c-h-reib-en*, *s-chũ-rf-en*, &c.: English, G-RAV-E, &c. Without taking up our readers' time, therefore, by pointing out the metaphysical thread of connexion which runs through these words, we feel sure that the Egyptians called their Pyramids by a word derived from the root *h̄hârēb*, which seems capable of expressing any one of the ideas suggested by the object—the rocky grave over which it was built, and the dry, barren, and pointed covering which stood upon it. The Greek word *πυραμῖς* (compare *πυρήν*) seems to us to have expressed originally some vegetable product—probably, a sharp-pointed grain;—at all events, the quantity of the first syllable indicates that it is connected with *πυρός* 'wheat,' in the same way as *κεγχραμῖς* ('one of the small grains in a fig,' or 'an olive-kernel') is connected with *κέγχρος* 'millet,' and *κυκλαμῖς* 'sow-bread' with *κύκλος*.\*

With regard to the *Sphinx*, it appears to have been a sort of hieroglyphic symbol, common to nearly all the nations of antiquity. The idea attached to the symbol was the same everywhere. It expressed the difficulty and danger of attempting to compass the distant and the forbidden but tempting objects of human desire. The gold-defending gryphons of the Indians (Herod. iii. 116); Cerberus, who blocked the access to Hades; the fire-breathing dragon which guarded the apples of the Hesperides, and the golden-fleece in Colchis; the Simurg and Rock of

\* In a thick volume, entitled *Naology*, by a Reverend Mr. Dudley, of Leicestershire, which is just published, we find an entirely new derivation of the word *Pyramid*. 'The name was probably given by the builders' (i.e. the *Auritæ* of Bryant) 'and was a compound of *pi* and *aur*, signifying the element of fire, to which the votaries of that element did dedicate it' (p. 92). He also holds it to be certain that the *everlasting hills* (in *Gen.* xlix. 26) are not natural mountains but the Pyramids of Gizeh, because natural hills are, and Pyramids are not, everlasting! *Mons, a non movendo*, is nothing to this! Perhaps, however, we could have expected little else from a writer who has discovered ancient British idols in the Gog and Magog of Guildhall (p. 172). We do not observe that Mr. Dudley has lighted on a similar great truth in regard to the gigantic Highlander who figures as the *Lar Familiaris* of tobacco-nomads. We venture to suggest, for the benefit of the second edition of *Naology*, that the said Highlander is not a mere corporal of the 42nd taking snuff, according to the vulgar notion, but an authentic, historical portrait of Prince Vortigern, dressed in the painted robe

'Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.'



the Persians and Arabs; and the dragon which protected the Nibelungen-hort, are but so many expressions of the same notion. The gryphon, the dragon, and the Greek sphinx generally had wings; the Egyptian sphinx was generally without them. But there was no other essential difference in the symbols; for the head of the Egyptian sphinx was not always human; and the gryphons, as they are depicted on the monuments, were merely sphinxes with eagles' heads. A temple of Bacchus in Scythia was surrounded by figures of sphinxes intermingled with gryphons (σφιγγες τε καὶ γρύπες, Herod. iv. 79). Now the name Σφίγξ, which is a purely Greek word, signifies 'the throttler,' just as δράκων is 'the watcher,' κύων 'the holder,' λείων 'the seizer;' and all these names are used to denote the guardian of inaccessible treasures.\* M. Bunsen observes (ii. p. 360), 'the sphinx asserts her right: she is the enigma of history.' This is true, inasmuch as we are ignorant *who* set up the great Sphinx at Gizeh. But we can hardly doubt *why* it was placed there; and having a good reason for this, we may infer that it was erected by those who felt the full significance of the Pyramid-graves. For the sphinx in general represented 'a guardian;' and in Egypt long rows of them formed avenues of approach to temples. We conceive then that the great Sphinx, though not mentioned by Herodotus, must have been erected soon after the Pyramids, to which it formed a significant appendage.† Little

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\* We believe that we have the Egyptian name of the Sphinx in the word כְּרֹב *krúb*. That the Hebrews employed Egyptian words to denote even their religious symbols is clear from the *Urim* and *Thummim* (see Wilkinson's *Ancient Egypt*, ii., p. 27), and the word כְּרֹב, which is not explicable from the Hebrew language alone, has every appearance of being connected with the Sanscrit *grabh*, Gothic *grepan*, and the Greek γ-ρό-ς and κέ-ρβ-ερος. Moreover, the old Egyptian *rabn*, 'a lion,' is the same word with the initial guttural omitted, as in λέων, compared with ἐ-λέων=ἐλάν. We have a precisely similar case of a guttural prefixed to the liquid in the Greek and Latin *Ca-nobus*, Hebrew *G-núb*, which are derived from the old Egyptian *nub* (Bunsen, ii. p. 6).

† Mr. Birch's theory (Vyse's *Pyramids*, iii. p. 116), that the Sphinx at Gizeh 'probably represented, under the character of the sun, the monarch by whose orders the image was constructed,' is based on the inscriptions discovered by M. Cavignia between the paws of the monster. Now Mr. Birch has himself given sufficient reasons for believing that the tablets in question were of much later date than the Sphinx, and they indicate that the Sphinx was an idol or object of worship in the days of the XVIIIth dynasty. That the Sphinx may have represented the sun, among other instruments of divine power, is very possible. The *Mal' hákaim* of the Jews are represented as fire, wind, thunder, and other manifestations of divine power and majesty (*Psalms* civ. 4, &c.). In the hieroglyphics the Sphinx stands for *akr*, 'victory,' and *neb*, 'lord' (Champollion, *Dict.* 127). With regard to the former, the Hebrew scholar is well aware that the word חֲבִיר *'habír*, which signifies 'strong,' and contains the same root as the Sanscrit *virá*, Lat. *vir*, is used to signify 'the angels of God' in *Ps.* lxxviii. 25; the Egyptian *Apis* in *Jer.* xli. 15; and 'bulls' in general as symbols of strength in *Ps.* l. 13, and elsewhere. The substantive *'hávir* denotes the Supreme Being himself, and the cognate word גִּבּוֹר *gi-bór*, which usually signifies 'a man of prowess,'

Little as we speak now-a-days of the *Labyrinth*, in comparison with the Pyramids, the manner in which ancient writers descant upon it, and the minute, at least, if not always intelligible descriptions which they have left us, hardly allow us to doubt that it must have been even a greater wonder than their tombs of kings. A quadrangle of hewn stone, without a fragment of wood in the structure, roofed all over with solid masonry, containing 27 great courts (*αὐλαί*), and 1500 smaller chambers (*οἰκήματα*), which were surrounded by colonnades and crypts, opening into one another, at varying intervals, so as to leave a zig-zag approach to the inner courts—such a building, with the adjoining Pyramid-grave of the monarch who erected it, must together have been one of the most elaborate monuments devised or executed by man. M. Bunsen has most carefully examined the passages which speak of this edifice, and from them has drawn up a very distinct account of its architecture. His ideas, which are represented in a ground plan by Mr. Arundale (pl. xxi.), are confirmed not only by the designs on some Egyptian amulets in the British Museum, but, subsequently to the printing of this volume, by the more decisive fact that Lepsius, on carefully examining the ruins at Howara, has found the Labyrinth just as M. Bunsen described it:—‘We regard it (he says, *Pref.* vol. ii. p. vii.) as the fairest meed of our investigation, that we have correctly arranged and restored the *Labyrinth*. No one would really doubt after Jomard that it must have been where the ruins have been found. We had, however, besides, in spite of the accounts of modern writers, and even Perring, taken our stand on the position, supported by Strabo and Herodotus, that it must have been a quadrangle of nearly equal sides. Moreover, following the spirit of Egyptian architecture, and supported by certain coins and amulets, we had insisted on rectilinear lines for the interior, without any of the so-called labyrinthine, winding passages. Finally, we had said that it was the work of Amenemhe III. This is just what Lepsius has found on the spot: he has found it quadrangular with rectilinear chambers and passages, and everywhere covered with the shields of that monarch.’ We share in the satisfaction which M. Bunsen must feel in this confirmation of his literary researches; but we cannot think that his views derive any support from the etymology which he proposes for the word Labyrinth, namely *Ra-Murés*, ‘the gate (habitation, *i. e.* grave) of Amenemhes-Mares:’ on the

is applied to the sun, who goes forth as from a darkened bridal chamber, and rides the lazy-pacing clouds in all the plenitude of majesty and strength (*Ps.* xix. 5; *Jud.* v. 31). Another derivative from the same root, *רַבִּי*, *g'-vî*, signifies ‘lord,’ like the Egyptian *neb*; and ‘*hadōndî*, ‘my lord,’ is the common phrase used in addressing angels (*e. g.* *Gen.* xix. 18). The book of Enoch expressly distinguishes between the angels of *power* and the angels of the Lord (Laurence, *Enoch*, p. 66).

contrary,

contrary, we think that the indubitable etymology of this indubitably Greek word might have led him to his idea of the restoration of the building. For the form of λαβύρινθος is as clearly Greek as that of μῆρ-ινθος, τερέβ-ινθος, ὑάκ-ινθος, &c., and the proper names, Κόρ-ινθος, Πέρ-ινθος, Ἀράκ-ινθος, &c.; and is it conceivable that the island of Crete, which had a town called Σύρ-ινθος should not own the λαβύρ-ινθος of its Cnossians as a home-bred term? Now the common adjective λάβρος is written also λαῦρος (λάβρος); and most scholars recognise the same affinity between λαβύρ-ινθος and λαύρα (more recently written λάβρα), which latter word signifies not only a narrow passage between two houses, but also a covered way, *e. g.* the cloacae of a town (Aristoph. *Pac.* 99, 158), or the shaft of a mine; whence Λαυρείον, 'a place of shafts,' *i. e.* the silver mines in Attica. See Welcker, *Die Aeschylische Trilogie*, p. 212, and Wordsworth, *Athens and Attica*, p. 209 (note). As the Greek λαῖραι were always rectilinear, this etymology of λαβύρινθος confirms M. Bunsen's ideas respecting the building of Amenemhe; for the Greeks would not have given this name to the building if it had had curvilinear corridors. In that case its name would have been μαζιανδρος, *i. e.* a 'maze.'

We have so often disputed M. Bunsen's etymologies that it is a relief and a satisfaction to be able not only to accept but to confirm his views respecting the well-known and important word *Pharaoh*. He refers it to the Coptic word *errô*, *urô*, 'a king,' with, of course, the article *pi*, *pe*, or *phe* (pp. 13, 14), with which we may compare *Fayoum* (*ph'ioum*), 'the waters.' This is in accordance with Josephus, *Ant.* viii., 6 : ὁ Φαραῶν κατ' Αἰγυπτίους βασιλέα σημαίνει. Wilkinson and Rosellini derive the word from *Ph're*, *Ph'ra*, 'the sun;' the King, however, is not called *Phre*, but the son of *Phrc*. It is true, as M. Bunsen admits, that the word *errô*, *urô*, may have been derived from *ra*, *ph're*. We think the process was as follows:—In Hebrew, *Ra*, 'the sun' (with the article *Ph'e-ra*), is written *Rah*\* ער as in *Rah'mcés* (*Exod.* xii. 57), or *Pherah*\*, ערפ, as in *Pôthi-Ph'erah*\* (*Gen.* xli. 45). Now *Pharaoh* is written *Parh'ôh*, which is evidently a longer and derivative form; and as the root of the word *Ra* seems to have terminated in the peculiar guttural *ain*\*, we may suppose that the words *Ra*, *E-rô*, 'the sun,' and 'the king,' are related much in the same way as the Sanscrit एज् *râj*, 'to be splendid,' and राज् *râja*, 'a king.' A further derivative is the name of the *uræus*, basilisk, or asp, a snake which always appears as a symbol

\* The nasal which is found at the end of the Greek Φαραῶν, Φεράων (Herod. I. 111), is obviously a representative of this final *ain*.

of royalty. It is remarkable, however, that though the *uraeus* was emphatically the 'royal snake' (οὐραῖον, ὃ ἐστὶν Ἑλληνιστὶ βασιλίσκον, Horapoll. i., 1), the βασιλεία, or 'diadem' of the Egyptian kings, was properly a group of feathers wrought in gold, adorned with the sun's disk, and the snake was considered as an appendage to it; the *pschent* or combined helmet-crown of Upper and Lower Egypt very rarely had the *uraeus* affixed; and the *uraeus* itself is as often crowned with the sun's disk, as with the *het* or *tescher*. See the portrait of Sesostris in the *Mon. dell' Egitto*, *Mon. Reali*, pl. xvi., No. 3. Hence we find the Rosetta inscription speaking of τὰς τῶν βασιλέων χρυσᾶς βασιλείας δέκα, αἷς προσκεῖσεται ἄσπις, καθάπερ καὶ ἐπὶ πατρῶν τῶν ἀσπιδοειδῶν βασιλειῶν (ll. 43, 44). See the instructive note of Letronne on this passage.

The third volume discusses the chronology of the Middle and New Monarchies: it carries us, therefore, through the dreary Hyksos period, and the glories of the restoration, down to the time when old familiar names begin to greet us, and we seem to have arrived at an end, which was the beginning of our earlier historical studies.

The domination of the foreign dynasties of *Hyk-sôs*, or 'shepherd kings,' began, according to M. Bunsen's views, in the year 2567 B.C., and terminated after a period of 816 years, in 1639 B.C. The eighteenth dynasty, which expelled the *Hyk-sôs*, reigned for 229 years; the nineteenth ruled Egypt for 112 years. Ramesses the Great, called also *Sesôthis*, i. e. son of 'Sethos,' was the third king of this nineteenth dynasty. Reviving and combining with his own exploits some of the legendary glories of *Sesortôsis*, a king of the twelfth dynasty, he has become familiar to us under the Grecized and shortened form of the latter name—*Sesostris*. The first year of the reign of his son, *Menophthâh*, furnishes us with an important comparison of dates. It is agreed by chronologers that the Dog-star cycle of the Egyptians, which consisted of 1461 Julian years, terminated A.D. 139. It began, therefore, 1322 B.C. Now it appears that the first year of Sheshonk-Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboam (1 *Kings* xiv. 25), that is, the first year of the twenty-second Egyptian dynasty, corresponds to the year 982 B.C.; and the Egyptian traditions give us 340 years between the first year of *Shishak* and the first year of *Menophthâh*. Consequently, the first year of *Menophthâh* corresponded to B.C. 1322, or the beginning of the Dog-star cycle. But the astronomer Theon says that from ΜΕΝΟΦΘΗΚ 1. ΜΕΝΟΦΘΗΚ to the end of the æra of Augustus (i. e. the beginning of the æra of Diocletian) was a period of 1605 years. Now the end of this æra was A.D. 283, and 1605—283=1322.

Therefore

Therefore the beginning of *Menophthâh* is truly placed in B.C. 1322.

We commend to our readers the whole of M. Bunsen's arguments for the length of the *Hyk-sôs* interval. It appears to us a triumphant chronological demonstration, and we should be sorry to weaken the effect of it by any extracts or abridgment. No one, however, can approach this period of history without feeling a wish to connect it with an event of universal interest—the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. That the old slander, which sought to identify the chosen people with these hated invaders, is without any foundation in fact, has been clearly proved by more than one scholar. There can be no doubt, however, that the *Hyk-sôs* were a *Semitic*, and not, as some have asserted, a *Scythian* race. M. Bunsen says (iii. p. 32)—‘The *Hyk-sôs* must not be considered as a nation which made an inroad into Egypt from some distant land, but as consisting of neighbouring Semitic races from the north-east of Egypt: consequently, Canaanites, perhaps reinforced by the Bedouins of Northern Arabia, and the Peninsula of Sinai.’ It is the opinion of Ewald (*Gesch. d. Volks Israel*, I. p. 450) that the *Hyk-sôs* were Hebrews, not in the ordinary and limited sense of the term, which confines it to the branch of the Hebrew nation called Israelites; but in the wider and more extended meaning of this national designation—namely, the race of men who spoke the civilized and intelligible language (he connects עִבְרִי with the Arabic عِبْرِيّ ‘denotavit,’ ‘explicituit,’

&c., to which the regular opposite is عَجَم, ‘barbare locutus fuit,’ p. vi., note). The first king of the *Hyk-sôs* has a Hebrew name—*Salatis*, ‘Lord.’ This very word is used in speaking of Joseph’s authority in Egypt (*Gen.* xlii., 6), and every one knows the Arabic سلطان *Sultân*. Moreover, the name of the great city, which served as the head-quarters of the invaders—namely, *Avaris* or *Abaris*, seems to indicate ‘a Hebrew camp.’

The settlement of the Israelitish Hebrews in Egypt began with Joseph, who, according to the writer we have been referring to, obtained his great influence in Egypt, and invited his countrymen thither under a monarch of the *Hyk-sôs*; and it has been plausibly conjectured that at the expulsion of the *Hyk-sôs* the Israelites joined the triumphant Tuthmosis, and were settled by him as guardians of the Eastern Marches of Egypt, in the land of Goshen.

We are not, however, to suppose that the Israelites had no national existence till after this settlement. Abraham, who comes to the rescue of the spoiled and vanquished Canaanites with his sturdy

sturdy band of armed followers, is a pastoral chieftain, whose patriarchal rule contained within it the germs of future nationality. He was, in the broad sense, one of the *Hyk-sôs*, or 'shepherd-kings,' and is greeted as an equal by the city-king, *Malki-Ssedek*.<sup>\*</sup> It is in the natural course of things that such minor potentates should form confederacies, such as that which Abraham formed with the Amorites, Mamre, Eshcol, and Aner; and from the growing influence of such combinations a nation would soon form itself—the snowball soon rolled itself into an avalanche. Accordingly, we cannot but believe that when the Israelites migrated to Egypt they were, in the strictest sense of the term—a nation. The warlike spirit, connected with this sense of independent nationality, was not altogether dormant during the long period of their sojourn in Goshen. We are told (1 *Chron.* vii. 21) of a *raid* of the tribe of Ephraim (or a part of the original settlers under Joseph), in which certain sons of Joseph were slain by the people of Gath—no doubt *χωσάμενοι περὶ βοσσίῳ*.—(Hesiod. *Scut. Herc.* 12; Pind. *Nem.* x. 60.)

This contact between the Israelites in Egypt and the Philistines suggests a few remarks on that ancient people, so intimately connected with the history of Egypt and Palestine. The only account which Herodotus seems to have heard of the *Hyk-sôs* interval is comprised in the information that a certain 'shepherd Philition' pastured his flocks in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids (ii. 128). Most scholars have understood this tradition as referring to the occupation of Egypt by 'Philistine shepherds,' i.e. shepherd-kings from Palestine; for in the days of Herodotus the Holy Land was called the land of the Philistines or of the Palestine Syrians. The Scriptures, however, attribute to the Philistines an Egyptian origin (*Gen.* x. 14; 1 *Chron.* i. 12); so that these people seem to be recorded both as the children and as the conquerors of Mizraim. Nor, in truth, is there any real contradiction. Many modern orientalists, putting together certain passages in Scripture, combined with the statements of profane writers, have concurred in referring the Philistines to *Cæstor*—*Κυδών* in Crete. We do not attach a great deal of importance to the fact that the *Cherethites* and *Pelethites* (i.e. Cretans and Philistines) are mentioned together as the body-guard of David (2 *Sam.* viii. 18); for this would tend to prove that the Cretans and Philistines were not the same, but different ethnical names.

<sup>\*</sup> An argument for the historical character of this king has been pointed out by Dr. W. H. Mill, in his '*Prælectio Theologica*' (Cambridge, 1843). He says (p. 33)—'Hierosolymorum regi Jebusæo a Josua devicto et occiso nomen fuisse legimus *Adonisedek* prisco illi *Melchisedek* cognatum, cum altero *Rex justitiæ*, altero *Dominus justitiæ* denotetur: ut videatur in regni successione nomen illud *Dicæarchi* etiam apud nefandam gentem propagatum fuisse.'—(*Jos.* x. 1, 3, &c.)

But it appears to us from the fragments of their language, preserved in their proper names, &c., that the Philistines were, like the Egyptians, a Semitic race, and intimately connected in religion, manners, and customs with the cognate Phœnicians on the same coast. That they were a maritime people appears from their sea-god, *Dagon*, the same kind of Triton which was worshipped in the Phœnician colonies of North Africa. That the Phœnicians partly colonized Crete and Cyprus is quite clear; indeed, well-known Greek traditions make these islands the common ground of the *Phœnicians and Egyptians*; and the history of the Northmen who migrated from the north to Normandy and from Normandy to England, may show us how likely the sea-faring rovers were to pass on from settlement to settlement, even though their course might seem to the geographical eye somewhat retrogressive. The name of their country—*נֶפְלִישׁ Plesheth*—‘the land of immigration,’ points to the fact that the Philistines did not reach this line of coast from the interior at all events.

Professor F. Hitzig, of Zürich, has recently published a book, entitled ‘*Urgeschichte und Mythologie der Philistæer*.’ It has never been our misfortune to meet with a more utter abuse of real learning and ingenuity. He endeavours to prove, by forced etymologies and by a packing of evidence, that the Philistines were an Indo-Germanic tribe, and that their name is identical with that of the Pelasgians! We have neither time nor inclination to expose the false philology of this book in detail; but it will amuse those of our readers who have turned their attention to these subjects, to be informed that Dr. Hitzig considers the Greek word *Πελασγός* as identical with the Sanscrit *वलक्ष्* *valakshas*, ‘white.’ It has been proved, as we think, by a contemporary author that *Πελασγός* must mean ‘the swarthy Asiatic,’ just as *Πέλ-οψ* in general signifies the dark-faced (Donaldson, *Varronianus*, p. 25). We hold to the opinion scouted by Dr. Hitzig that *πेल-αργός*, a word so often confused with *Πελασγός*, refers to the mixture of black and white in the plumage of the stork; and with regard to the word *πέλ-οψ*, we are quite satisfied that all words in *-οψ* refer to the colour of a surface. At all events, Dr. Hitzig has supplied the slanderers of philology with a delightful ‘argument of latitude,’ as the astronomers say;

‘Black’s not so black, nor white so very white’

that they cannot be pressed into the service of the same derivation. Happily, however, it is as impossible that *Πελασγός*, *valaksha*, and *Plesheth* should have a common origin, as it is certain that the *Πελασγοί*, and *Πέλοπες* of Argos are the same people—and that the latter word is the same form as *Αἰθίοπες*.

We

We have spoken before of the Egyptians as Semitic, fully agreeing in this with M. Bunsen. We have also signified the same opinion as to the Phœnicians and Philistines. Yet the Bible calls them all equally children of Ham. With a few words to reconcile these statements we will conclude this paper. The epithet *Semitic* may be used with two applications, differing in extent. It is used to signify, in its narrower sense, the nations which claim a descent from Shem—in other words, the Syro-Arabian race. In its wider signification it denotes all those tribes whose languages present indubitable marks of affinity to those of the group included in the narrower use of the epithet. Now if we examine the invaluable ethnography of the book of Genesis, we shall find that while Ham is the brother of Shem, and therefore a relationship between his descendants and the Semitic nations fully recognised, the Hamites are described as those who previously occupied the different countries into which the Aramæan race afterwards forced their way; and they always appear as leading a city life, and therefore too often one of luxury and vice, in contrast to the purer and sterner morals of the pastoral tribes who descended from the mountains of Aram. Thus Scripture (*Gen. x. et seq.*) attributes to the race of Ham not only the aboriginal population of Canaan, with its wealthy and civilized communities on the coast, but also the mighty empires of Babylon and Nineveh, the rich kingdoms of Sheba and Havilah in Arabia Felix, and the wonderful realm of Egypt. There is every reason to believe—indeed, in some cases, the proof amounts to demonstration—that all these Hamite nations spoke languages which differed only dialectically from those of the Syro-Arabic family. It is, then, an obvious conclusion that they belonged to an earlier stream of emigrants from the same district, and that they had acquired habits of civilization and regular government at a very early period—anterior by many generations to the descent of the Shemites from Arpakschad.

The course of this first tide of population may, we think, be traced. The Hamites descended the Tigris and Euphrates, and while one body, turning to the right from a more northern point in their progress, occupied the land of Canaan, other emigrants seem to have left the main body at the head of the Persian Gulf, and colonizing the south of Arabia and the whole of Arabia Felix, they appear to have crossed the Red Sea, and to have settled in the valley of the Nile, unconscious of the mighty part which they were destined to play in the great drama of history. The confirmations of these views are to be found in the most ancient records and traditions, no less than in the most recent investigations of philologists. We have already quoted the book of Genesis. Herodotus  
(i. 1,



(i. 1, vii. 89) and Strabo (p. 42) agree in referring the origin of the Phœnicians to the coasts of the Erythraean sea—a term which then included the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and the Red Sea—so that they recognised an affinity between the Phœnicians and the inhabitants of the southern and western Arabia. M. Fresnel has shown that the language of the Himyarite Arabs (the *Homeritæ* of south-western Arabia) approximates more nearly to the Hebrew and Syriac than to the modern or ancient Arabic; and the connexion of these tribes with the Abyssinians and Ethiopians is well known. Moreover, the Greek geographers agree in reckoning Egypt as part and parcel of Asia in general, and of Arabia in particular. Knowing, then, as we do, that Egyptian civilization descended the Nile, from This to Memphis, and having now the means of confuting the hypothesis that it was derived from Meroe and Ethiopia, we are driven by every consideration to seek a chain of connexion between the civilizers of Upper Egypt and the founders of the primeval monarchies of Nineveh and Babylon. Nor are there any physiological difficulties in the way of this conclusion. We believe that the unity of the human race will ere long be established philologically, and that while the influences of climate, &c., will be proved adequate to explain all the phenomena of complexion and features, the civilized and cultivated races will always be found to possess a craniological structure proportionate to the degree of their social and intellectual development. An American, Dr. Morton, seems to have proved this by a sufficient induction in the case of the ancient Egyptians (see Prichard's *Natural History of Man*, pp. 570, sqq.); and we feel convinced that, as anthropology advances in its slow but certain progress, we shall be furnished with increasing evidence that as the skin, the hair, and the mere bodily frame vary with the latitude and nature of the country, the rational powers of man vary directly as his civilization.

On the ethnography of the Egyptians, and the many important questions connected with an inquiry into that subject, we expect to find some new and instructive combinations in the concluding volumes of the Chevalier Bunsen's work. In the mean time, we are anxious to recognise, in the part already published, a most valuable contribution to the literature of Europe, and we are glad to learn that our countrymen will soon be able to study the book in a translation sanctioned and revised by the author himself.

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ART. IX.—1. *Despatches of the Right Hon. Lieut.-General Viscount Hardinge, G.C.B., Governor-General of India; the Right Hon. General Lord Gough, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief; Major-General Sir H. Smith, Bart., G.C.B.; and other Documents.* London, 8vo. 1846.

2. *The Punjab, being a Brief Account of the Country of the Sikhs, &c.* By Lieut.-Col. Steinbach, late of the Service of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh. 2nd edit. London, post 8vo. 1846.

PROBABLY every reader is aware that the Punjab derives its name from two Persian words—‘*punj*,’ signifying ‘five,’ and ‘*aub*,’ ‘water.’ Of the five great rivers which run through it—namely, the Indus, the Jeylum, the Chenab, the Ravee, and the Sutlej—the first and last form, in strict propriety of speech, its geographical boundaries: but its political limits are much more extensive. They embrace a territory which—if we include Peshawur, the countries west of the Indus, Iskardoh, Ladakh, and other hill-states—measures full six hundred miles from east to west, by three hundred and fifty, or thereabouts, from north to south.

Besides its five principal rivers, the Punjab is watered by tributary streams innumerable, four at least of which are of large volume. These are the Punjnud, the Trinab, the Epara, and the Beas; which, with the greater rivers into which they fall, are available for purposes of inland navigation to the extent of nearly two thousand miles. This is owing in a great degree to the peculiar shape of the country, which is a huge inclined plain, rising, where it is highest, not more than 1600 feet, and descending from that, by almost imperceptible degrees, to the level of the sea. (*Steinbach*, p. 2.) As may be imagined, the facilities afforded to irrigation in such a country are very great, and they do not appear to have been neglected: but one serious drawback attends the peculiar conformation of the soil—that all the rivers, not excepting even the Sutlej and the Indus, are liable to change their course. Hence many a town, and village, and castle, which once stood upon the banks of a navigable river, is seen falling to decay in the heart of a sandy desert; while other and newer structures are rising where the water flows; for it is the universal custom among the inhabitants of the Punjab to dwell as much as possible in the immediate vicinity of their rivers.

The principal towns are Lahore, Umritzer, Mooltan, Vuzeerabad, Mozufferabad, Kashmir or Siranuggur, and Peshawur. The chief fortresses are Umritzer, esteemed, though without much reason, a place of great strength; Rotas, on the high road from

from Lahore to Peshawur, strong from situation, but falling into decay; and Attock, on the Indus, which commands the passage of the river. Lahore itself is a town of considerable size, the circuit of the fortifications exceeding seven English miles. Having been the seat of government throughout the period when the Punjab formed a valuable province of the Mogul empire, it contains numerous remains of handsome mosques, serais, and monuments; and near it is a magnificent tomb, of a quadrangular shape, that of the Emperor Jehangeer. 'The streets,' says Colonel Steinbach, 'like those of Indian towns in general, are narrow and dirty. The houses, though lofty, are surrounded for the most part by dead walls, which give to the place a very sombre aspect, scarcely relieved by the bustle of the bazaars, where, in mean and incommodious edifices, merchandise of every description is exposed to sale. There are not many gardens within the town itself, but its vicinity is overspread with luxuriant orchards, amid which masses of ruins lie scattered.' (p. 4.) Umritzer, the capital when Runjeet Singh swayed the sceptre, is of somewhat larger extent than Lahore, and, lying between the rivers Beas and Rayee, is a place of considerable commercial importance. It derives its name—'Amreta Sarei,' that is, 'the fountain of immortality'—from a superb tank or lake, of which one of the earlier exponents of the Sikh religion was the excavator. A temple to Vishnu stands upon a small island in the centre of this lake, which pilgrims and devotees maintain in great splendour by their offerings. (*ibid.*) The most striking feature is, however, the lofty fortress of Govindghur, which owes its existence to Runjeet, and was by him used as a place of safe-keeping for the treasure which he had a peculiar talent for accumulating.

From the times of Alexander the Great, when we first become acquainted with it, down to the consolidation of the Sikh empire under the late Runjeet, the history of the Punjab presents us with little else than a series of fierce wars and bloody revolutions. Forming a highway of approach to every adventurer from Central Asia, whom rumours of enormous wealth might induce to attempt the invasion of Hindostan, it has submitted easily to a succession of conquerors,—Greek giving way to Parthian, Parthian to Scythian, Scythian to Tartar, and Tartar to Mogul and Affghan. Of the last of these races was Baber, who, in 1526, established himself permanently on the throne of Delhi; and became, to use the language of an elegant historian, 'the founder of a line of kings, under whom India rose to the highest pitch of prosperity, and out of the ruins of whose empire all the existing states in that country are composed.'\*

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\* Elphinstone, Hist. of India.

While the tide of war thus swept continually over them, the great body of the people of the Panjab seem to have adhered, both in their civil usages and in their religious opinions, to the customs of their forefathers. Hindoos, chiefly of the Bhudist order; when Alexander the Great came among them, they continued, in defiance of Mohammed and persecution, to profess Bhuddism still; till towards the middle of the sixteenth century a new sect arose, which, humble in its first beginnings, attained ultimately to great power, and might have exerted, had there been common prudence to control it, a permanent influence over the political destinies of India. Of this sect—the sect of the Sikhs—Nanac, a Hindoo of the Chastrya caste and Viki tribe, was the founder. He was born at the little village of Talwandi in the province of Lahore, in A.D. 1469. His father brought him up in the faith of his ancestors, and endeavoured to advance his fortunes in life by turning his attention to commerce; but Nanac seems to have been from his childhood averse to the ordinary business of the world, and to have resigned himself wholly to the meditation of divine things, under the guidance, as his disciples affirmed, of immediate inspiration. Thus employed he came to the conclusion that the essential differences between the theologies of the Mohammedan and the Bhudist were more nominal than real; that both religions had one common origin, though both were overlaid by many errors; and that it was his mission to bring back the votaries of each to the profession of a pure theism. The moral code of this extraordinary man seems to have been worthy of his theology. He taught that in the sight of God all men are equal; that the distinctions of caste, considered as a religious institution, were faulty; that so far as they tended to preserve order in society, they might innocently be retained; but that to push the consideration of them farther, so as to throw an impassable gulf between man and man, was impious. He inculcated universal charity, universal kindness, universal forbearance, a perfect toleration of all creeds and of all forms and usages of worship; and he declared himself an enemy to war, no matter under what pretext undertaken. As might be expected, the name of Nanac Shah is associated by tradition with all sorts of fabulous transactions; but this much appears to be certain, that the life of the man corresponded well with the spirit of his teaching; and that both being gracious and of good report, he was marvellously successful in making converts.

Nanac died aged and in peace. He left his church, if the term be admissible, in such an organised and efficient state that there arose forthwith a successor to himself; and for a century and more, down to the year 1606, it held the even tenor of its

way. But the Guru, or chief priest, of that period, either desirous of giving a wider publicity to the principles of his sect, or fearful lest, in the progress of time, they might become corrupt, collected into a volume the sacred treatises of his predecessors, and blending them with views of his own on various important topics, gave a new consistency and also a new prominence to the system. The consequence was, that the suspicions of the ruling powers were excited. Argun-Mal, this zealous Guru, was thrown into prison; and the Sikh faith being declared to be at variance with the Koran, and incompatible with the well-being of the state, the flame of persecution was kindled.

It is of the nature of persecution, sooner or later, to provoke resistance, and the sword once drawn for the defence of men's religious opinions almost always operates a change for the worse in their moral principles. The Sikhs, whom their founder had devoted to peace and to the practice of universal benevolence, became by degrees fanatics in war. Guru Govind, the tenth and last of the high priests, spent his whole life in contests with Arungzebe. He formed great designs for the erection of a religious and military commonwealth, and carried them into effect with the spirit of a Grecian lawgiver. It was his purpose to bring about a complete change in the habits, character, and creed of his followers—and he succeeded. Hitherto the Sikhs had carried arms *only* in self-defence; he broke through a rule which imposed limits on his own ambition; and admitting converts from all tribes, used his best endeavours to array the whole of the population in resistance to the Mohammedan government. What Nanac had endeavoured cautiously and by slow degrees to bring about, he accomplished by the force of a peremptory edict. All who subscribed to the Sikh doctrine he placed, as much as possible, on a level, making the personal exertions of a Sudra as conducive to his own advancement as those of the Brahmin. Mohammedans equally with Hindoos he received with open arms, and bestowing upon all alike the honourable appellation of 'Singh,' he caused every individual Sikh, no matter how lowly born, to regard the Rajpoot as his brother. Finally, his followers, whom he denominated Khalsa Singh, were required to dedicate themselves to arms—to carry *steel* always about with them—to wear a blue dress, to let the hair and beard grow, and to salute one another with the cry, 'Wa Guruji Ka Khalsa!' that is, 'Victory to the state of the Guru!'

Guru Govind was the last spiritual chief of the Sikhs. He died insane, after sustaining terrible reverses; and Banda, or Bandu, a religious ascetic, though he took the holy man's place as leader of a military confederacy, did not venture to contravene a prophecy

a prophecy which had limited the number of high priests to ten. Under Banda, however, the commonwealth grew, and acquired consistency. It survived the invasion of Nadir Shah from Persia; the irruption of the Affghan Shah Abdalla; the wars of the Mahrattas for supremacy in Hindostan; and all the persecutions that attended each of them. The battle of Paniput—hardly less fatal to the Affghan than to the Mahratta—gave new life to the Sikh confederacy, and paved the way for the transfer of supreme power into the hands of the most daring of its members.

The constitution of society among this singular people (for as a people we may henceforth describe them) appears to have resembled in many respects that of our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors. A number of sirdars or chiefs, independent one of the other, spread themselves over the country, and seizing, each according to his strength, whatever fell in his way, acknowledged no superior. The sirdars met in council at stated seasons, when the general welfare required it, to determine the steps that should be taken; but he whom they might elect to command in some particular service, abrogated his authority as soon as that service was ended; and forthwith the state became once more a mere confederacy of chieftains. And the power of the sirdar, in his own missul, or tribe, appears to have been by no means plenary. His followers exacted each a share in the land acquired, and rendered to their chief only the same sort of service which he was bound to afford to the commonwealth. A community so made up had no principle of cohesion within itself. As long as the pressure of a common danger was upon them, the chiefs might control and keep in abeyance their mutual jealousies; but the danger was no sooner removed than the dormant feeling revived, and they lived almost constantly in a state of intestine strife.

On the final departure of Ahmed Shah from Hindostan, twelve sirdars established a divided dominion over the Punjab. Their influence, such as it was, depended on the strength of the armed contingents which they were respectively bound to furnish for the public service; and these seem to have graduated from 2,000 horse to 10,000. The tribe of the grandfather of Runjeet was assessed at only 2,500 horse; but what he lacked in physical power he more than made up by mental energy. He was a great warrior on a small scale, who wrested village after village from his neighbours on every side; and though killed by the bursting of his own fusil in the flower of his age, he left the tribe in a much improved condition. His son, Maha-Singh, proved, as time advanced upon him, to be a worthy scion of so vigorous a stock. He came to the chiefship at ten years of age, and was well supported by his missul. He married the daughter of a neighbouring

neighbouring sirdar, whose influence and resources added greatly to his own; and was scarcely become a father—which title appertained to him in the nineteenth year of his age—ere he looked round for a match that might offer the chance of similar advantages to his son and heir. Runjeet Singh came into the world A.D. 1780; and in six years afterwards was betrothed to a bride of his politic and ambitious father's choosing.

There was no such thing as education—using the term in the sense which we are accustomed to apply to it—among the Sikh sirdars of those days. Neither Cheerut, the grandfather of Runjeet, nor Maha, his father, seems to have had any knowledge of books; and the latter had no leisure for bestowing upon his son advantages which he had never himself enjoyed. But nature, in particular states of society, is a very effective governess; and circumstances sharpen the intellects astonishingly. Runjeet, left an orphan at twelve years of age, and encouraged by women and sycophants to gratify every wish and every whim, proved, when the occasion arose, fully equal to it; and in the course of comparatively few years, changed his place as chieftain of a second class tribe for that of monarch of the most powerful native state that has ever existed in India.

With the peaceful habits which during the first century of their existence they had cultivated, the Sikhs put off, partially at first and in the end altogether, the pure morals of their founder. Robbers by profession, they became, in course of time, as notorious for the extravagance of their vices as for their daring; and as no restraints of a religious nature held them back, they soon added the intemperance of the European in eating and drinking, to the sensuality of the Hindu, and the bloodthirstiness and frightful propensities of the Mussulman. Runjeet appears to have advanced as far in the career of profligacy as any of his neighbours, when the irruption of Shah Mohammed from Cabul into the Punjab suddenly checked him. Chief after chief went down before the Affghan; and Runjeet among the rest, being forced to flee for his life, abandoned his home, and with it in a great degree the taste for sloth and effeminate pleasures which had been generated there. He was barely seventeen when the march of the victorious Affghan drove him into exile, and threw him upon the resources of his own genius. They did not fail him. Unable to oppose force to force, he tried cunning, of which he was a consummate master; and having ingratiated himself into the good opinion of the victor, he succeeded, in gathering up, by little and little, the fragments of his principality. Finally, when Shah Mohammed returned, baffled, from his attempt upon Delhi, and in 1798 marched back in shame

shame to his own land; Runjeet played his cards with such exquisite skill, that he was put in possession of Lahore and of the extensive district round about it. In that hour the foundations of his greatness were laid, and he never ceased to carry forward the edifice till it attained its completion.

Entirely unlettered, and with a most forbidding aspect—for he had suffered much from the small-pox in infancy, and was blind of an eye—Runjeet yet contrived to establish such a marked ascendancy over his brother chiefs, that one by one they acknowledged him for their master. Not that he made any ostentatious display of power by innovating further than might be necessary upon the established institutions of the country; on the contrary, the sirdars, whether won over by diplomacy or by force of arms, continued to be treated as sirdars still, and retained their possessions as well as the honours and titles which had been handed down to them. But whatever authority they exercised, even in their own missuls, was held to emanate from him; and he effectually prevented combination for purposes of revolt, by balancing them, in the employments to which he appointed them under the crown, with exquisite nicety of skill one against another. In 1802 Runjeet's place was that of the foremost among the few remaining but still powerful lords of the Punjab. In April, 1809, he was in a position, as supreme ruler of that fertile state, to enter into a direct treaty with the British Government, whereby, in consideration of his abstaining from all attempts at aggrandizement beyond the Sutlej to the south, he was left free to push his conquests, on the north of that boundary, whithersoever ambition or fancy might carry him.

Thenceforth Runjeet lived in peace and amity with the British Government. The communications between the courts of Lahore and Calcutta were not very frequent; but no collision occurred to disturb the friendly feeling which it was the policy of both parties to maintain. In 1819, Runjeet having been obliged to employ force, for the purpose of compelling a refractory sirdar to pay his tribute, made an effort to bring under his own sway certain territories that belonged to this same chief on the left of the Sutlej; but a complaint from the chief to the British Government, and a remonstrance from Calcutta, backed by the appearance of a British corps under arms, at once restrained him; he withdrew across the river and never passed it again. His designs upon Scinde, some years later, though fully matured, and nowise at variance with the terms of the treaty of Umritzer, were abandoned, on the reclamation of the British Government—reluctantly, perhaps, yet in sincerity. But except on these occasions, and  
twice



twice when the lamented Burnes visited his durbar, and once in 1812 when General Ochterlony witnessed the marriage of the heir-apparent; and last of all in 1831, when Lord William Bentinck met the Maharajah on the frontier, and renewed with him the compacts of other years, little or no direct intercourse went on between the two states. The English, content to be recognised as masters of their own dominions, and protectors of the petty principalities that lay between Umballa and the Sutlej, were indifferent to all that might go on to the north of this river; while Runjeet, well pleased to be left to the indulgence of his own humours, was very careful to avoid offering any ground of interference with them.

How Runjeet overran the whole of the Punjab, absorbing in due time Mooltan, Peshawur, and Cashmere in addition, is well known to every reader of Malcolm, and Elphinstone, and Burnes. It is known likewise by what process he introduced into his army a state of discipline and an extent of efficiency such as no native force ever previously exhibited. He began in 1809, by enticing into his service deserters from the English regiments, and pensioners who had earned their discharge; and in 1822 MM. Ventura and Allard joined him. To these gentlemen he committed the charge of recasting the whole order of his infantry and cavalry; and by and by, on the arrival of M. Court, the artillery also had its European director. That all were well drilled, and the artillery, in particular, put upon a most efficient footing, the events of the late campaign sufficiently attest.

Such an empire as this, erected by the genius of an individual, and having no time-honoured institutions on which to rest, runs imminent risk of crumbling to pieces on the death of the founder, unless there be ready to succeed him a chief possessed of equal talent and strength of character with himself. There was no such gifted individual at hand when Runjeet dropped the sceptre of the Punjab. His son, Kurruck Singh, a weak man, was first deposed, and ultimately murdered, by his son, Noo Nehal Singh;—who again, returning from attendance on the funeral obsequies of his father, was killed, not without strong suspicion of treachery, by the fall of an arch under which he passed. Great confusion ensued. One party among the sirdars proposed to place the crown on the head of Shere Singh, a son of Runjeet by another wife. Others, believing the assertion of the widow of Kurruck, that the wife of her son Noo Nehal was *enceinte*, proposed to nominate her to the regency. The latter faction prevailed, and for a brief space the supreme power of the state was nominally wielded by a woman. But such an order of things could not last;

last ; and the impossibility of the event on which the Ranee rested her claim being made public, Shere Singh took up arms and advanced to Lahore. He was joined by the army, as well as by the most powerful of the chiefs, and the Queen Regent submitted. She was put to death, as a matter of course, and Shere ascended the throne.

These several occurrences befel during the autumn of 1839 and the spring and summer of 1840. They produced, as was to be expected, a complete dislocation of society ; for where political changes are effected through the intervention of the military classes, the army, which ought to be the servant and protector of the state, becomes at once its master. At the same time it is fair to state, that the Sikh army, even in its palmiest days, seems to have been an ill-used, and therefore had some excuse for being also a very turbulent body. It was the practice of Runjeet himself to keep his troops in arrear with their pay : indeed, he seldom spoke of their wages till they began to exhibit tokens of mutiny ; and men who had been accustomed to threaten the ‘Lion of the Punjab,’ and to prevail against him by means of threats, were little likely to exhibit moderation when dealing with his successors. The troops demanded a largess ; and when it was refused, attacked and plundered the city. They rose also upon their European officers, who, somehow or another, had become exceedingly unpopular ; and killing many, forced the rest to seek safety in flight. A puppet like Shere Singh was little able to resist such a movement. He yielded every point that was pressed, distributed large sums among the mutineers, sent them to their homes on a four months’ furlough, and immediately resigned himself to the habits of low debauchery, which were more in consonance with his tastes than the exercise of command.

All this while the relations between the English government and that of the Punjab were of the most friendly nature. In 1838, when the expedition to Cabul was resolved upon, Lord Auckland had renewed and confirmed the treaty of 1831, adding to it a formal recognition of the right of the Maharajah to the territory of Peshawur, which he had wrested from the Affghans. On the faith of this treaty, when the season of adversity came, Lord Auckland had proposed to march General Pollock’s army by the shorter route of Attock to Jellalabad ; and as long as Runjeet lived, there was no reason to apprehend that any opposition would be made to the arrangement. But to the Sikh soldiery the power of England had long been an object of jealous abhorrence ; and no sooner was Runjeet gathered to his fathers than they began to clamour for a change of policy. Kurruck, the immediate successor, was friendly to the English alliance—a circumstance which,

which, added to the extreme imbecility of his character, told against him. Noo Nehal made no secret of his determination sooner or later to try the issue of a struggle with his neighbours. The Queen Regent had neither time nor inclination to take the subject up, far less to consider it fully;—and Shere was a decided enemy to war. Though urged by most of the chiefs, and by the whole of the military classes, to fall upon Pollock's rear, and cut off his convoys, he steadily refused; and a conspiracy was forthwith concocted to get rid of him. In 1843 he was murdered, at a review of cavalry just outside the gate of Lahore, and Ajeet Singh, his brother-in-law, who did the deed, endeavoured to seize the government. We confess that we have no taste for describing the atrocities which followed. Ajeet slew every member of the royal family whom he succeeded in getting into his power, showing mercy to none—not even to an infant born the day previous; and was himself cut to pieces in an attempt to escape out of the citadel of Lahore, where he had stood a siege. There arose fresh factions, fresh strifes, fresh atrocities, which ended in the setting up of a reputed son of Runjeet—Dhuleeb Singh by name—a child of tender years, to whom his mother, the Ranees, undertook to play the part of guardian; but the arrangement led to no better results. The regent, devoted to her own pleasures, lacked both the will and the power to control the Sikhs. The troops, receiving no pay, went hither and thither to plunder; and in the end, the only features of the right military character which that armed mob retained were courage and a soldierlike willingness to obey its officers in the field; and officers and men equally clamoured to be let loose against the English.

This is not the occasion on which to discuss the policy of the Cabul expedition, or to ask how far the war with China, which came upon the back of it, might or might not have been avoided. The true causes of the former seem to us never to have been fully set forth; the latter we believe to have been as indispensable, as in its results it bids fair to be advantageous to the whole civilised world. But the immediate consequence to the Indian government was a complete exhaustion of the treasury, which in 1836 had exhibited a disposable surplus of something like ten millions sterling. In a military point of view, likewise, neither war prospered in the hands of the government which undertook it. Lord Auckland's force in the Chinese seas proved inadequate to the occasion; with the details of poor Elphinstone's imbecility and disaster our memories are still laden: and the effects of total defeat in one quarter, and of very equivocal success in another, told powerfully against the moral influence of England in the East.

It was asserted in Leadenhall-street, more loudly than even at the Carlton Club, that the peace of India had been disturbed, and the existence of the Company's empire jeopardised, with a view rather to gain a little eclat for a falling cabinet than to accomplish any important end in Asiatic politics; and the assumed author of the mischief being recalled, Lord Ellenborough was appointed to succeed him. It was pressed upon the new Governor-General, in secret conclave and at public dinners, that the main purpose of his advancement was to give him an opportunity of restoring peace to Asia, and of leading back the minds of the Company's servants from dreams of military glory to projects of commercial and fiscal improvement. That he would retrieve the disgraces of the preceding administration, the Directors expected. Till this should be done, indeed, there could be no security for the Indian empire; but having done so, the Court anticipated that he would bend all his vigorous faculties, and employ all his recognised knowledge of Indian affairs, in the arrangement of plans for bettering the condition of the people, and increasing, by a wise economy, the dividends on East India stock. How his Lordship fulfilled these expectations is fresh in the recollection of our readers. He fully redeemed the disgrace of the Cabul massacre. He brought the war with China to a glorious and a profitable termination; and achieved a not less important triumph by restoring discipline and good feeling to some native corps which had begun to complain, not altogether without reason, that the authorities seemed disposed to break faith with them.

While the Directors were rejoicing over these achievements, and counting the financial results that were to arise out of them, and writing despatches inculcative of a pacific policy, and hinting at retrenchments in every department of the state, the new Governor-General, whether obeying the impulse of his own genius, or carried away by the tide of circumstances which he found it impossible to stem, plunged into new wars—marching one army from Bombay, under Sir Charles Napier, into Scinde; and sending another, with Sir Hugh Gough (now commander-in-chief), against the well-appointed forces of Guallior. The same brilliant success which attended his endeavours elsewhere waited upon the combinations of his military leaders in both quarters. The battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad placed the whole of Scinde at our feet; and the Ameers being deposed, it was formally annexed to the Indian empire. At Maharajpore, likewise, and at Punniar, Sir Hugh Gough's troops covered themselves with glory, their commander exhibiting a degree of skill as well as of bravery for which, in our opinion, sufficient justice has not yet been done him. Indeed, Sir Hugh Gough's whole proceedings

ings, from the day that he assumed the command of the army of China down to the crowning victory at Sobraon, have been marked throughout by as much of forethought as of courage. The boldness for which he has been censured clearly showed that he knew the sort of enemy with whom he had to deal; and he is the ablest General who brings to bear upon the force that is opposed to him the tactics which hold out the surest prospect of victory. Far be it from us to detract from the well-earned renown of Sir Charles Napier.\* He conducted the Scinde campaign with exceeding judgment, and fought his battles well. But let it not be forgotten, if the merits of the two commanders must be balanced, that, the real strength of native armies lies in their artillery, in which are the Ameers were much feebler than we; whereas both in China and at Maharajpore our inferiority in the number of pieces as well as in the weight of metal was prodigious. The victory at Maharajpore may have cost more lives than that of Hyderabad; but on the former occasion we opposed thirty light guns to fifty-eight, many of heavy calibre; whereas in the latter the superiority was on our side, as regards both the number and the weight of the cannon engaged. We must not, however, forget, that with the campaigns of Scinde and Guallior our concern for the present goes no further than to trace the effect, if any, which they may have had in leading to the war which has just terminated at Lahore. And of this there can be little doubt, because it is no longer a secret that the jealousy of the Sikhs, already active enough, became inflamed a thousand-fold at the tidings of our triumphs; and that the treaty of Guallior, though it secured us from attack on the flank, sent a large number of irritated soldiers, with cannon and munitions of war, to swell the amount and brace the confidence of the Sikh army.

Brilliant as Lord Ellenborough's administration had been, and eminent as was the success of his warlike projects, his general policy, perhaps his style and manner of explaining it, proved by no means acceptable to the authorities at the India House. To the astonishment of the whole country, and in admitted opposition to the wishes of the cabinet, the Court of Directors asserted a privilege, which undeniably belonged to them; Lord Ellenborough was recalled, and Sir Henry Hardinge appointed to be his successor. That noble soldier and able statesman had, on the

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\* We say nothing now as to the political and diplomatic department of Sir Charles Napier's Scinde services. That is a separate and very important subject; but we must wait till we have seen the second Part of Colonel Outram's 'Commentary' on General William Napier's 'History' of his brother's Eastern achievements. The first Part, we must own, has a damaging aspect. It is just published by Blackwood of Edinburgh; and of the skill and vigour, at least, of the performance there can be no doubt.

first tidings of the reverses at Cabul, been requested to assume the chief direction of the Indian army, and, with characteristic disinterestedness, had refused to come between the officers already in command of the Company's troops and the glory which he felt assured they were able and anxious to acquire by avenging for themselves the death of their comrades. But now, when it was made known to him that both the Company and the Ministry required that he should put himself in the post of difficulty and danger, he at once consented. Sir Henry was sworn in Governor General early in May, 1844, and in little more than three weeks was on his way, overland, for the seat of his Government.

If there had been urgent arguments addressed to Lord Ellenborough in favour of a peaceful reign, the wish both of the Directors and of the Cabinet on that head was expressed with increased earnestness to Sir Henry Hardinge. He was given to understand that nothing short of invasion from abroad, or some outrage upon the national honour, such as it might be unsafe to leave unnoticed, would justify him in the eyes of his employers for embarking in hostile operations; and it was especially impressed upon him that he should not interfere in any way with the proceedings of the Sikhs, so long as they left the territories of the Company, and of the princes whom the Company had undertaken to protect, unmolested. It is necessary to state all this clearly, in order that the true causes of our seeming unpreparedness to encounter the danger of a Sikh invasion, when it came, may be understood. For it is no longer a secret, that one great reason for the abrupt recall of Lord Ellenborough was found in the fears of the Court of Directors, that having settled Scinde and Guallior in his own way, he might, under the pretext of keeping war at a distance, enter upon a crusade against the Punjab. Thus urged from without, and being lifted by his well-earned reputation as a soldier above the common cravings of professional ambition, Sir Henry entered upon the duties of his office, more anxious than perhaps any other Governor-General had ever been before him to signalise the entire term of his residence in India by the useful labours of peace. At the same time, he did not consider himself bound either to censure or to retrace the steps which his predecessor might have taken in an opposite direction. He found that the attention of Lord Ellenborough had been turned seriously towards the north-western frontier; that all the towns, from Delhi to Kurnaul, were filled with troops; that the Commander-in-Chief had already surveyed the whole extent of the protected states with a view to make choice of military positions; and that the advanced posts of

Loodiana

Loodiana and Ferozepore were garrisoned. Sir Henry Hardinge neither undid anything of all this, nor found fault with it; but he carefully abstained from the discussion in council or elsewhere of topics which might turn men's thoughts to war; and, without neglecting any necessary preparations, bent himself to the arrangement of plans for the better education of the people of India, and the commencement of works which might facilitate communication through the country, and add fertility to its plains by better drainage and more abundant means of irrigation.

'While the Governor-General is giving encouragement to the erection of native schools, and marking out highways, railroads, and a canal which shall pass through the whole valley of the Ganges, it may not be amiss if we cast our eyes rapidly over the provinces commonly styled 'the protected states.' Kurnaul, Seharanpoor, Paniput, and Meerut constituted in 1844 the most advanced towns within the limits of the Company's dominions. Beyond the foremost of these, and between it and the Sutlej, lies a tract of country, extending in a straight line about two hundred English miles, which comprises the principalities of Patiala, Samanah, Sirhind, and other districts of less extent; and is governed by one or other of a batch of Rajahs, who derive their titles respectively from their very limited dominions. These Rajahs are all Hindus by lineage, by religion Sikhs. Their territories were repeatedly overrun by Runjeet, and would have been permanently annexed to his empire, had not Lord Minto interfered to prevent it, and by the treaty of Unritzer secured to them their independence, on condition that they acknowledged the English Government as their protector. But Protection in the East gives to the protecting power certain rights not dissimilar from those which the feudal superior used to exercise over his vassal in the Europe of the middle ages. We exacted no tribute from the Rajahs, but we held them bound, in case of war, to take the field at the head of their contingents, and we proclaimed ourselves next in succession to such of them as might die without natural heirs. Moreover, that the protection which we undertook to afford might be effective, there were conceded to us two posts upon the Sutlej, where, for a quarter of a century or more, we have been in the habit of keeping garrisons, and between which and our own frontier we had the right of constant and free communication. The posts in question are Loodiana and Ferozepore, both isolated, and standing full one hundred miles apart; and the better to maintain the connexion between them and the British frontier, Umballa, though, strictly speaking, a town within the limits of the neutral ground, had been latterly occupied by a British force.

Satisfied

Satisfied with the dispositions which were already made for the protection of the north-western frontier, and reposing full confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Hardinge continued throughout the winter of 1844, and the early spring of 1845, to prosecute his plans for the general improvement of India. That he kept his eye upon the Punjab, and was neither regardless of the confusion into which its affairs were falling, nor of the consequences to which this might probably lead, is most certain. He had already directed that the works both at Loodiana and Ferozepore should be strengthened; and raised the garrison of the latter place from four thousand to seven thousand men. The former was held by about six thousand; and at Umballa, where Gough's head-quarters were established, and among the cantonments in its rear, lay about seven thousand five hundred, of all arms. But as Sir Henry certainly did not anticipate that the whole power of the Punjab would be thrown across the Sutlej, he naturally concluded that there was force enough at hand to meet and repel whatever invasion might be hazarded. Accordingly the beneficent projects, on the execution of which he had entered, seem never to have been interrupted for a moment; and they found him in ample employment; for his letters—some of which we have seen—describe him as devoting to the public business of his station not fewer than fifteen hours daily.

The state of things at Lahore was becoming continually more uncomfortable. There were two factions in the city—described as the English, and the anti-English. At the head of the latter was an intriguing Cashmerian slave-girl, a creature of the Ranee, who had established great influence over the troops. Gholab Singh was understood to be at the head of the former; but he, distrusting his own safety in the capital, had withdrawn to his fortress of Jamoo, where he gathered round him a formidable army, and sat still, as it seemed, to watch the event. Meanwhile it was believed by us, that the attitude of calm observation which we had assumed, would suffice to repress any disposition to active hostilities on the part of the Sikhs. The tidings, therefore, for which all men south of the Sutlej seem to have been prepared, were these—that a fresh mutiny had broken out, and that the Ranee and her son having shared the fate of their immediate predecessors, Gholab Singh was come down to place himself at the head of the government. Now had this, which was in the highest degree probable, occurred, Sir Henry Hardinge, we may presume, might possibly have been prepared to recognise the new state of things. The character of Gholab Singh could not be unknown to him. He was aware that a more cunning and unprincipled intriguer did



did not exist, even in the Punjab! but he knew likewise that Gholab was an able man; and with an able man to control the councils of the nation, there were more chances of keeping at peace than with a woman or a child, overawed by a tumultuous army. Hence if Sir Henry meditated a renewal with Gholab of the treaties which had been contracted with Runjeet—whom Gholab in many points of character resembled—he took a statesman-like view of his own position. And he did perfectly right, at all events, in abstaining from proceedings which might in the slightest degree tend to disturb existing relations between states, neither of which could be justified in interfering with the affairs of the other, so long as that other kept within the limits of its own territories.

But all experience proves that to calculate before hand upon what a barbarous people will do from a consideration of the course which it would be their wisdom to adopt, is idle. At the very moment when our government—relying upon the intelligence which its political agents communicated—was counting on the extreme improbability of a national movement by the Sikhs, the Sikh soldiers, inflamed by the intrigues of a Cashmerian slave, were clamorous to be led across the Sutlej. They openly elected delegates or punchayets to preside over them, surrounded the palace, demanded the arrears of their pay, and proposed, as the sole alternative, authority to march and enrich themselves with the spoil of the English. The voluptuous Ranee, alarmed for her own life, and for the lives of her lovers, ~~Tika~~ Singh and Lal Singh, consented to the latter proceeding; and orders were issued for an advance, in six divisions, of the whole disposable force of the Sikhs upon our frontier.

These occurrences took place about the middle of November, 1845, and were immediately communicated by Major Broadfoot, the political agent, to the Commander-in-Chief. Sir H. Gough, conceiving that hostilities were about to commence, ordered up from Meerut two regiments of European cavalry, and three of infantry. He was desirous too of reinforcing the garrison of Ferozepore, particularly with Europeans; for it was there that he expected the first blow to fall; and Sir John Littler's corps, though it reckoned in all seven thousand three hundred men, included but one European regiment. But various causes connected with the political state of affairs induced the Governor-General to disapprove of the latter suggestion; and it was not carried into effect. Moreover the troops at Meerut had scarcely been warned to move, and that cantonment was in all the excitement and bustle which usually attends the opening of a campaign, ere fresh intelligence of a more pacific nature arrived. The Sikh army had  
determined

determined on consulting the astrologers, who declared that a propitious day for beginning the march would not occur earlier than the 28th; and though the soldiers were furious, and spoke of deposing the Ranee, and bringing in Gholab Singh, it was considered highly improbable that they would take courage to act in opposition to the omens. Indeed nobody appeared to be able, from the appearance of things as they were on one day, to calculate what another might bring forth; for the public revenue, as well as the pay of the troops, was in arrear; and a project was openly broached of getting rid of both difficulties at once, by granting assignments to the mutineers on the rents of the defaulters—and thus preserving peace abroad, while the disturbers of internal tranquillity were left to pay themselves. Under these circumstances the march of the Meerut corps was likewise countermanded; and our preparations may be said to have reverted to the state in which they had been during the greater part of the summer.

But long before things arrived at this point, the Governor-General, with the consent of the Supreme Council, had determined to proceed in person to the north-western frontier, in order that the power of the executive might be at hand for any emergency. He reached Kurnaul on the 26th of November, where the Commander-in-Chief met him, and the excellent feeling which mutual respect had already created between them, as personal strangers, grew at once, now that they looked one another in the face, into friendship. We have had the good fortune to read many of the letters of both, written in all the unreserved frankness of private correspondence; and we are bound to say that nothing can exceed the generous kindness with which each awards to the other the tribute of his praise. Nor will any one to whom, in private life, Lords Hardinge and Gough happen to be known, even slightly, be surprised at this. High-minded and chivalrous gentlemen, they are alike incapable of any rivalry, except for their country's good—alike eager to draw a veil each over his own noble conduct, if by so doing he may be likely to bring the merits of the other more prominently forward.

As soon as the determination of the Sikh army to march upon the Sutlej became known, Major Broadfoot demanded an explanation from the durbar at Lahore. No answer was at first afforded; but a repetition of the demand brought an announcement on the 25th that two brigades had broken up, in spite of the astrologers' remonstrances, and were advanced to a station midway between Lahore and the Sutlej. An opinion, it was stated, had got abroad that the English were afraid to come to blows.

It

It was accepted that the Earl of Ellenborough had been removed from office on account of his belligerent propensities; and that a policy strictly the reverse had been required of his successor. In a word, the Sikh soldiers, full of self-confidence, and despising the 'terrified English,' the 'submissive Feringhees,' were not, it seemed, to be restrained:—though it was by near observers still thought doubtful, after all, whether more than a little empty boasting would come out of it.

Such was the amount of the information received by our political agents at this time—which, though sufficient to keep the minds of men on the alert, would clearly not have warranted any change in the disposition of the British army. Perhaps our sources of intelligence might be defective. But defective sources of intelligence—where there are no means of providing better—must be received—and to act in opposition to the inferences which they teach us to draw, would be madness.

There was no movement, then, of troops; but the civil and military authorities on the frontier were not idle. Strenuous efforts were made to collect such supplies of provisions and stores as might place the army, whether concentrated or detached, beyond the hazard of destitution: while to provide the means of transport, baggage animals of every description were purchased up wherever the commissariat could lay their hands upon them. The Governor-General sacrificed the whole of his camel train and elephants to the public service, though he left himself thereby as bare of personal comforts as any field-officer in camp. Moreover he gave directions for the establishment of a magazine at Bussean, a place situated on the road from Umballa to Ferozepore, and midway between the latter place and Loodiana, whence, in the event of a sudden movement upon either of these advanced posts, the army might be able to draw supplies. Sir Hugh Gough's despatch, which mentions this arrangement, pays a high compliment to the forethought which suggested it; indeed there is little doubt but that it constituted one of the main elements of success;—without the sustenance which in the hour of need they received from that dépôt, the troops must have sunk through sheer exhaustion, and the tide of war might have gone entirely against us in the end.

The Governor-General, immediately on the receipt of Major Broadfoot's communication, demanded from the Lahore durbar a distinct communication of their purposes. No reply came on the 4th of December, whereupon the Sikh vakeel was commanded to quit the British camp. This proceeding amounted to a virtual declaration of war; and the Commander-in-Chief, so regarding it, again

again suggested the propriety of closing up the divisions in the rear. But as there was still a chance—a feeble one certainly—that absolute collision might be averted, the Governor-General contented himself with directing that the troops might be held in readiness, and the positions of the reserved corps were maintained accordingly. Meanwhile, however, Sir Henry Hardinge visited the territories of the protected rajahs, and informed them of his wishes. He then rode on to Loodiana, and after inspecting the troops, gave instructions to the officer commanding that he should hold himself in readiness to march with every disposable man upon Bussean; converting thereby the Loodiana garrison into the advanced guard of the main army, which was prepared, under the Commander-in-Chief, to push forward from Umballa at a moment's notice. The force thus brought, or ready to be brought into camp, amounted to about five thousand men; a thousand, and no more, of the aged and infirm being left to take care of the place; but as the rajah of Pateala undertook with his contingent to support this latter corps, the Governor-General calculated that against a sudden inroad of marauders (and in this direction he did not look for more) they would be able to maintain themselves.

Undoubtedly there was some risk in thus denuding so important an advanced post of its effective garrison. Had the Sikhs attacked Loodiana while we were manœuvring for the defence of Ferozepore—had they effected early in the campaign the movement which towards the close of it Sir Harry Smith defeated—the place might have fallen; and great blame would have been cast, justly or unjustly, both on the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. But there is no carrying on operations in the field without risk; and Sir Henry Hardinge, having formed the opinion that the enemy would move by one line only—at least in force—hazarded a measure of which the results were eminently advantageous. Besides, at the worst, Bussean was not so far removed from Loodiana as to render the arrival of succours in good time impossible. On the contrary, it offered an excellent base of operations for an army which, having two distant points to observe, was, owing to circumstances, more jealous of one than of the other;—it constituted a pivot on which the whole strength of the British force could turn—being almost as near to Loodiana as to Ferozepore, and on the high road to both.

Each new day brought fresh rumours and tidings to the British head-quarters; and these assumed, at last, such a character that orders were issued for the advance of the main army towards Bussean. The march began on the 11th of December, Sir Hugh Gough pushing forward on the morning of that day from Um-

balla; while every station in the rear sent on its corps in like manner. There accompanied Sir Hugh three regiments of European infantry—the 9th, 50th, and 80th; one regiment of European cavalry, the 3rd light dragoons; four troops of European horse artillery; five regiments of native infantry; three regiments of native cavalry; and one troop of native horse artillery: in all 5500 men, with 30 guns. Behind him, at a day's march distant, came Major-General Gilbert, with three regiments of European infantry—the 29th, 31st, and 1st Bengal European light infantry, three regiments of native infantry, two batteries of field artillery, and one of howitzers: in all 4480 men, with eighteen guns.

When the forward movement began, there was no certain intelligence at head-quarters as to the actual position of the Sikh army. That portions of it had approached the Sutlej, both the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief were aware; and it was to counteract this movement that the more advanced position of Bussean was about to be occupied. The troops, however, had accomplished but a two days' march, ere all doubt in regard to this matter was removed. The Governor-General was walking before his tent on the morning of the 13th, and conversing with Major Broadfoot about the general aspect of affairs, when a courier galloped up, and delivered to the latter a scrap of paper sealed. It proved to be a hurried despatch from his agent at Ferozepore, which announced that eight battalions of Sikhs had crossed the river a little way above the town, and that the rest of the Khalsa army was passing. All ground of doubt and hesitation being thus removed, the authorities prepared to repel the danger where it threatened; and the division in the rear pressing up by double marches, and the corps from Loodiana being already close at hand, about fourteen thousand as good troops as ever carried arms in India began a rapid advance towards Ferozepore.

It had by this time become pretty clear that throughout the 'protected states' a very bad spirit prevailed. Not a rajah or village-chief could be thought really zealous; for though it was well known that most of them were in constant communication with Lahore, to a man they had abstained from forwarding intelligence to the English leaders. On the 16th the advanced guard, which both Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough accompanied, received proof enough that they were moving through a hostile instead of a friendly country. At nine o'clock in the morning they reached a fortified village called Wudnee, and called on its head man to admit them to the shelter and refreshment of which they stood in need; but he shut his gates  
against

against them. 'As our battering guns were far in the rear,' writes the Commander-in-Chief, 'it was determined to reserve the place for future chastisement. Nevertheless, the horse-artillery unlimbered and drew up; whereupon the garrison, distrustful of the event, submitted so far as to furnish supplies. These proved miserably inadequate to the wants of the men; but did something to restore the exhausted strength of the cattle.'

Having settled this point, the troops again moved forward. They were all dreadfully fatigued, particularly the sepoy, whose physical strength is much inferior to that of the European soldier. Yet, when told that another day's march would bring them up with the enemy, they answered with a cheer; and declared that they were able to proceed any distance, and would go on till they dropped.

On the 17th a spy was brought into camp, who reported that the enemy were about eight miles from Ferozepore, with sixty thousand men and two hundred pieces of cannon. The same day brought a letter from Sir John Littler which confirmed the report of the spy; and stated, over and above, that the enormous disparity of numbers would prevent his acting on the offensive; but that his corps were in good heart, and that he would be able to repel any attack that might be made upon him. Tidings such as these had no other effect than to quicken the movements of the army—the troops pushed on in spite of fatigue, thirst, and terrible privations; and compassed day by day, under the vertical sun of India, an average of six-and-twenty English miles.

It is the custom in the Bengal army to carry the cooking utensils of the men on the backs of baggage animals. The same practice used to prevail in our own army till the Duke of Wellington put a stop to it; and as baggage animals invariably knock up sooner than men, the Bengal soldier is liable, in a series of forced marches, to suffer as our men used to do from the absence of food, even when the commissary is less blameworthy than he is sometimes supposed to be. Whether the precaution was taken to fill the haversacks of the Europeans with bread and cooked meat ere they set out for Umballa, we do not know. But supposing this to have been done, as men seldom carry more than three days' provisions anywhere, and as the sepoy exists upon rice and other grain, which will not bear to be cooked beforehand, and is too bulky to be borne about his person, it is evident that all the marches of a force which depends upon a train of baggage animals for the means of dressing its food, must, after the third or fourth day, be performed under peculiarly harassing circumstances. On the 17th our gallant fellows had undergone

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privations

privations such as troops not worsted in the field, and in broken retreat, seldom encounter; and on the 18th they were destined to be tried still more severely.

It had been ascertained in the course of the 17th that the movement of our columns on Bussean was felt in the Sikh camp near Ferozepore. The enemy, it was stated, had divided his strength; and while one portion observed Littler from an entrenched camp at the Nuggur Ghaut, the other was advancing to intercept and, if possible, to surprise the relieving army on its march. The single effect produced by this report upon officers and men was that it braced them the more to contend against their difficulties; and the columns went forward in good spirits, though in a state of severe suffering.

It was yet early in the day when the patrols of the advanced guard fell in with parties of Sikhs, which had been sent out to feel for their coming. A skirmish ensued which ended in the retreat of the enemy, who abandoned a village of which they had taken possession, and soon disappeared. The villagers, having learned that a strong force was in position about five miles off, communicated the information to our patrols, by whom it was conveyed without loss of time to the Commander-in-Chief. No check, however, took place. The columns held their onward progress; and a little after mid-day Sir Harry Smith's division, supported by two brigades of infantry—one from each of the divisions of Major-General Sir John M'Caskill and Major-General Gilbert, together with five troops of horse-artillery, two light field-batteries, and the whole of the cavalry—namely, 3rd light dragoons, the body guard, the 4th and 5th light cavalry, and the 9th irregular horse—passed by the village of Moodkee and proceeded to bivouac a little way in front of it.

Both men and horses were terribly jaded. They had found no water throughout the whole day's march, and were without supplies at the end of it; for many had no provisions at all issued out to them; and others, though in this respect more favoured, lacked all convenience for cooking. But rest of itself was a luxury, and they cast themselves upon the ground. They had not lain long, however, ere mounted patrols came galloping in from the pickets to announce that the enemy were approaching. In an instant bugles and trumpets sounded the assembly. The Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief rode from regiment to regiment encouraging their men: and the latter, putting himself at the head of the cavalry and artillery, moved forward. Meanwhile Sir Henry Hardinge—though as yet a mere military amateur—formed the infantry in echelon of brigades, closing up the rearward corps; and by and by moved in support  
of

of the troopers in advance, with a magnificent array of twelve battalions.

How the battle of Moodkee was fought—how nobly—yet at what a terrible cost the victory was won—the despatches of the two generous colleagues well describe. The field of action was a sandy plain, covered with low brushwood, and broken by slight elevations. The armies came absolutely in contact ere the private soldiers on either side could tell that an enemy was near; but the manœuvring of the British horse and the practice of the artillery were both admirable. The former, after advancing in columns of brigade, opened out into line, so as to screen the formation of the infantry, and to give time for the artillery to come up; and then passing by echellon of squadrons to the right and left, threatened both of the enemy's flanks, and turned their left. A warm cannonade ensued on both sides—in which our artillery, though lighter than that of the Sikhs, had the advantage—while the 3rd dragoons, supported by the body-guard, the 5th, and a portion of the 4th, after chasing the Sikh cavalry from the field, swept along the rear of their line, silenced their guns, and rode through their battalions. Meanwhile the British infantry came on, and forthwith, to use the plain words of the Commander-in-Chief, 'the roll of the fire from this powerful arm convinced the Sikh army that they had met with a foe they little expected.' The battle may have lasted in its fury about an hour. At the end of that time Europeans and Sepoys, side by side, advanced with the bayonet, and burst through the opposing line with that cheer, seldom heard in vain, in which our Indian soldiery have long since learned to join with English energy. It was the crowning and decisive movement, for the enemy once broken never rallied; yet they fought in detached bodies still; and as the evening set in rapidly, and the dust and smoke deepened its darkness four-fold, a little confusion occurred. Some of the Sikh battalions wear scarlet, which misled our men more than once, and caused detached parties to fire upon one another. Nevertheless our troops were kept marvellously in hand, all things considered; and having fairly seen the enemy off the ground, they some hours after nightfall returned to the bivouac, and slept.

The loss in this encounter was on our part severe, though not more than the nature of the contest, and the extreme exigency of the service, appear to have accounted for. We have felt it chiefly, because in the list of the killed appear the names of men who had either done the country good service, or were full of high hopes which there needed but time and opportunity to fulfil. Here died Sale, the hero of Jallalabad, than whom the British army



army never produced a better soldier. Here M'Caskill brought his long and important services to an end. Both shared the warrior's grave with young Herries,\* Pollock, and Munro, and with other officers of the highest promise and the most conspicuous gallantry.

Foremost in this bloody fray were the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. Wherever the fire was hottest, there you were sure to find them: yet both escaped unhurt. Sir Hugh Gough did not quit the field till the last file of his gallant army withdrew from it. It was two in the morning of the 19th ere he lay down, and six saw him again on horseback; for the general cannot sleep as the private soldier does, and the general, on the present occasion, seems scarcely to have required the refreshment of sleep at all. Nor was the activity of the veteran uncalled for. Though repulsed, the Sikhs were neither defeated nor cowed. They had left behind them, it is true, seventeen pieces of cannon, and the field of battle was covered with their dead; but in numbers both of men and of guns they still exceeded the English beyond all calculation, and their confidence in their own valour was not abated. They hovered about the camp in such a menacing attitude that our troops were repeatedly required to get under arms; and the whole of the 19th was spent in keen watchfulness by both parties.

The evening of the 19th brought into the British lines a valuable reinforcement. Two European regiments, the 29th and 1st Bengal light infantry, after making incredible exertions to get forward, arrived in time to compensate for the casualties which the action of the previous day had occasioned; and the Governor-General, about the same hour, made glad the heart of the Commander-in-Chief by offering to serve under him—literally as well as virtually—and to assume the post of second in command. We have not forgotten that this act of Sir Henry Hardinge incurred, when it first became known in this country, something like censure. There were those who contended, first, that he was altogether without authority to interfere in the executive details of the army; and next, that independently of such merely professional considerations, it was neither prudent nor becoming in one intrusted with the high functions of head of the Indian government to expose the empire to the confusion which would doubtless ensue were any casualty to befall him. But they who took this view of the question forgot that the posture of affairs at the seat

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\* The British army never lost a young officer of higher promise or of more amiable disposition than Mr. Herries; and the confidence reposed in him both by Lord Ellenborough and Sir H. Hardinge was as marked as the affection of his comrades. His fall was literally *wepit*, beside the Governor-General's bivouac.

of war set all ordinary rules at defiance. The loss of such officers as Sale, M'Caskill, and others, told much against the efficiency of the army, and could hardly be compensated except by some such arrangement as that which was entered into between the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General. Meanwhile, for all purposes of internal administration, the Deputy Governor of Bengal, appointed expressly on the departure of Sir Henry Hardinge for the north-western frontier, was competent, in case of the worst, to conduct affairs till a successor for Sir Henry should arrive. And such was the nature of the commission which the latter carried, that neither by this nor by any other similar step did he abrogate one title of the authority, political or military, which appertained to him as head of the Indian government. His proposal to serve as second in command under Sir Hugh Gough was therefore not only not censurable, but it showed the Governor-General to be possessed of an extraordinary share of generosity; while the frank and manly manner in which the proposal was acceded to, did credit to both the head and the heart of the Commander-in-Chief. Honour be to them both! for they have well earned it. They were rivals throughout, but it was for the advancement of their country's welfare, amid the care of which all selfish considerations were forgotten. They have set an example to public men which many, we trust, will strive in all ages to imitate; for as long as such a spirit prevails among us, it is impossible that our greatness should go down.

It is necessary, before proceeding further with our narrative, to advert a little to the movements of the Sikhs, and to describe, in few words, the nature of the plan on which subsequent information showed that they were acting. Some brigades, having set the responses of the astrologers at defiance, moved early in November towards the Sutlej. They halted, however, on their own side of the river, in consequence of an assurance which they received, that the rear of the army, bringing the generals along with it, would join them on the morrow; and the promise was so far verified that in due time 70,000 men or more drew to a head, and the campaign was opened. The whole passed the Sutlej much about the time that our troops at Umballa were put in motion. They drove in Littler's outposts, and loosely invested Ferozepore; but the blockade was not very strict from the outset; and when tidings arrived of the advance of Gough, their plans underwent a change. About 30,000 infantry, with a large force of cavalry, took up a position, which they fortified, near Ferozepore; though rather in observation of it than as a besieging army. The remainder marched to Ferozeshah, a village about ten miles in advance, towards Moodkee, where they forth-  
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with began to entrench themselves, and which, in the course of a few days, they managed to surround with a double circuit of works—the outer line being an irregular polygon. It was a portion of the army from Ferozeshah, amounting to about 20,000 foot, with a huge swarm of horse, that fought the battle of Moodkee; and the survivors from that bloody field drew off, checked indeed, but not confounded, that they might return to their fortified position and render it stronger.

The shock of a great battle, even when it ends favourably, is not surmounted in an hour, particularly if the victorious army be in presence of a force superior to itself in point of numbers, and still confident in the strength of its position and the weight of its artillery. It was impossible, after so stern a conflict as that of the 18th, that our Generals should be in a condition to move earlier than the 21st; but at four o'clock in the morning of that day the line of march was formed. It was wholly unencumbered with baggage. The sick, the wounded, the stores of every description, were left under the protection of a battalion and a half of native infantry in the camp, and the tents themselves were not struck. There is no denying that this was a bold manœuvre, for the camp stood in an open plain, and two hostile armies—each more than double the whole of the British force—seemed to threaten it. Moreover the armies in question swarmed with cavalry, which, though it had displayed little steadiness when opposed in the field to ours, was still very formidable for purposes of plunder. Nevertheless the reasons for encountering this risk were so cogent that both the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General yielded to them. The operation on which they were about to enter required a compact and pliable force, whereas an Indian army, attended by even a curtailed amount of baggage, is the reverse of pliable. They were about to raise the blockade of Ferozepore; after effecting which, and joining Sir John Littler's corps to themselves, the real business of the campaign would begin: wherefore, taking into account the difficulty of protecting a long line of baggage in the presence of an active enemy, and remembering that the means of transport at their disposal were become inadequate to the conveyance of the whole; considering, too, that some dépôt must be formed at Moodkee, inasmuch as the bad cases among the wounded could not be removed—and that a small guard would be in danger from the disaffected villagers, as well as threatened by marauding parties from the Sikh camps;—the British chiefs came to the conclusion that it would be best to march with arms and ammunition only, and to entrust the safety of the camp to a corps numerically strong enough to maintain itself: for they counted on nothing more than a dash of horsemen to the rear.

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They took it for granted that, with a general action impending, the Sikhs would hardly venture to detach either from their infantry or their artillery, and they entertained no doubt that a battalion and a half of well-disciplined sepoys would give a good account of whatever Sikh cavalry might endeavour to molest them.

In the course of the 20th the plans settled at head-quarters were conveyed to Littler. Sir Hugh Gough had determined to turn the position of Ferozeshah on its right; and Sir John was directed to move in good time out of Ferozepore, so as to form a junction with the advancing army at a spot parallel with the enemy's lines, yet well out of reach of their fire. The calculations of time and space appear to have been made by both leaders with exceeding accuracy. The Commander-in-Chief, quitting his camp at four in the morning, found himself at the point of junction a little after noon, and was greeted, as he approached, with the sight of heavy clouds of dust—a sufficient indication that other troops than his own were in motion. The patrols soon met, and found themselves mutually in the presence of friends. It was Littler's column which, punctual to a moment, had executed its appointed part in this manœuvre of combination; and as Gough had marched left and Littler right in front, there needed but a general deployment to bring the whole army into line, fronting the enemy's position. The entire of the disposable force, within a theatre of two hundred miles diameter, was thus concentrated. From Ludiana every man that could be spared had been withdrawn, and now the junction of Littler swelled the amount of troops in hand to something about sixteen or seventeen thousand men.

Thus far all had gone well. It was yet early, not more than two or three o'clock in the day; and now the obvious question arose, to what use was it advisable to apply the advantage that had been gained. Some there were who, if they did not counsel, certainly conceived that it was the policy of the British general to procrastinate. He had gained his object. Littler was relieved, and henceforth delay, which should enable his reinforcements to come up from afar, was all in his favour. But Sir Hugh Gough viewed the circumstances of his position differently. At the present moment the Sikh army was divided. A corps, to the full as numerous as that which occupied the intrenched camp, lay some miles above Ferozepore; and might, in the course of four and twenty hours, either join the force in Ferozeshah, or fall upon the British flank—or burn the town which Littler had evacuated—or cut off the Commander-in-Chief's communications with the rear, and destroy his camp. He was convinced, therefore, that according to all the principles of war a battle ought to be hazarded immediately;

diately; for though his troops were somewhat fatigued, the rest of a single night would hardly refresh them, particularly as they were without provisions for men or forage for horses, and that water itself was wanting. The Sikhs, on the contrary, would take no hurt by delay, but the reverse. They had plenty to eat and drink; they would strengthen their works to the last hour; they would doubtless send—they had probably sent already—to inform the blockading army of what had happened. It was clear, therefore, that to attack on the instant was best for us: and as the gallant old general entertained no doubt that he should be able to force the lines before dark, he counted on winning for his followers, with their own bayonets and swords, the refreshment of which they stood in need. Accordingly directions were given to form in order of attack, and the whole line moved forward.

It is neither our intention to describe nor to criticise in detail the fierce combat of Ferozeshah. Sir Hugh Gough has been censured for attacking the longer face of an entrenchment, which in his despatch he describes as a parallelogram. But Sir Hugh has scarcely done himself justice by thus writing of a fortified position, which presented on all sides innumerable salient angles, and had all the cross fire to protect it which a polygon can give. Moreover Sir Hugh did not explain, what is well known, that on the face which he attacked, being that which was averted from Moodkee, the enemy had bestowed much less pains than they did upon the point on which they calculated that the storm would burst; and finally, that the attack fell upon more than one face, inasmuch as two of the extreme corners of the camp were turned.

The British army was formed in two lines for the attack. On the left of the first line was Littler's corps—then that of Wallace (late M'Caskill's)—on the right Gilbert's. Beyond each flank was extended a troop of horse artillery, while the body of the guns was massed in the centre. Sir Harry Smith's division of infantry formed, with the cavalry, the second line, the cavalry taking the flanks and supporting the troops in front of them by brigades. Finally, Gough placed himself at the head of the right wing, and Hardinge took command of the left.

In this order, and full of confidence in themselves, the troops moved on. Sir John Littler's corps seems to have made its formation nearer to the enemy's works than that of General Gilbert. The consequence was, that it attacked rather too soon, and suffered severely: for there was no diversion in its favour; and the enemy were able to turn against it the whole volume of their fire. Hence the dreadful slaughter in the ranks of the brave 62nd, which exhibited no symptoms of wavering or of panic;

panic; but pressed on, as if eager to accomplish impossibilities, till, by direction of the officer commanding the brigade, it was made to desist. Hence, too, the whole of the left wing—after performing prodigies of valour, and forcing its way within the outer line of the enemy's works—found it necessary to withdraw from them again, and to pass the night outside. It was not so with the right of the army under Sir Hugh Gough. There, as well as elsewhere, the fire of artillery was appalling; there men and horses went down by sections; and our lighter guns, dismounted and disabled, told how far inferior we were in the very arm wherein it had heretofore been our pride to believe that we surpassed all the armies of Asia. Nevertheless, the right wing would take no denial, and in spite of mines which exploded there as well as elsewhere, forced its way over ramparts and through embrasures, and bivouacked where the men had fired their last shot. What a night was that which followed! Side by side, with the dying and the dead, the living lay down. They strove to sleep; some of them did sleep in spite of cold, hunger, thirst, and, worse than all, the cries and groans of their wounded comrades. And all around them and above, the horizon was illuminated with the flames of burning huts, exploding shells, tumbrils, ammunition carts, and occasionally a mine. Moreover, they suffered, even then, from a constant fire of artillery, which became at one time so annoying—where the Governor-General was in person—that he was forced to order two regiments, the 80th and 1st Bengal Europeans, to charge with the bayonet. But Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough knew no rest at all; they went about from corps to corps, animating the men, and cheerfully demonstrating to the officers that there was no alternative on the morrow but victory or death. And great need there was of this buoyant spirit in the chiefs. The army had just fought such a battle as the annals of Indian warfare could not match. Every man had put forth his whole strength: yet there they were—not defeated, certainly—but with ranks thinned, and physical powers exhausted—face to face with an enemy who seemed as resolute to prevail as themselves. Let us not therefore wonder, far less speak in language of reproach, concerning the whispers that passed from fire to fire about retreating. Let us rather be thankful that there were such men present to repress and deride them, as Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge. 'The Governor-General is of opinion that it will be best to cut our way at once to Ferozepore,' said an officer of rank to the Commander-in-Chief. 'The thing is impossible,' replied Sir Hugh; 'I know Sir Henry Hardinge better; but to put an end to all doubt, I will go to him. At the same time I tell you  
beforehand,

beforehand, my mind is made up. If we must perish, it is better that our bones should bleach honourably at Ferozeshah, than rot at Ferozepore; but they shall not do either the one or the other.' 'The Commander-in-Chief thinks,' said another officer of rank to Sir Henry Hardinge, 'that it will be fatal to risk a renewal of the fight to-morrow.' 'Don't you believe a word of it,' replied Sir Henry. 'The Commander-in-Chief knows as well as anybody, that it will never do for a British army to be foiled; and foiled this army shall not be. We must fight it out as soon as there is light enough to show us the enemy. And so, in a hopeful spirit, though weary, worn, and suffering, the army passed the night.

And here, let us not forget to take notice of certain little circumstances which will in all time coming give to this brief but stern campaign, an interest peculiarly its own. Both the Governor General and the Commander-in-Chief were in the field, surrounded by their nearest relatives and most attached friends. Sir Henry had his eldest son with him as private secretary—another, a mere boy, his aide-de-camp—and a nephew, Col. Wood, attached to his personal staff. Sir Hugh Gough had a son-in-law and a nephew with the army, of whom the former now lay severely wounded at Moodkee, while the latter, though very young, commanded one of the cavalry brigades. Moreover, there had accompanied the Governor-General, an illustrious stranger, one of the Princes of Prussia, who, though a traveller in British India for information, could not, consistently with the habits of his race, smell gunpowder without placing himself in the hottest of the fire. These family groups—for such they well deserve to be called—came together, in a night like this, with more than usual sympathy; and very bitter were Mr. Hardinge's feelings, when his father, remonstrating against such an uncalled-for exposure of a life which was very dear to him, and which, as a civilian, the young man was not morally justified in hazarding, ordered him to quit the field.\* We wish that, without a breach of confidence, or doing outrage to feelings which are too holy not to deprecate display, it were permitted us to make some of the members of these groups the heroes of their own tale. Our readers would in that case find that the language of nature constitutes the highest species of eloquence, and that all attempts to embellish or to retail at second-hand, narratives that have their groundwork in the affections, are worse than unprofitable.

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\* We shall, we hope, be pardoned for mentioning that, Mr. Hardinge, originally destined for the army, is understood to have been forced to change those views in consequence of an accident which befel him while yet at school or college, and which occasioned the amputation of a foot.

'The long night,' as Sir H. Gough describes it, wore away; and at dawn on the 22nd the line was again formed. As it had been the previous day, so it was arranged now—that the horse-artillery should cover the flanks, and the heavier pieces combine their fire in the centre; but a very brief practice showed that for an artillery combat we were overmatched. Down went our artillery, men and horses; and guns and ammunition-carts, struck in every part, rolled over or blew up with a frightful explosion. Once more, therefore, the bayonet was called upon to do double duty. The line of infantry cheered and pressed forward; but such was the weight of round and grape-shot that, for a moment, it seemed doubtful whether even their indomitable spirit would be able to resist it. And here came a little incident which reminds us of the more heroic times of warfare. The Commander-in-Chief, seeing a part of his line reel and stagger under the fire, bethought him that, if he could divert even a portion of the cannonade for a few moments to another point, the crisis of the battle would be passed. He forthwith rode forward, attended by a single aide-de-camp, and making himself prominently conspicuous to the Sikh gunners, moved slowly to one side, as if for the purpose of reconnoitring their intrenchments close at hand. In an instant almost every gun in the battery was turned upon him. The shot ploughed up the dust about him, so as well nigh to hide both him and his horse from the enemy's view: yet not one took effect; and so complete was the diversion that the line of infantry felt as if relieved, and, with a shout, sprang forward. The next instant saw the redoubt, with all the artillery which it contained, in their possession.

Complete success attended the advance of the British line. Our troops carried the inner works, entered the village, and then bringing up their shoulders, swept the whole of the position. Conspicuously in front rode Sir Hugh Gough on the right, and Sir Henry Hardinge, attended by his young son, on the left; and when the line halted there arose such a shout—such a cheer of congratulation to both leaders—as must have filled even their veteran hearts with pride. But not yet were the perils of the day over. The movement, on which Sir Hugh Gough had counted as probable, was already begun by the Sikh army of reserve. It had marched from its camp above Ferozepore early in the morning; and now the advanced guard, at the head of which Teigh Singh had placed himself, opened upon our troops a murderous fire of artillery. The cavalry, which had acted heretofore in support, was ordered up to check the advance; and such of the guns as continued serviceable accompanied them. But the practice of the Sikhs was so accurate and rapid that the native  
troopers



troopers could not face it; they fell back in confusion. Nevertheless the artillery maintained its ground, though terribly over-matched; and the infantry showing a bold front, the enemy drew off. It was no retreat, however; it was a mere retrogressive movement, executed for the purpose of gaining time for the arrival of supplies; and, by and by, thirty thousand infantry, with cavalry and guns in proportion, drew on. Now, at last—though only for a moment—the heart of the noble Commander-in-Chief sank within him:—‘The only time I felt a doubt,’ he writes, ‘was towards the evening of the 22nd, when the fresh enemy advanced with heavy columns of infantry, cavalry, and guns; and our cavalry horses were so thoroughly done up that they could not command even a trot. For a moment, then, I felt regret (and I deeply deplore my want of confidence in HIM, who never failed me nor forsook me), as each passing shot left me on horseback: but it was only for a moment.’ Who does not venerate the man who, after victory has crowned his efforts, is yet so lowly in his own esteem as thus to express himself?

It is well known, that by a fortunate demonstration, which our jaded cavalry just retained strength enough to make, the Sikhs were led to believe that we were going to fall upon their flank in force. A panic seized them; they abandoned their guns, and our infantry, ever undaunted, did not give them time to recover, for they advanced with a cheer, firing as they went, till they reached the pieces, which were instantly spiked. Moreover, just at this time a staff officer, whose case shall be explained presently, ordered the remains of our cavalry and artillery to retire into Ferozepore. They marched accordingly; and the Sikhs, conceiving that they executed a manœuvre for the purpose of seizing the fords, and cutting them off from their own side of the Sutlej, fled with redoubled alacrity, and never stayed to look back till they had put the river between them and the Feringees.

The battle was won: yet neither the troops nor their Generals could tell whether it might not be renewed on the morrow. The night was therefore passed in anxiety and watchfulness; and as no supply of provisions had as yet come up, the sufferings of all ranks were severe. Moreover, when daylight showed that the infantry alone were in position—that neither a battery of cannon nor a squadron of cavalry was at hand to support them—there arose a general feeling of indignation first, and by and by of extreme thankfulness that the confidence of the enemy had been destroyed. It is fair to add, however, that neither artillery nor cavalry could have rendered any effectual aid to the infantry, had both arms been present. The last cannon-cartridge was expended; and as to the troop-horses, they were so completely knocked up, that for purposes

purposes of manœuvre, far more of a charge, they had become useless. Nevertheless, the removal of both to Ferozepore having been effected through the blunder of an inferior officer, he was put in arrest; till it was found, on medical examination, that he laboured at the time under an aberration of intellect.

No man who took part in the bloody battle of Ferozeshah will ever forget the order which the Governor-General issued to the army in the course of the 23rd. It paid the tribute that was due to the heroism of the troops, and informed India, and indeed all the world, that the arms of England were still triumphant; but it did more—it invited the survivors from the fight to assemble near the Governor-General's tent, and to unite in returning thanks to the Lord of hosts for the success with which he had crowned their efforts. Honour be to the noble soldiers who, amid the triumph of a great victory, were not forgetful of the source whence all strength and true glory come! For they who thus bring in the close of a day of carnage, rob war itself of a portion of its horrors; and it is known that in private, as well as on the public occasion referred to, many a knee in that army was bent in prayer and praise—the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General both setting the example, though blushing, as religious soldiers are ever apt to do, when surprised in the performance of so righteous an act.

The loss in these operations was very great, and it included many officers of high character and promising reputation. Major Broadfoot, the political agent, a man of first-rate talent and admirable acquirements, was among the killed; as were Colonel Wallace and Major Somerset,\* the brave son of a brave and most distinguished father. As to the European regiments engaged, they were thinned beyond all calculation; the 62nd, in particular, having left more than half of its numbers on the field. Nevertheless, the victory, considered in a political as well as a military point of view, was worth all that it cost. Whatever prestige had heretofore attached to the Sikh name was dispelled. The protected Rajahs, instead of throwing themselves into the arms of the enemy, hastened to make such amends as their fears dictated, and the whole of the country up to the left bank of the Sutlej was safe.

Though twice defeated, and considerably reduced in point of

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\* Major Somerset was not killed on the spot. Terribly wounded, he was found, at the close of the first day's fight, half frozen among a heap of slain, and the soldiers carried him to one of their fires. The warmth caused his wounds to bleed afresh; and he said, 'I am glad, my lads, that I was with you to-day; I fear that I can be of no use to-morrow.' So spake a worthy descendant of John of Gaunt, and expired almost immediately.

numbers, the Sikh army was not yet subdued. It retreated in tolerable order towards the ford near Sobraon, leaving Ferozepore open; and there crossing over, took up a position, which, according to usage in such cases, the chiefs began immediately to fortify. By and by, as the crippled state of the British army, especially in regard to ammunition, rendered a close pursuit on their part impracticable, the Sikh leaders took heart; and laying a bridge of boats upon the stream, passed a portion of their army over again to the left bank, and set about intrenching. It is just to their military character, and to the professional skill of their European advisers, to state, that the positions which they seized on both sides of the river were exceedingly strong. They had placed themselves on a bend of the Sutlej, where, from the depth and breadth of the stream, it gave ample protection to their flanks; while the front of their line, to the extent of perhaps a mile and a half, they covered with batteries, redoubts, and strong breastworks. Moreover, they formed this intrenched camp so that it should be open everywhere to a plunging fire at five hundred yards' distance from the high grounds on the opposite (their own) side of the river; and placing their heaviest cannon in battery upon these heights, they crowded their works on the British side with field artillery. Thus by a *tête-de-pont*, which with some reason they came in time to regard as impregnable, they covered the bridge and fords, retaining thereby their hold, so to speak, on the protected states, and having it in their power, at any moment, to resume the offensive.

It was impossible for Sir Hugh Gough to prevent this. He had done wonders, considering the means at his disposal, and enjoyed the confidence of his troops so completely, that there was nothing which they would have hesitated to attempt. But for the present he was not in a condition to hazard more than a bold front to the enemy. Accordingly, after allowing a few days for rest, and seeing the dead buried, and the wounded perfectly cared for, he advanced towards the Sutlej; and establishing his head-quarters at a place called Bootanwallah, observed the whole course of the river, from Rooper down to Mendote.

During the remaining days of December and the early portion of January, 1846, the British and Sikh armies continued to face one another. The enemy worked steadily at his intrenchments, and received from day to day such reinforcements and supplies as the neighbouring capital could furnish. We, on the contrary, waited for the coming up, from afar, of men, horses, cannon, ammunition, and treasure, which arrived slowly and by dribblets. At the same time care was taken to secure every important post throughout a line of not less than five-and-twenty miles in extent.

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On the extreme right lay Brigadier-General Cureton's brigade consisting of two regiments of native cavalry, the 16th lancers, and a troop of horse-artillery; it watched the Hurrkee Ghaut. Communicating with him to the left came the infantry divisions of Sir Harry Smith, Major-General Gilbert, and Sir Robert Dick. Then succeeded two brigades of cavalry under Major-General Sir J. Thackwell; and Major-General Grey's infantry corps formed the left. All these were in communication, stretching from Mukhoo, on the right, to Attaree, about eight miles from the cantonment of Ferozepore, on the left, with the mass of the artillery parked in the centre, and batteries here and there where their presence seemed to be required. But besides the piquets of horse and foot which covered him, as a matter of course, Sir Hugh Gough had other corps, widely but necessarily detached from all these. For example, Brigadier Godby held Loodiana with one regiment of native infantry, a battalion of Goorkas, and a battery of guns. The cantonments of Ferozepore were occupied by Sir John Littler's division, and two regiments of native infantry, with guns, observed the Gunda Singwalla Ghaut, in advance. Finally, the roads in the rear, from Sirhind to Bussean, were covered with convoys on the move; horse, foot, guns, Europeans, and natives, all pressing forward to take their share in the operations that were impending. The British force collected or assembling on the Sutlej towards the end of January may be taken, in round numbers, at 30,000 of all arms, divided into thirty-one battalions of regular infantry, and nine regiments of cavalry; besides artillery, horse and foot, and a considerable amount of irregulars.

Though they kept no portion of their field force on our side of the river, the Sikhs continued to draw from certain feudatories there considerable supplies. They had once made a foray as far as the outskirts of Loodiana, during which they burned some of the cantonments, and caused considerable alarm; and at Dhurumkote, a fortified village on the road from Ferozepore to Loodiana, they had established a magazine, under the protection of a force of Affghans, Rohillas, and other mercenaries. Sir Hugh Gough determined to seize this dépôt, and detached for the purpose Major-General Sir Harry Smith with one of the brigades of his division. This was on the 18th of January, and Smith executed the service intrusted to him with promptitude and effect. But he was as yet only *en route* when the Commander-in-Chief received intelligence that Runjoos Singh, with a large force of all arms, had crossed the Sutlej by the ford of Philour, and was marching again upon Loodiana. It was of the utmost consequence to counteract this movement. With Loodiana in his hands, the

enemy would be able to interrupt the whole line of the British communications, and might, even if successfully resisted there, operate uncalculable mischief; wherefore Sir Hugh Gough, running great risks for the accomplishment of a great purpose, ordered Brigadier Cureton to join Sir H. Smith, and Brigadier Wheeler to move, in support with as little delay as possible. It is not necessary to describe how these officers did their part, or with what admirable skill Smith handled his division, extricating himself, in the first instance, from the hazards of a premature action, and ultimately overthrowing at Aliwal the *corps d'armée* which he had previously outmanœuvred. At the same time let us not forget, while we give our warmest praise to Sir H. Smith and his gallant followers, that the merit of having planned and risked the delicate operation attaches entirely to the Commander-in-Chief. He knew that a mighty stake was at issue. He did not hesitate, therefore, to weaken himself—more, perhaps, than the generality of leaders would have ventured to do—in order that Smith might be in force enough to command success; and he secured his own safety from attack, while half his army was absent, by keeping, as he himself expresses it, ‘the enemy in a constant fidget.’ Never was Sir Hugh Gough so active, reconnoitring, cannonading, and making all manner of demonstrations, as at a time when his power to strike had gone from him; and he reaped his reward in the victory of Aliwal, of which he was not less proud than of any other throughout the campaign.\*

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\* The following characteristic letter from the Commander-in-Chief to his agent in Ireland will be read with much interest. It shows that in the midst of his own anxieties he was never unmindful of others :—

‘January 18, 1846.

‘George will communicate all the news. The public despatches will enter into details. I therefore can only say that I look forward to a glorious termination, under the protection and guidance of an all-wise and all-gracious Being. He has largely dealt blessings to me. Let me not be a niggard, in the hour of their distress, to my tenants and labourers. Remit as much as you please of the rents of the first—advance as much as you please for the wants of the others.’

We wish that the delicacy—the excess of delicacy, may we not call it?—of Lord Gough’s family did not stand between us and some of the vivid and touching letters which he addressed to them from various positions during this memorable campaign. That, however, which we cannot do directly, we may endeavour to accomplish indirectly, by showing how others thought and wrote about their chief; and the following extracts from the correspondence—first of a staff officer high in rank, and next of a sergeant employed as a clerk at head-quarters—seem sufficiently to serve our purpose :—

‘January 13.

‘Sir Hugh is a wonderful man. This morning early he went off to inspect every regiment in the whole line, a distance of many miles. At one o’clock he returned, having been out since five: we all crying out for breakfast—he seeming to care very little whether he got any or not. He really astonishes every one; seldom rides less than thirty miles of a day, reconnoitring; and as fresh and active, or more so, than any young man in the camp. Withal he is so full of gratitude and love to God—so animated, so cheerful, and full of life—that he puts us all to shame.’

The brilliant day of Aliwal settled the question of security to the British communications, and effectually frustrated any hopes which the enemy might have cherished of being able to remove the war to a greater distance from their own capital. It likewise left the British chiefs free to use their own discretion with regard both to the time and the manner of penetrating into the Punjab: for all accounts represented the Sikh soldiers as so humbled at last by the succession of reverses that there was no probability of their again venturing to act on the offensive; and to strike at them, while in this frame of mind, seemed at once agreeable to good policy, and due to the prestige of invincibility with which the British army was surrounded. At the same time, there were many weighty arguments in favour of delay. In the first place, we were not yet so strong, particularly in heavy cannon, as we expected to be; and our stock of ammunition was small. In the next place, Sir Charles Napier, who had been sent for at the opening of the campaign, was in full march with 15,000 men upon Multan, and might be expected shortly to reach it. And lastly, while the Sikh position of Sobraon presented military features of extraordinary difficulty, there was every reason to believe that Gholab Singh, whose descent from Jammoo had been reported, was coming to effect a revolution in our favour. On the other hand, the whole world of Asia expected us to put down the Sikhs by force. They had offered such a stout resistance hitherto, that, though worsted, they still appeared to stand on the same level with ourselves; and to leave any one native army at liberty to boast that it had kept the field against us throughout the better part of a year, would be to place ourselves in a false position towards all other native armies. For the season was approaching which, even in the north-west of India, puts an entire stop to military operations; and hence the delay of a few weeks would lead to a further delay of many, very much to the damage of our military reputation in the eyes of the Asiatic world. Under these circumstances, the Commander-in-Chief took counsel with the Governor-General regarding the propriety of crossing the river immediately, and dictating, as both were confident that

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So speaks the staff officer. Now hear the orderly-room sergeant:—

*Lahore, February 19.*

‘I have seen some little service both in China and at Gwalior; but the impression of the thunder of cannon and the roll of musketry, as also the awful loss of the enemy, will not soon be erased from my mind. Nothing like it ever happened in India: it is not likely such a hard-contested field will ever present itself in India again. A worm like myself can scarcely be supposed to speak of great men, nor do I presume to do so; but I shall merely echo the statements of others, which is to the effect that few individuals know a person with the elasticity of spirits, under great privations, which belongs to Sir Hugh Gough; and his escapes from danger heretofore have been quite providential. May God Almighty ever preserve him!’

they should be able to do, their own terms to a vanquished enemy in his capital.

We have already referred to the nature of the Sikh position on the Sutlej. An entrenched camp, semicircular in shape, rested both flanks upon the deep water, and communicated with the high grounds about Sobraon by a bridge, with a good ford on either side of it. The enemy's works were constructed with great skill and care, and lay exposed, in the rear, to a plunging fire of heavy cannon at five hundred yards distance. The country being everywhere flat and open, all the approaches to the outer face of the camp must be made under a tremendous fire of artillery; for though we had by this time about one hundred pieces with the army, and though some of these—both howitzers and guns—were of battering calibre, the enemy still surpassed us in the number as well as in the weight of their artillery. It was known that they had in position upwards of 130 pieces, of which from sixty to seventy were field-guns, to the full as formidable as any which we could bring against them. Under these circumstances a front attack must necessarily be attended with a severe loss of life; and unless entirely successful—so far as to put us in possession of the whole of their field-train—it would hardly repay us for the cost. But was there any alternative? There was; and without pretending ourselves to offer any opinion in regard to the balance of chances on the one side or the other, we think it right to make our readers acquainted with the antagonist plans, between which it was the undoubted right of the Commander-in-Chief to choose.

The object sought was to throw the British army with as little delay, and at as small an expense of life as possible, across the river; dislodging the enemy at the same time from his position at Sobraon, and threatening Lahore. Now there were, or there might be, three methods of accomplishing this. The first and most obvious was to storm the entrenched camp; the next, to find out some fords, above or below Sobraon, by which the camp might be turned; the third, to take possession of an island in the Sutlej, as low down as Ferozepore, and operate thence upon the rear of the enemy's works. The second of these projects we mention only because it was incidentally started in debate; it could not be pressed for this obvious reason, that there were no fords on the Sutlej available for any combined operations against the Sikh position or the intrenchments which covered it. But the third had a good deal to recommend it, though certainly it presented its difficulties too. The island of which it was proposed to make use lay five-and-twenty miles down the stream from Sir Hugh Gough's head-quarters. It was in itself five miles across, and  
could

could be approached from the British side only by boats, of which there were at hand sufficient to transport four thousand men with six guns at a trip. The island, moreover, was intersected by a nullah or cut, of which—after rain certainly, perhaps at other times—it was doubtful whether it could be forded. Now the calculation was, that four brigades would be able, between nightfall and dawn of day, to march from Bootanwalla camp, cross the island, and occupy the south side of the river. To be sure, this would give to the men a journey of thirty miles at the least; and when all was done, nobody expected that more than eight thousand with thirty guns would be able to effect the passage. But eight thousand good troops could easily, it was contended, hold their own till, brigade after brigade being detached, and thrown across, they should be raised to sixteen thousand; and then they were to advance against the flank and rear of the Sikh camp. Meanwhile a bridge of boats being laid down at Gunda Singwalla, Ferozepore would become the base of our future operations; and the whole army throwing itself upon the Lahore road would force the enemy to fight in the open country or to disperse.

The objections to this plan were, first, that we could scarcely hope, considering how accurate the information of the Sikhs was known to be, that the night march would take place without the enemy being made aware of it. But to be made aware of our purpose—and to defeat it—would prove one and the same thing; for the Sikhs had as short a distance as we to move upon the ford, and there was no river for them to cross in boats. Moreover, all night-marches are liable to go wrong. The columns might miss their way, or the men and horses knock up; and as the island had not been closely reconnoitred, the obstacles presented by it might prove more formidable than was supposed. Again, did we not endanger our own magazines by thus dividing our army in the presence of an enemy whose cavalry was so superior? Certainly the Sikh's courage might fail him. It probably would, after the experience of so many defeats: but assuming that he retained any portion of his original hardihood, we were offering to him, in the execution of this flank movement, such advantages as we had no right, on any principle, to concede. On the whole, therefore, taking into consideration that the enemy was somewhat jealous of the Gunda Singwalla Ghaut—that he had there already a cavalry post of a thousand men, which he would be able to reinforce sooner than we could reach it from camp—the Commander-in-Chief came to the conclusion that the risks of the plan more than outweighed its promise of advantages.

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There remained only the first of the three projects. Sir Harry Smith was called in from Aliwal. The heads of the engineer and artillery departments were consulted in reference to the facility of providing adequate cover for the heavy guns; because it formed part of the plan to shake the enemy in his lines by means of a vertical and enfilading cannonade, ere the infantry should be let loose to storm. And all difficulties being in the end removed, dispositions were made for fighting a battle, on which it was felt in both armies that the fate of the Sikh empire hinged.

Right gallantly the army of the Sutlej fought, and nobly the Sikhs once more withstood them.\* The battle of Sobraon (Feb. 10) was as desperate an affair as ever occurred in the East; and the victory was decisive. The whole of the enemy's guns remained in our possession; and the river was choked with their dead. For well-timing his blow, Sir H. Gough delivered it just as a fall of rain had rendered the ford difficult; and that he all along looked to this contingency as a principal ingredient of success, his own letters, written long before the day of battle, demonstrate. 'They have intrenched themselves,' says he on the 2nd of February, 'upon the very brink of the river, at a bend where their guns from the opposite side enfilade not only the position itself, but the advance to it. I have done every thing to draw them out of it; but in vain. I now wait only some lucky opportunity; but the ford is so good that the whole, guns and men, may pass over any night without my knowing it. A good fall of rain, which would swell the ford, or an accidental thaw of snow upon the hills, may enable me, when they have no means other than their bridge, to attack them. Were I to do so now, I could not push on to Lahore, for my battering train is not up.'

That for which the noble old soldier hoped, came at last; and the punishment which he was thereby enabled to inflict upon the Khalsa troops, his own tender because true heart shrank from contemplating.

With untiring activity the Governor-General hastened from the field of battle to Ferozepore, and superintended in person the construction of the bridge of boats, as well as the passage of four brigades, which had been kept in hand for the purpose of being

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\* The personal courage of the Sikhs has been spoken of in all the public newspapers; but the following extracts from a letter written by a young aide-de-camp of the Governor-General, bring the fact more home than any which we have happened to meet with elsewhere:—'I saw one fellow dash out of the batteries, sword in hand; and before he was bayoneted he had himself cut down two of our Europeans.' And again:—'We stopped one man who was levelling his musket at a dying Sikh in the river, to whom we promised protection if he chose to come to shore. The dying man shook his head, as much as to say that he would never give in to the Feringhees, and floated down the stream.'

ferried



ferried over. The consequence was, that without the delay of an hour, the Punjab was entered, and that march begun which did not conclude till it had carried the victors to Lahore.

England and all Europe seem to have come to the same conclusion as to the treaty of Lahore—namely, that it is as much marked by political sagacity on the part of the Governor-General as by a wise moderation. He still keeps between British India and the mountain hordes of Central Asia, a power strong enough to restrain the latter should they aim at permanent conquests in the plain; yet has so far weakened it by the severance of the new principality assigned to Gholab Singh, that we trust all risk of a rupture with us, for many a day to come at least, is averted. He has shown to the people of the Punjab, that though able to punish, the British Government is ready to forgive—and that its armies conquer as much through the admirable discipline which prevails among the native battalions, as because of the dauntless courage and superior physical strength which distinguish the European above the hardiest of the Asiatic tribes. He has rounded off our territories to the best advantage, getting rid of the awkward connexion with a set of faithless chiefs, which for thirty years and more had hampered us; and by pushing our proper frontier along the Sutlej to the Beas, he has at once strengthened our military position and added largely to the resources of the Indian empire. For these eminent services he has been created a Viscount, the Crown and the Company vying with each other to do him honour; while his gallant companion in arms has in like manner been raised to the peerage, which he also richly merited. Long may the two lords live to wear their laurels. They have set to their countrymen in all time coming an example of disinterestedness and devotion to the calls of duty which cannot be overpraised. Their names are linked together, and the future historian will never separate them. Honour be to them and to all the brave—both living and dead—who fought beside them.

‘O who shall lightly say that Fame  
Is nothing but an empty name;  
When, but for those, our mighty dead,  
All ages past a blank would be,  
Sunk in oblivion’s murky bed—  
A desert bare—a shipless sea?  
They are the distant objects seen,  
The lofty marks of what hath been.’—*Joanna Baillic.*

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ART. X.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of George, Lord Lyttelton, from 1734 to 1773.* Compiled and Edited by Robert Phillimore, late Student of Christ Church. 2 vols., pp. 816. London, 1845.

IT may seem at first sight rather presumptuous in a young author, as we suppose Mr. Phillimore to be, to re-write a Life already written by our great biographer; but Johnson's Life of Lyttelton was but a sketch—reluctantly and hastily made—with few materials, and with, perhaps, somewhat of personal prejudice and pique.\* We therefore saw with pleasure the announcement of a 'Life of Lyttelton' by a gentleman whose name has hereditary claims to our respect, and who, in addition to all the information recently published concerning Lyttelton and his times, was, it appears, favoured with access to the archives of Hagley, and might be expected to execute his work—not indeed without something of the partiality which writers generally feel for their subject, and which Lyttelton deserves, but—with sincerity, accuracy, and discrimination. In these hopes, we are sorry to say, we have been disappointed, and have to introduce to our readers the most *slovenly* piece of biography (we use the mildest term) that we have ever seen. Mr. Phillimore thus commences:—

'When the manuscripts, preserved at Hagley, were entrusted to me for publication, one of two modes seemed open for my adoption—to print the letters in the order of their dates, or to interweave them into a biographical sketch of Lord Lyttelton, to whose correspondence, with the exception of those set forth in the introductory chapter, they exclusively belong.

'I trust that I have not erred in preferring the latter, which is of course infinitely the most laborious, to the former method; it seemed to

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\* Mr. Phillimore accounts for Johnson's dislike of Lyttelton by adopting Mrs. Piozzi's blundering gossip of a rivalry between them for the heart of Miss Boothby. This very absurd story was fully disproved in Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell, iv. 426, 559. That there was some degree of splenetic feeling on the part of Johnson appears from a few expressions of the Life itself, and from the resentment of Mrs. Montagu and all Lyttelton's surviving friends; but that it could have arisen from any rivalry about Miss Boothby is, from the ages and circumstances of all the parties, absolutely impossible. We can trace no cause of enmity, unless it was Lyttelton's 'Whiggism' (see Croker's Boswell, ii. 209). We believe that Johnson's personal acquaintance with Lord Lyttelton was very slight, and we know that he was willing to have adopted a life written by any friendly hand, and even applied to Lord Westcote for that purpose in two very civil letters. We are not surprised at Lord Westcote's having declined that offer from a wish that his brother's life might be written by so eminent a pen as Johnson's; but we suspect that Johnson was not altogether pleased with the manner of his lordship's answer, which may have sharpened whatever there might have been of older prejudice: but, after all, the *Life*, though not flattering, is not unjust, and Mr. Phillimore's volumes have added little to Johnson's facts and not shaken any of his judgments.

me to combine the advantages of *being the most satisfactory to the Lyttelton family*, and the most attractive to the general reader, because it presents to him each letter, if I may use the expression, *set*, however inartificially, *in the history of the time* to which it refers.'

The main defects of Mr. Phillimore's mind, and of his work, are opened in this paragraph. His power, or at least his practice, of discriminating and distinguishing, is very narrow. It is true that a correspondence embracing any considerable portion of a man's life will be best elucidated and explained by a connecting narrative; but where, as turns out to be the case with these Lyttelton papers, there is no continuous series—but only scattered letters, or at most small batches from a few persons, each covering a very limited period of time and having little relation to the general history of the individual—in such a case, we say an attempt at a connecting narrative is a difficult and awkward expedient, and can never make a solid work. It is like trying to build a wall with a few disjointed stones by the help of a profusion of mortar. Mr. Phillimore's exhibition of the Lyttelton correspondence is a piece of heterogeneous patchwork, of which his own coarse thread, twisted from other people's materials, is the predominant ingredient. This opens another of his confusions—he talks of each letter being *set* in the history of the time—but nothing can be in general more incongruous than the 'letter' and the 'setting.' The setting required was not the history of the *time*, but that of Lord Lyttelton; while the profuse and injudicious extracts from the commonest books in which Mr. Phillimore 'sets' his scanty and often worthless materials, have, for the most part, as little direct relation to Lyttelton as to any other of the thousand persons entitled to a share in the *history* of the *time*.

This preface also reveals another main fault of the work. Mr. Phillimore confesses his wish to make it '*satisfactory to the Lyttelton family*.' We do not quarrel with this inclination within reasonable limits—though, as a general rule, we should be inclined to think that in writing the Life of a prosperous man—who had been profusely honoured and flattered by his contemporaries—the interests of truth might be best served by telling what should be *unsatisfactory* to his family. But such Spartan sincerity is not to be expected, nor indeed desired from one to whom the friendship and confidence of a family intrust the papers, and with them the reputation of an eminent relative: and this is the reason why—as we have often before had occasion to say—we look with no great favour at biographical publications made by or under the auspices of '*the family*.' No correspondence on any debated or debatable matter

can command our confidence unless we have the whole, without reserve; and when, as must happen in the lives of all public men—and as was frequently Lyttelton's case—there is rivalry of character and conflict of evidence, *selections* from the documents are really worse than nothing. We believe that Lord Lyttelton would have less to fear from a full disclosure of his life than most men. We have a high opinion of his integrity, his morality, his piety; and we are so satisfied that the whole truth might be told of him without any serious disparagement, that we feel that both veracity and taste are needlessly offended by Mr. Phillimore's constant endeavour to palliate and extenuate, or,—more frequently still,—to misrepresent, or even totally to deny, any error or ridicule, however venial or slight, which in the course of his long life may have been imputed to Lyttelton—in defence of whose infallibility Mr. Phillimore is as wrong-headed and frequently as absurd as my Lord Peter himself.

Passing from these more general defects, and proceeding to the details of the work, the first thing that strikes us is the astonishing carelessness or ignorance—we know not which to call it—or perhaps we should say, the union of both—with which Mr. Phillimore has executed the editorial portion of his duty. His work has all the sameness and tameness, without the accuracy of a mechanical process. He seems to have read with sufficient diligence, and made copious extracts from, all the ordinary books that relate to the period he treats of;—Coxe's *Historics*—Chesterfield's *Letters*—Horace Walpole—Glover's and Waldegrave's *Memoirs*—The *Parliamentary Debates*—The *Chatham Correspondence*—Boswell's *Johnson*—Burke's *Works*—Lord Mahon's *History*, and so on; and his narrative is so made up of unconnected scraps from all these writers, that there are hardly, we believe, *errors excepted*, ten lines that can be fairly called his own in his two volumes. He very rarely distinguishes his borrowings by marks of quotation; but he places at the head of each chapter a list of books, which we find on close examination (for he tells us nothing about it) to be the names of the authorities employed in the course of the said chapter. This is a very convenient device; it enables him to borrow wholesale, without being obliged to avow each individual—may we not call it—larceny by a separate reference. If also any critic should be so curious as to endeavour to trace the authority for any particular fact or phrase, this general reference sets him at defiance; for though he may suspect misstatement or misquotation, it would be useless to look for the particular point—the needle—in the bundle of straw which Mr. Phillimore so generously lays before him. That this is calculation and not accident nor mere clumsiness, appears  
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from this:—he might have stated in half a page at the head of the first volume all his authorities—but that would have too openly revealed the *latet dolus in generalibus*, and he therefore repeats them at the head of each chapter; but how little need there was for such repetition—the headings of two or three chapters placed in the same order will show:—

CHAP. XV.  
Hagley MSS.  
Parliam. Hist. xv. xvi.  
Chatham Corresp. ii. iii.  
Annual Register.  
Adolphus's Hist. i.  
Walpole's Mem. ii.  
Burke's Corresp. i.

CHAP. XVI.  
Hagley MSS.  
Parliam. Hist. xvi.  
Chatham Corresp. iv.  
Annual Register.  
Adolphus's Hist. i.  
Walpole's Mem. ii.

CHAP. XVII.  
Hagley MSS.  
Parliam. Hist. xvi.  
Chatham Corresp. iv.  
Annual Register.  
Adolphus's Hist. i.  
Burke's Corresp. i.

This affected superfluity of reference is a kind of Barmecide bill of fare—great show and no substance.\*

In an ordinary case we should not think it worth while to notice any mere errors of the press or slips of the pen—they are mischances to which we all are liable, and as to which *veniam petimusque damusque vicissim*: but in these volumes they are so frequent as to be really one of the chief characteristics of the work, and to render it our duty to exhibit two or three (out of fifty) specimens that are obviously marks of the author's carelessness, and not mere mistakes of the printer.

His Royal Highness the Duke of *Cambridge*, who was not born till 1774, and whom we still have the happiness to possess amongst us, induced, says Mr. Phillimore (p. 597†), 'King George II. to turn out Mr. Pitt in 1758.'

An injurious and even malignant character of the Princess Dowager, borrowed from *Horace*, is attributed (p. 628) to *Sir Robert Walpole*.

Mr. Harris, the celebrated author of 'Hermes,' was, according to Mr. Phillimore, 'Comptroller of the Household to *Queen Anne*,'—being, if we credit other authorities, just five years old when Queen Anne died.

A certain young lady, well known in history as *Flora MacDonald*, is denominated by Mr. Phillimore, on an important occa-

\* Such references as he does give are scandalously erroneous. Take one instance: in pages 57, 58, and 59, he gives a summary of Lyttelton's opinions on various subjects, as recorded in the '*Persian Letters*,' with references to the particular letters quoted. These references, twelve in number, we endeavoured to test; but after spending an hour in a search through the whole volume, found only *one* of the *twelve* correct.

† We must here observe that Mr. Phillimore, who never does anything like any one else, carries the running numbers of his pages uninterruptedly through his two volumes—by no means a bad plan when two volumes are thin enough to be bound in one: but will any one ever bind Mr. Phillimore?

sion, when the poor girl's life was in jeopardy, *Flora MacIvor*—a name we never heard, and which we suspect must have originated in some cloudy recollection of the *Flora MacIvor* of Walter Scott's romance—but even *Flora MacIvor* was not the type or shadow of *Flora Macdonald* of Kingsburg.

Lord Chesterfield is not once only, but twice (pp. 46, 98) dismissed from the office of Lord *High Steward*.

'The publication of Bolingbroke's "Works" on the day of Mr. Pelham's death; a coincidence made memorable by Garrick's well known epigram.'—p. 460.

He had seen, we suppose, an often quoted stanza—one of eighteen—of Garrick's *ode* on the death of Mr. Pelham, and, knowing no more about the matter, fancied it was an *epigram*.

'Glover's ballad of "Hosier's Ghost" was, before Mr. Campbell's "Mariners of England," perhaps the *most national* and beautiful poem of the kind in our language.'

'*Hosier's Ghost*'\* and '*Campbell's Mariners*' are no more of 'the same kind' than chalk and cheese. Mr. Phillimore talks of '*Hosier's Ghost*,' which is only a fine party ballad, as the best *national* poem until the '*Mariners*:' has he forgotten a really *national* song—written a few months after '*Hosier's Ghost*,' under the immediate patronage of Lyttelton, by a greater poet than either Glover or Campbell—commonly called *Rule, Britannia*?

When he mentions that the Prince of Wales, after his quarrel with the King, spent the winter of 1737 at Bath, he thinks it necessary to give a description of 'that place, as made classical ground by the visits of Pope, Garrick, Chesterfield, Carteret, Pulteney,' &c.,—Garrick being at that time an unknown youth at Mr. Colson's academy in Rochester. 'There,' he adds, 'the unbending Chatham submitted to the severe regimen of the eccentric Dr. Cheyne,—Cheyne having died twenty years before the title of Chatham was created: and not content with these and several other anachronisms and absurdities, he subjoins, in a note, another description of Bath, *thirty years later*, from—'*Humphrey Clinker*!'<sup>1</sup> and then adds, 'See also Anstey's "*Bath Guide*," which was in fact, though published afterwards, the ori-

\* A short and poor ballad (signed Sylvis) '*On the Fleet under Admiral Huddock*,' which appeared in the London Magazine for October, 1739, seems to have given Glover the idea of his celebrated piece. One stanza is certainly the germ of the most striking of Glover's, which was written in the following year:—

'See what mangled ghosts appear  
Of brave tars untimely slain!  
How they smile at vengeance near!  
Vengeance due to cruel Spain!'

ginal sketch of this [Smollett's] picture:—Anstey's work having been published in 1766, and 'Humphrey Clinker' not till 1771. Nor, even if he had been correct in his dates, can we discover what the pleasantries of 1766 and 1771 had to do with the politics of the Prince's visit in 1737.

The history of the reign of George III. is, it seems, 'uninstructive in one *season*, but instructive in another' (p. 640). We presume that *season* is a misprint for *sense*;<sup>\*</sup> but we heartily wish that Mr. Phillimore had discovered either the *season* or the *sense* in which he might have read the history of George III. with instruction—for at present he certainly has attained but an imperfect and vulgar view of it. He tells us that the King's letter to Mr. Pitt on the attempt to form a ministry in July, 1766, and the unreasonable pretensions of Lord Temple, which our readers will find in our article on Lord Chatham (*Quart. Rev.* vol. lvi. p. 248),—is 'written in very barbarous English' (p. 705)—a proposition which, unless Mr. Phillimore's own style is to be the standard of purity, we must hesitate to admit. The letter itself is not only as good English as any hurried note usually is, but it has the higher merit of being unquestionable evidence of the good sense and good faith of the King, and of the factious selfish spirit of the leading politicians with whom he had to deal. It suits Mr. Phillimore to sneer at the King on this occasion, because one of Lord Temple's propositions was the bringing Lyttelton into the Cabinet. It was not the King, however, who objected to Lyttelton, but Mr. Pitt—who did so in contemptuous terms, which Mr. Phillimore passes over in silence; and, to give importance to Lyttelton, adds that his rejection is said to have been the immediate cause of Pitt's breach with Lord Temple, and to have dissolved a friendship that had been recently boasted of as indissoluble. Now, it is true that the result of the whole affair was a breach between Pitt and Temple (See Wilkes' Works, iii. 181, and *Quart. Review*, *ubi supra*):—but no one but Mr. Phillimore ever imagined that Lyttelton had any serious share in it—he was merely a fly on the wheel.

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\* Correcting the press is a more difficult task than the inexperienced would believe; and R's for B's, and C's for G's, 3 for 8, 9 for 0, and so on, will occasionally escape even a practised eye; but, be the blame chiefly with Mr. Phillimore, or with his printer, no book recently printed in London swarms with so many and such ludicrous blunders as we find here. We have, for example, amidst some display of *Court of Arches* lore, those pious sovereigns William and Mary commended on account of a Commission to certain bishops for the 'removing of manners' (p. 355). We have Saucroft extolled for his proposal that 'things *'absurd* should be restored' (p. 395); Habelais is recorded as the historian of *Portugal*; and, in the same sentence, Fiedelrick of Prussia is condemned for freethinking more offensive than that of *Royle* (551)—meaning, perchance, *Bayle*.



But Mr. Phillimore is, we must observe, on every occasion prone to do injustice to George III.—not, we believe, out of malice, but because he finds such misrepresentations in Walpole and other prejudiced sources; and although, as our readers know, they have been all detected and refuted by later inquiries and better evidence, Mr. Phillimore reproduces them, either from ignorance, which we can hardly suppose, or in compliance with the anti-monarchical spirit of that portion of the public press, whose favour, as is evident from many shabby indications, he thinks it prudent to propitiate—he struts where he thinks himself safe, and cringes where he fears—the living cur is more respected by him than the dead lion! Thus the young Prince is charged in 1755 (*et. 17!*) with ‘intriguing against his grandfather’ (p. 486), when the real struggle, as even Mr. Phillimore cannot help seeing (*ib.* and p. 517), was that of the rival intrigues of Pitt and Fox, and, in his smaller way, of Lyttelton himself. Again; the attempt in 1765 to introduce Pitt into the ministry is called an ‘abortive *intrigue*,’ which was defeated ‘perhaps by the haughtiness of Pitt, but chiefly by the *narrow-minded obstinacy* of the King’ (641). We should rather have expected to hear that the ‘defeat of an abortive intrigue’ was a mark of good faith and good sense; and we know that, in fact, the ‘narrow-minded obstinacy’ of the King was nothing but an honourable consideration for Lord Temple and George Grenville, whom—though he had no obligation to them, but indeed the contrary—his good-nature wished to reconcile with their imperious brother-in-law—who rejected them at *that* moment only to unite them soon after in his factious attempts to embarrass their high-minded and good-hearted Sovereign. We abstain from entering into any details. We have already, in our articles on the ‘Chatham Correspondence,’ and, more recently, on ‘Walpole’s Memoirs,’ sufficiently justified the good King’s views and conduct during the whole of that factious period, and only notice the matter at all to show how very backward Mr. Phillimore is in his study of ‘the history of George III.’

We have upon our notes a hundred similar instances of haste, negligence, and ignorance—what we have produced is enough, we fear some readers may think more than enough, to show *primâ facie* Mr. Phillimore’s general incompetence. As we proceed with a short view of the life of Lyttelton, we shall see that Mr. Phillimore has at least the merit, such as it is, of consistency in blunder.

George Lyttelton was born in 1709. Mr. Phillimore does not give us the month or day, but they are stated in all the peerages as the 17th January, and, we presume, new style. He was the  
eldest

eldest of five sons of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Baronet, by Christian, the younger of two sisters of Sir Richard Temple of Stowe, created successively Baron and Viscount Cobham. Mr. Phillimore states:—

‘It is said that his birth happened two months before its due time. . . . No confirmation however of this report is to be derived from any manuscript or oral tradition in the family.’—vol. i. p. 30.

This is stumbling on the threshold—for it appears from all the peerages that his parents were married on the 8th (7th?) May, 1708, and as he was born on the 17th January, 1709, it needs no ‘manuscript or oral tradition’ to prove that he came before his time; and the doctors, we believe, think that in such cases it is more probably an anticipation of two months than of one. But this is not Mr. Phillimore’s only inadvertence—he publishes in a subsequent page a letter from Lady Lyttelton at Hagley to Sir Thomas in London, dated the 8th May, 1733, in which she affectionately reminds him that ‘yesterday was the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage’—so that they would have been married in 1703. We should have supposed that 1733 was a mere error of the press for 1738, but that Mr. Phillimore places Lady Lyttelton’s letter chronologically under the events of 1733; and, negligent as he is, it seems hardly credible that he should have both *misdated* and *misplaced* the very first document in his series; but we see no other solution of the difficulty. The other sons of this marriage were—

*Thomas*, page of honour to Princess Anne: he died in 1729.

*Charles*, successively Dean of Exeter and Bishop of Carlisle; he was a diligent antiquarian, and Mr. Phillimore calls him ‘the historian of his family,’ without condescending to tell us where that history is written. He alludes, we presume, to some MS. notes in the archives of Hagley, to which we find references in the ordinary peerages. He died unmarried.

*Sir Richard*, an officer in the army; he held several military and political employments, sat in three parliaments, and was in 1757 made Knight of the Bath; he married the daughter of the second Duke of Bedford, relict of the Duke of Bridgewater, but died without issue. On the rupture between his elder brother and Mr. Pitt, Sir Richard seems to have adhered to the latter; and as we find little mention of him in these volumes, we suppose there was no great fraternal intercourse.

*William Henry*, successively governor of Carolina and Jamaica, and ambassador to Lisbon. He was created in 1776 Lord Westcote of Ireland; inherited in 1779, on the death of his nephew, the Lyttelton estates; and was in 1794 created Baron Lyttelton. He was the grandfather of the present lord.

Lady

Lady Lyttelton's elder sister, Hester Temple, married Richard Grenville, of Wootton, in Buckinghamshire, and succeeded to her brother's estates and peerage, and was very soon after herself created Countess Temple. She had seven sons, of whom the most eminent were—

*Richard*, born in 1711—on his mother's death, Earl Temple.

*George*, born in 1712, the celebrated minister, who married the daughter of Sir William Wyndham by Catherine daughter of Charles Duke of Somerset; from them descended the Dukes of Buckingham, Lord Grenville, Lord Nugent, &c.

*James*, born in 1715, who held many political offices, and was father of Lord Glastonbury.

*Henry*, governor of Barbadoes, who sat in two parliaments; and *Thomas*, a captain in the navy, who, while member for Bridport, was killed in Anson's action of the 3rd of May, 1717.

Thomas Pitt, of Boconnoc—father of the first Lord Camelford, and elder brother of William Earl of Chatham—married Christian, sister of George Lyttelton; and William Pitt himself married Lady Hester Grenville, the sister of Lord Temple.

This extensive connexion, possessing very powerful parliamentary interest, and combining a variety of personal and political talent unparalleled in our annals, soon rose into importance, and formed a party called, till Lord Cobham's death in 1719, the *Cobhamites*, and subsequently the *Grenville cousins*, and in derision 'the Cousinhood.' And we have been thus minute in our notice of these family connexions, because, although the alliance was frequently interrupted by the vicissitudes of party and personal interests, they were not only the mainspring of Lyttelton's fortune, but influenced in various ways the destinies of England for above half a century.

Lyttelton was educated at Eton and Oxford. Mr. Phillimore, who never seems to take any trouble to inquire for any information which he does not find on the surface, gives us no details, nor even dates of his pupillary life. Dates are the landmarks of biography, even more, if it be possible, than of history—and in this case would have a peculiar interest; for 'at Eton Lyttelton was,' says Johnson, 'so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his schoolfellows.' We have endeavoured to repair Mr. Phillimore's omission; but on inquiring, were surprised to find that there was no register kept in that great school of what they call *oppidans*—nine-tenths of the numbers—that a few old MS. lists exist in private hands, but that the present head master had not seen in any that had fallen in his way, the names inquired after—*Pitt and Lyttelton*! On further inquiry, however, we found that one of the under masters pos-

sesses

sesses one of those MS. lists of 1728,\* in which the names of *Lyttelton* and, a little lower in the school, *two Pitts* occur; but these cannot have been at that date the *Lyttelton* and *Pitts* that we are curious about—perhaps a brother of *Lyttelton's* and cousins of *Pitt's*.

'It may,' says Mr. Phillimore, 'be well here to observe that almost all the printed dates of his poems are strangely inaccurate. The verses on "*Leonidas*" are dated in 1734, more than two years *before the poem was written*.'—p. 100.

This seems conclusive, and yet we have a suspicion that even in this so apparently clear case Mr. Phillimore is again wrong; for by an odd coincidence we find that Matthew Green, who died and whose poems were published by Glover himself before *Leonidas* appeared, '*presages*,' says Dr. Anderson, '*Glover's literary eminence in an evident allusion to Leonidas, which Glover had begun when very young*.' So long a poem would naturally be some years in the loom; and if Green saw *Leonidas* in MS., why not *Lyttelton*? Indeed, in reading the verses, one sees that they must have been written while *Leonidas* was in progress:—

'Go on, my friend, thy noble task pursue,' &c.

The verses were perhaps intended to precede, after the old fashion, the main poem; and as they seem to have been written before *Leonidas* was published, the date of 1734 may be right. We know not on what authority Mr. Phillimore thus pronounces that 'all the printed dates are strangely inaccurate'—*Gracchus de seditione querens*—he seems not aware that most of the poems and their dates were printed in *Dodsley's Collection* in 1755; Dodsley being personally known to *Lyttelton*, and having probably received the poems thus dated from his own hand; and they were so reprinted by *Lyttelton's* nephew and executor, Mr. Ayscough, in his *Collected Works*. If therefore Mr. Phillimore had any reason for doubting these dates, he should have stated it.

At Eton is said to have been written a '*Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country*,' with an easy flow of verse and pleasantry, much, we think, beyond the ordinary powers of a schoolboy:—

'Oh! what avails it to be young and fair,  
To move with negligence—to dress with care?  
What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,  
If all in envious solitude be lost?  
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel,  
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.

\* Would it not be desirable that as many of those manuscript lists as can be found should be deposited in the College archives?

How has my conscious heart with triumph glowed!  
 How have my sparkling eyes their transport showed,  
 At each distinguished *birth-night* ball to see  
 The homage due to *Empire* paid to *me*!

Changed is the scene; and all my glories die,  
 Like flowers transported to a colder sky:  
 Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,  
 The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.  
 In stupid indolence my life is spent,  
 Supinely calm, and dully innocent;  
 Unblest I wear my useless hours away,  
 Sleep—wretched maid!—all night, and dream all day:

Now with Mamma at tedious whist I play,  
 Now, without scandal, drink insipid tea;  
 Or in the *garden* breathe the country air,  
 Secure from meeting any *tempter* there.'

This is lively, and although too obviously modelled on Pope, it has here and there a touch of reality that we suspect may have been furnished by the domestic scenes of Hagley. (See *Works*, lett. xiv.) It ought, however, to be observed that these verses were not published, that we know of, till 1755, and may have been pointed and polished by the author's maturer taste.

At Eton, says Mr. Phillimore, Lyttelton, though his father was in office,

'appears to have early imbibed the spirit of the "boy patriots" of the *day*. In some verses written at school on "Good Humour," he ascribes that characteristic quality of Walpole to Wyndham and Pitt.'—pp. 33, 34.

Nonsense! The denomination of 'boy patriots' was earned and given ten or a dozen years later—when the young men came into parliament—but at this period Sir Thomas Lyttelton was in office, a Lord of the Admiralty, and the whole *cousinhood*, old and young, were no doubt staunch Walpolians;—the fathers and uncles certainly were, and—as far as they thought of such things—so probably were the sons and nephews. Sir Robert was then at the height of his popularity and power, and we cannot comprehend how the praising of two schoolfellows for 'good nature' can be by any perversity tortured into a political feeling. Lyttelton addresses to his friend Wyndham some very commonplace doggerel:—

'But sure, good nature is your noblest praise:  
 This magic power can make e'en folly please;  
 This to *Pitt's* genius adds a brighter grace,  
 And sweetens every charm in *Cælia's* face.'—*Works*.

There

There is just as much indication of patriotism in the allusion to Cælia as in those to Pitt and Wyndham. But the truth is that Mr. Phillimore confounds dates, parties, and persons; he had read of a 'patriot Wyndham' and a 'patriot Pitt,' and finding the names, fancied he had found the men; but the 'patriot Wyndham' of that day was Sir William Wyndham, the celebrated Jacobite, whose politics Lyttelton detested, and who was no schoolfellow of his, having been Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Anne about the time that Lyttelton was born; and as to the Whig patriotism of the Pitts, it was as yet, literally, in the *shell*.

If we were to adopt Mr. Phillimore's theory that the versifying a young friend's name is to be taken as a pledge of political attachment, Lyttelton's having addressed, at Oxford, a much more considerable poem to *Edward Walpole*, Sir Robert's second son, would lead us to a contrary opinion of his political feelings. But the truth is that the lines have no political tendency at all—the *Wyndham* meant was not Sir William, but his son *Charles*, afterwards Lord Egremont; and the *Pitt* may have been either *Thomas* or *William*; but whichever was meant, neither of the *boys* could have been at this time a *patriot*: and finally, as to Lyttelton's supposed opposition to Walpole at this early stage of his life, it appears that when he went abroad, some years later, he carried with him friendly letters of recommendation from Sir Robert. The patriotism of all these young gentlemen dates more probably from Cobham's quarrel with Walpole on his dismissal from his regiment in 1733.

'At Oxford,' says Johnson, 'Lyttelton stayed *not long*,' which Mr. Phillimore, still giving no dates, nor taking any other notice of his college-life, further abbreviates into 'a *very short stay*.' It seems however that Lyttelton stayed at Oxford a couple of years. He entered as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, the 4th of December, 1725; some of his verses are dated from Oxford in 1725, which must be the *old style* for the spring of 1726—and he seems not to have left it till the spring of 1728. From a *Student of Christ Church* selected to write the Life of one of the ornaments of his own college, the exact academical chronology might have been expected.

At Oxford he continued to cultivate his literary taste, which, however, as with most young authors, expended itself in imitations—beyond the feeble elegance of which Lyttelton, indeed, never rose; nay, his earlier works are, we think, positively better than his last. Pope was then in the zenith of his deserved fame, and naturally the 'cynosure of labouring eyes,' and accordingly we find in the

front of Lyttelton's poems, after the manner of Pope's 'Pastorals'—the 'Progress of Love, in four Eclogues,' addressed respectively to Pope—to Dodington ('who had himself written some very pretty love-verses, which have not been published')—to Edward Walpole, we presume a schoolfellow or fellow-student—and his own uncle Lord Cobham. This economical prodigality of adulation, by which the oil of dedication is spread over the largest possible surface, seems to have begun by Pope in his 'Moral Essays,' and was followed by Lyttelton and by the greater names of Young and Thomson, who did little honour either to themselves or their patrons by these *allotments* of panegyric. Lyttelton's birth and station relieve him from the imputation of any unworthy motive; he was proud to be the friend and imitator of Pope, and was not sorry to gratify his private feelings by a public record of his friendships. His addresses to his friends are—unlike the sickening adulation of Young—short, inoffensive, and not inappropriate, but the eclogues themselves we abandon to Johnson's general and special condemnation of all such 'mock pastorals'—only adding that they would be still worse if they approached reality. Damon and Delia, crooks and flowers, are merely tiresome—Roger and Sukey, and the details of nearly the lowest and least intellectual scale of human life, would be intolerable; but we need not pursue this topic—we are in no danger of seeing the revival of either class of bucolics, and have done with authors who confessed to being 'sillier than their sheep.'

Johnson attributes to the same early period as the '*Progress of Love*' the '*Persian Letters*,' and this date seems confirmed by Lyttelton's own evidence, who in a letter to his father of the 4th of February, 1728, expresses his satisfaction at finding that Sir Thomas is pleased with his '*Persian Letters*.' Mr. Phillimore, without noticing either Johnson's or Lyttelton's authority, or giving any reason of his own, states that the '*Persian Letters*' were probably written in 1734. We should of course adopt Lyttelton's own statement against Mr. Phillimore's unexplained assertion, but that we see in the letters themselves several allusions to events as late as 1734. For instance, the Persian mentions the dissolution of a parliament which had sat its seven years (*Lett.* liii.). This was true of the parliament dissolved in the summer of 1734, and not of that dissolved in 1727. And again (*Lett.* xxix.) there is an allusion (as a note to Mr. Ayscough's edition informs us) to the controversy on the promotion of Bishop Rundle, which occurred in 1734, and so on. From all this we conclude that the work was originally sketched and partly executed at Oxford, but that while preparing for the press in 1734 (it was published

published early in 1735), it was expanded and occasional allusions and anecdotes were added. This point, one of the least unimportant in Lyttelton's literary life, we think that Mr. Phillimore, with the archives of Hagley open to him, might have ascertained, and should not have left it to such a merely conjectural solution as ours.

In the 'Persian Letters,' as in all his other works, Lyttelton is but an imitator:—the idea, the name, and some of the details are borrowed from the '*Lettres Persannes*' of the President Montesquieu—then in high repute. Johnson, impressed perhaps with the idea that they were written by an Oxonian of eighteen, treats them slightly as too 'visibly the production of a very young man.' They would not, it is true, thirty years later, have added much to the fame which Lyttelton had, rather by his rank than his writings, attained; but they are, we think, no contemptible production even for the age of twenty-five; and they may still be read with amusement and some information as to the manners of the time. Their most serious faults to modern readers, says Mr. Phillimore, 'are occasional indelicacies, both of thought and expression—which, as well as their extreme political opinions, was a subject of regret to Lyttelton in after-life.' The indelicacy, though probably now less visible than it was in the original edition, is still too obvious; but it was the style of that day, and hardly exceeds the freedoms of some papers in the 'Spectator,' and falls infinitely short of the licence of his original—the great French magistrate and moralist, as he is called. Mr. Phillimore should have told his readers where Lord Lyttelton had expressed any such contrition: it is not improbable—for he was a man of delicate taste, as well as good principles—but we do not recollect it. We are aware that he says, in an undated letter to Warburton, that he is printing a new edition of the 'Persian Letters,' in which 'he hopes that there will be nothing which can be misconstrued into *free-thinking* in the bad sense of the word' (*Warburton's Remains*, p. 213)—but this does not warrant Mr. Phillimore's statement, and indeed we do not think that he has seen the volume we quote. On the point of extreme politics, also, we must say in Lyttelton's behalf that, Tories as we are, we do not see in the political doctrines of the work anything that a moderate Whig should in after life seriously regret. No doubt, after Lord Cobham's quarrel with Walpole, Lyttelton's patriotism began to bloom rather too luxuriantly, but he nevertheless expresses on some leading topics a sounder judgment than he afterwards exercised in his own political life, and it is *piquant* to find one who was so soon to be distinguished as one of the most factious parliamentary orators, reckoning among the evils of



of our representative system and the dangers to our constitution 'the abuse of the thing called eloquence,' which he says

'seduces those whom money will not corrupt. It is the most pernicious of all our refinements, and the most to be dreaded in a free country. To speak truth is the privilege of a freeman—to do so roundly and plainly is his glory; but the thing called eloquence here is of another kind; it is less the talent of enforcing truth than of imposing falsehood. Nor is wisdom a quality necessary in the composition of an orator—he may do very well without it provided he has but a happy faculty of discoursing smoothly and asserting boldly—and the greater the imposition is, the greater the reputation. The orator who can only persuade us to act against some of our lesser interests is *but a genius of the second rate*, but he who can compel us by his eloquence to violate the *most essential* is a *very able man indeed*, and will certainly *rise very high*. It may be the custom in Persia to bestow employments on such persons as may have particularly qualified themselves for them. You put the care of the army and the marine into the hands of soldiers and sailors. You make one man Secretary of State because he has been bred in foreign courts, and understands the interests of our neighbouring princes. To another you intrust the revenue, because he is skilful in economy—but we are above such vulgar prejudices, such qualifications are not necessary amongst us: to be fit for any or all of these posts one must be a *good speaker in Parliament*.'—*Pers. Lett.* xliii.

It seems as if he was describing, with a prophetic pen, the declamatory career of Pitt, and his own future appointment to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; 'a great office,' says Johnson, 'which requires qualifications which he soon found himself to want.' 'He could not,' says a favourable critic, 'accomplish the most ordinary sum in arithmetic.' This Mr. Phillimore attempts in his usual style to controvert—but with, as far as we see, no other grounds than that the other view is probably more '*satisfactory to the Lyttelton family*.'

Towards the close of his residence at Oxford, in the winter of 1727, he seems to have produced his blank—peculiarly blank—verses on '*Blenheim Castle*,' towards the due celebration of which he invokes the assistance of Minerva—patroness of arms and arts—who, in that double capacity, assisted Marlborough in winning the battle and Vanbrugh in building the house—while for the description of the park he relies on 'Thalia, Sylvan maid!' and likens the Duke himself to Alexander the Great. Amidst such common-places, one passage, though not original, is at least amusing. The old Whig Sibyl, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, reminds him of the gentle fascinations of Eve in Milton's Eden:

'————— But not alone  
In the calm shades of honourable ease

Great

Great Marlbro' peaceful dwelt : indulgent heaven  
Gave a companion of his softer hours,  
*With whom conversing he forgot all change  
Of fortune and of state ;* and in her mind  
Found greatness equal to his own, and loved  
Himself in her.'

The poem, however, records an historical fact which we do not recollect to have seen elsewhere :

‘ ————— On Hochsted's plain,  
The theatre of thy glory, once was raised  
A meaner trophy by the imperial hand :—  
Extorted gratitude ; which now the rage  
Of malice impotent, besecming ill  
A regal breast, has *levelled with the ground*.  
Mean insult ! *This*, with better auspices  
Shall stand on British earth.'

The Duchess felt, no doubt, and warmly expressed, her approbation of her young panegyrist, but her capricious gratitude did not remember him in her Will, as she did the factious activity of Pitt by a legacy of 10,000*l.*, and Chesterfield's by one of 20,000*l.* !

Early in 1728 he left Oxford, and proceeded, as was then the routine with young men of family and fashion, to complete his education by the Grand Tour—as a visit to France and Italy, sometimes including Germany, used to be called.

Here commenced a series of letters to his father, published by Mr. Ayscough in 1775, and which, says Mr. Phillimore, 'are the main source of the writer's history for the next three years ;' that is to say, that he has nothing to tell us of this period but what the world has so long known. There are, however, some points which—if the originals of these letters are at Hagley—Mr. Phillimore could have explained.

When the letters were published, some of the persons mentioned were only designated by initials, and several allusions and anecdotes were left unexplained, out of deference, no doubt, to personal feelings. But at the end of a century we should have thought the explanation of such passages as relate to Lyttelton's personal history, one of the first duties of a biographer. For instance :—

' *Luneville, June 8, 1728.*

' DEAR SIR,—I heartily congratulate you upon my sister's marriage, and wish you could dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M— ; but unfortunately they have neither of them any portion, but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for.— *Works*, Letter iv.

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This marriage was, we suppose, that of Thomas Pitt with Christian Lyttelton, the eldest of Sir Thomas's daughters. Mr. Phillimore, in his account of the family, tells us that the other daughters—including *Mary*—died young. She, however, was not so young, it seems, but that Lyttelton wishes she might have been matched with Mr. P—, a person of great merit but small fortune—no doubt, William Pitt. Soon after occurs a more obscure passage:—

'What you tell me of—— amazes me. I shall obey your advice in being cautious how I think any man my friend too soon, since he *whose affections I was so sure of* has so injuriously convinced me of my mistake.'—*Works*, Letter xiv.

If Mr. Phillimore had the originals of these letters before him, and if, as we suspect, the person here alluded to was one who had a considerable influence on Lyttelton's subsequent life, we think he ought to have supplied the name. And again, Mr. Phillimore might have ascertained whether 'young Mr. W——, a very good Whig, as well as a pretty gentleman,' but whose 'father may force him to change his political sentiments on his return,' was, as we think, Mr. *Wyndham*, or *Horace Walpole*, who was at Venice at the same time, and whose father, though a professed Whig, had grown in office to be something very like a Tory. There are also several *lacunæ* in the series, which should have been, if possible, supplied. We do not imagine that much of either amusement or interest would be thereby added to the original collection, which is to readers of our day somewhat deficient in both; but as we have the correspondence, we should be glad to have it as complete as may be.

Sir Thomas's intention was that Lyttelton should make a long residence, for the purpose of acquiring the French language thoroughly, at Luneville, the capital of the little sovereignty of Lorraine—selected, no doubt, as a safer and less expensive residence than Paris. But the choice was not a good one. The Court of Luneville, according to Lyttelton, was but a bad school either for manners or morals. *Play*, he found, was not merely the constant amusement, but the only business of life. He complains that 'the spirit of quadrille has possessed the land;' that there was no admission into society but through that expensive channel. The only interruption to play was the ducal *chasse*, but Lyttelton was 'unfortunately,' he says, 'no more a sportsman than a gamester.' He very soon felt an honest and amiable dissatisfaction at this mode of life, and at the inconvenience which his expenses might create at home.

'Luneville,

Luneville, August 18, —

'Dear Sir, — I wrote to you last post, and have since received yours of the 20th [July]. Your complaints pierce my heart. 'Alas, Sir, what pain must it give me to think that my improvement puts you to any degree of inconvenience: and perhaps, after all, I may return and not answer your expectations. This thought gives me so much uneasiness, that I am ready to wish you would recall me, and save the charge of travelling. But no: the world would judge perversely, and blame you for it. I must go on, and you must support me as your son.' — *Works*, Letter vi.

He took a great dislike to Luneville, not merely on account of the gambling, and 'the foppish ignorance, and contempt of all he had been taught to value,' which was fashionable there, but also for a more personal reason, which he candidly imparts to his father:—

'It is natural to us to hate the school in which we take the first lessons of any art. The awkwardness we have shown in such beginnings lessens us in the eyes of people there, and the disadvantageous prejudice it has given of us is never quite to be got over. Luneville was my school of breeding, and I was there subject to *quelques bêtises d'écolier*. The memory of these mistakes hangs upon my mind when I am there, and depresses my spirits. This is the first and strongest reason, why I cannot be happy in Lorraine.' — *Ib.*, Letter ix.

Lyttelton was, all his life, *distrained* and awkward; and we suppose had blundered into some breaches of the manners and etiquette of a punctilious and jealous little Court. Dr. Johnson, who only knew him in later life, when it may be presumed that his habits were much improved, insisted that the character of the *respectable Hottentot* in Lord Chesterfield's letters was meant for Lyttelton. It was certainly meant for Johnson himself, but Lyttelton must have been very awkward to have afforded any colour for such a mistake.

With the rather reluctant consent of his father, who perhaps thought that he was too much influenced in his distaste for Luneville by these personal considerations, Lyttelton shifted his quarters to Soissons, where was then holding the celebrated Congress at which General Stanhope, old Horace Walpole, and Mr. Poyntz were the British commissioners. Lyttelton happening accidentally to make Poyntz's acquaintance, was soon admitted to his society and friendship, became domesticated in his house, and was, somewhat irregularly, trusted and employed by him in the progress of the negotiations.\* This was a fortunate alliance for Lyttelton.

\* One of Lyttelton's letters gives a secret anecdote of Philip V. of Spain which we do not recollect to have read elsewhere. The difficulties in these negotiations arose chiefly from Spain, and particularly from the King's stubbornness and caprice, amounting

Lyttelton. At the termination of the Congress he accompanied Mr. Poyntz, who was appointed minister at Paris, and was, under his auspices, introduced at once into the most important business and the best society. In this way a year was spent, no doubt agreeably and profitably. Mr. Poyntz was highly pleased with the talents and character of his young friend, which he describes with almost parental fondness in two letters to Sir Thomas, with whom he was previously unacquainted. These letters were printed by Mr. Ayscough; but as Mr. Phillimore has given some that had been before published, he ought to have reprinted Mr. Poyntz's *in extenso*: they are important to Lyttelton's history. We can find room but for a few short extracts.

‘ *Paris, January 22, 1720.*

‘ Sir,—I have received your two kind letters, in which you are pleased very much to overvalue the small civilities it has lain in my power to show Mr. Lyttelton. . . . Depend upon it, Sir, from the observation of one who would abhor to deceive a father in so tender a point, that he retains the same virtuous and studious dispositions which nature and your care planted in him, only strengthened and improved by age and experience; so that I dare promise you, the bad examples of Paris or any other place will never have any other effect upon him but to confirm him in the right choice he has made. Under these happy circumstances, he can have little occasion for any other advice but that of sustaining the character he has so early got, and of supporting the hopes he has raised. . . . He cannot fail of making you and himself happy, and of being a great ornament to our country, if, with that refined taste and delicacy of genius, he can but recall his mind, at a proper age, from the pleasures of learning and gay scenes of imagination to the dull road and fatigues of business.’

Thus early we see Mr. Poyntz hints at that speculative and abstracted turn of mind which was, no doubt, the cause of Lyttelton's never attaining habits of business, either in Parliament or in office, and of his reputation as a speaker being for ‘set speeches on grave occasions.’ Lyttelton repaid the partiality of Mr. Poyntz by some encomiastic verses, written in Paris; and we believe that this once eminent diplomatist and statesman is now

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amounting in fact to insanity, and ‘not always to be controlled, even by his wife.’ His predominant desire was to abdicate, which he had done in 1724, but on the death of his successor resumed the crown. The same mania had now returned. ‘I hope,’ says Lyttelton, ‘his Catholic Majesty will behave himself a little like a King, since the Queen will have him one in spite of his teeth. About three months ago she caught him going down stairs at midnight, in his nightgown—to abdicate. He was so incensed at the surprise and disappointment that he beat her cruelly, and would have strangled her had she not called for help. This attempt of his alarmed her terribly, and put her upon carrying him about Spain to amuse him with seeing sights, in order to keep *St. Ildefonso* out of his head.’—*Letters*, xxii. *St. Ildefonso* had been the scene of his first retreat.

most

most remembered by a few lines written by Lyttelton on his picture.

From Paris he also wrote a poetical epistle to Dr. Ayscough, at Oxford; and on pursuing his tour, another to Pope, from Rome, in 1730; and he announced his return to England in the same year by a similar address to Lord Hervey.

'These epistolary pieces,' says Johnson, 'have a smooth equability which cannot much tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprises. But from this censure ought to be excepted his "Advice to Belinda," which, though for the most part written *when he was very young*, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shows a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.'—*Life*.

Johnson had no great partiality to Lyttelton, but we think this critique on the 'Epistle to Belinda' too favourable. We know not on what authority he says 'it was for the most part written while he was *very young*.' It is dated, in Dodsley and in his Works, 1731, and was written after his return from abroad, in evident imitation (even as to the style of printing) of Young's 'Universal Passion,' which was then in vogue.

But though he never (as we shall see) was weaned from his feeble dalliance with the Muses, he was now called to the less congenial duties of public life. Frederick, Prince of Wales, raised a standard of opposition against his father's ministry, and about 1733 selected Lyttelton—though only twenty-four, not yet in Parliament, and son of a member of the government—as his confidential adviser; a choice which proves that his reputation must have been already considerable—though how acquired does not exactly appear. We suspect that the favourable testimony of Poyntz, himself governor to William, Duke of Cumberland, may have introduced Lyttelton to the notice and favour of the Prince, who 'advised with me,' says Lyttelton, 'on all his affairs before I came into Parliament, for I was his chief favourite.' We presume, however, that though his personal merit and Poyntz's recommendation may have contributed to his appointment, the prime cause must have been his connexion with Lord Cobham, and his Lordship's concurrence in the opposition politics of the Prince.

In April, 1735, Lyttelton was selected by his brother-in-law, Thomas Pitt, to be his colleague for Okehampton—William Pitt having been previously returned on the same nomination for Old Sarum. Into the same Parliament the two elder Grenvilles, and into the next the two younger, were elected—all now starting in that career of ambition in which they so greatly distinguished and advanced themselves, and occasioned, as we think, by  
their

their faction in opposition and their rashness in government, more danger and greater losses to England than any family connexion ever inflicted on any country. It was, no doubt, Lord Cobham that originally gave the bias of opposition to these 'boy-patriots,' as Sir Robert Walpole now called them. He had quarrelled with the minister, ostensibly on the Excise Bill, more probably for some other motive, and was dismissed (as was the practice of those days) from his regiment:—

‘Hoc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit.’

The various talents, tempers, and opportunities of his young friends assigned to them different parts in the great drama. Pitt did splendid mischief; Lord Temple was intrigue and faction combined, and personified; George Grenville was honest and able, but rash and obstinate; while Lyttelton, of a more serious disposition, more studious tastes, and a better-governed mind, was somewhat less prone to faction, and less fitted for the practical duties of public life. He, therefore, who started with the greatest distinction of all, soon subsided into a secondary part, and his share in the affairs of the time is of little interest except as it may elucidate the conduct and character of his more brilliant and prominent associates.

The pleasure that we might feel in seeing something of the private life of this amiable man, Mr. Phillimore does not afford us. The letters he selects for publication are mostly political, and of singularly little interest; and they are united by a narrative superficial, careless, and blundering, as we have already seen, in an extraordinary degree, with the additional defect of making no attempt to combine scattered statements, to explain obscurities, or reconcile apparent contradictions, even on points essentially connected with Lyttelton's personal history. For instance; Mr. Phillimore prints the draft of a letter from Lyttelton to the Prince, in which he returns a bank-note which his Royal Highness had forced upon him (as the salary, we must suppose, of some office), insisting on serving him *gratuitously*, and urging him to a system of strict economy: ‘For how,’ he asks his Royal Highness, ‘can I ever advise you, as it is my duty, to economy in other instances, when I suffer you to be lavish in this?’ (p. 51). This letter was written early in 1735; but Mr. Phillimore does not tell us what office he at that time held under the Prince. We find, indeed, in Beatson's ‘Political Index,’ that Lyttelton was at that time ‘Secretary to the Prince;’ but we see that, two years after (August, 1737), Mr. Pelham resigned the office of Secretary to the Prince, and that Lyttelton was appointed to succeed Pelham; and we then

then find that—so far from offering gratuitous services—he waited on the Prince ‘to thank him for augmenting his salary 250*l.* a year.’ We have no doubt that the explanation of all this is that Lyttelton held the post of private Secretary before the Prince had a formal household; that on his Royal Highness’ obtaining a public establishment, Mr. Pelham was named to it; and that on Pelham’s resignation when the Prince quarrelled outright with the King, Lyttelton was appointed to the vacant office, the salary of which, now that it was on the public establishment, he did not refuse to accept. This explanation, due to Lyttelton’s character, and necessary to an understanding of his history, Mr. Phillimore ought not to have left to our vague conjecture.

We know not whether the Hagley papers might not have afforded, or more diligent research discovered, something more of Lyttelton’s personal history than we already know: all we can say is, that Mr. Phillimore has produced nothing new, and that what was old and well known he has contrived to confuse and obscure so as to be almost unintelligible.

Thrown into opposition by his Cobham connexion, and by the popular spirit of the times, which was weary of the long reign of Walpole, Lyttelton was for a time foremost in the ranks of the young patriots.

‘For many years,’ says Johnson, ‘the name of George Lyttelton was seen in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army—he opposed the Excise—he supported the motion for the removal of Walpole. His zeal was considered by the courtiers as not only violent, but acrimonious and malignant.’—*LIFE.*

Here Johnson made a slight mistake, which Mr. Phillimore has attempted to correct, *more suo*, by making another; for the Excise scheme was brought forward in 1733, and Lyttelton ‘did not come into Parliament,’ adds Mr. Phillimore, ‘till 1734.’ We have seen that he did not come into Parliament till April, 1735. It may, to Lyttelton’s credit, be added, as a qualification of Dr. Johnson’s censure of his violence, that though eager and eloquent to a degree that political opponents might think acrimonious, he seems to have stopped short of any blamable extremities, and his private advice to the Prince appears to have been moderate and judicious beyond what might be expected from his years and position.

When the Prince went into avowed opposition, it is generally said that Lyttelton gave him what has been considered by some parties as the mischievous, and by others as the meritorious advice of endeavouring to corrupt, or, in the favourable view, to conciliate and influence public opinion by an ostentatious patronage of literature. There can be no doubt that Lyttelton—himself an author



author before he was a politician, and full of literary ardour—would be favourable to such a system; but it was no novelty. We believe political literature was never more valued or better paid than about the time Lyttelton came into public life; and it is probable that he himself owed something of his early favour to his literary reputation. We have always suspected that the degree and extent of this patronage had been exaggerated, and we hoped that the Hagley Papers might enable Mr. Phillimore to throw some light on this curious and not unimportant subject; but we have been here, as everywhere else, grievously disappointed. He adopts, as usual, the old story in the lump, without discussion or discrimination, and gives us absolutely nothing new but his own anachronisms and blunders. He introduces this subject by recording, under the date of 1733, as composing the Prince's society, or, as he phrases it, 'this Royal company,'—

'most, if not all the distinguished poets and writers of the day, whom Walpole was too careless or too proud to cultivate. *Swift* (who called Walpole "Bob, the poet's foe") and *Pope* probably owed their introduction to Bolingbroke and Chesterfield; but the rest were gathered around him by *Lyttelton*, who never ceased to exert his influence, which at a later period was very great, in securing the patronage of Frederic for men of letters. Such, among others, were *Thomson*, *Mallett*, *Moore*, *Akenside*, and *Hammond*.'—p. 49.

In this extract almost every word is a mistake, and some of them so enormous that, even after what we have seen, we can scarcely believe our eyes.

We will say nothing of minor blunders—but Dean Swift at Prince Frederick's Court! Mr. Phillimore had read that the Dean had been at the 'Court of the Prince of Wales,' and, '*proh stupendum*,' does not know that it was at the Court of George II., while heir-apparent. Swift never was in England after 1727. *Thomson* also is represented as introduced by Lyttelton to 'this Royal company' about 1733, the time of Lyttelton's first acquaintance with the Prince; but we are told soon after that Thomson's pension from the Prince of 100*l.* a-year was not granted till 1738, and that it was granted '*long before* Thomson was personally known to Lyttelton' (p. 112)—and this later date is corroborated by another statement (285), that they were not acquainted till after Thomson had published '*Agamemnon*,' which was in the summer of 1738.

As to *Mallett*, Mr. Phillimore distinctly states (113), that Lyttelton introduced him to the place of Under-Secretary, with a salary of 200*l.*, in 1742—nine years after the date in which we see him figuring in the 'Royal company.'

But this celebrated patronage—which was, as far as appears, confined

confined to Thomson's pension and Mallett's salary—was as short lived as it was narrow. Lyttelton quarrelled with the Prince in 1744; and upon that breach, says Mr. Phillimore,

'Thomson, West, and Mallett were deprived of the pension of 100*l*. a-year, which Lyttelton's influence with the Prince had procured for them, and which were taken away when he incurred the displeasure of their patron.'—p. 287—

Thomson being, as far as Mr. Phillimore informs us, the only one who had the pension of 100*l*. a-year—Mallett, as we have seen, having had a *salary* of 200*l*.—and we do not believe that West had any pension whatsoever. Lord Marchmont says that he heard that the Prince had ordered West a pension of 100*l*. as compensation for not receiving the office he had promised him of governor to the young prince (George III.); but this was in October, 1744; and as Frederick's rupture with Lyttelton, then already in progress, was consummated in December, it is probable that the pension, even if intended, was never granted.

As to *Hammond*,—also represented by Mr. Phillimore as one of those 'gathered round the Prince by Lyttelton'—there is no reason to suppose that he had any such obligation to Lyttelton; he seems to have been the associate and friend of Lord Chesterfield, and held an office (Equerry) in the Prince's household as soon as there was one,—as early, we believe, as Lyttelton himself; and as to *Akenside*, the fifth of Lyttelton's supposed recommendations to the Prince's company at the period in question—he belonged to an altogether different time and class; and never, that we can trace, had any connexion with the Prince. We doubt whether his name had been ever heard of till after Lyttelton's rupture with his Royal Highness, and we believe that he never received or needed any other private patronage than that of his generous friend, Mr. Dyson.

In the midst of these surprising anachronisms, Mr. Phillimore—in pursuance of his general rule of rejecting and resenting any opinion that in the slightest degree questions Lyttelton's absolute perfection, and may, therefore, be not '*satisfactory to the Lyttelton family*'—turns round on Dr. Johnson:—

'Dr. Johnson, relating Lyttelton's kindness to Thomson and Mallett adds, "Moore courted his (Lyttelton's) favour by an apologetical poem, called 'The Trial of Selim,' for which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes that at last were disappointed." This sentence contains two misstatements, one direct, one implied. It implies that Moore's acquaintance with Lyttelton was *contemporaneous* with that of Thomson, whereas he appears to have known him first in 1748. It states that Lyttelton never *assisted* him, whereas at the proper

proper place in these Memoirs the contrary will be easily and clearly shown.—pp. 113, 114.

Now there are here no misstatements except on the part of Mr. Phillimore, who makes, on the whole matter, not two, but many. In the first place, there is not the slightest colour for saying that Johnson thought Lyttelton's acquaintance with Thomson and Moore 'contemporaneous.' On the contrary, the paragraph about Moore is posterior to, and wholly unconnected with, the mention of Thomson. 2nd. If, as Mr. Phillimore says, Lyttelton's acquaintance with Moore commenced in 1748, how is it that in the passage above cited, under the date of 1738, he says, that Lyttelton introduced Thomson, Hammond, Moore, &c., to the Court of the Prince of Wales? (p. 49)—the fact being, that Lyttelton's personal quarrel with the Prince was in 1744, and that Thomson and Hammond were both dead prior to Lyttelton's acquaintance with Moore—Mr. Phillimore being guilty of exactly the blunder he imputes to Dr. Johnson. 3rd. Mr. Phillimore says that Johnson states that Lyttelton 'never assisted Moore.' Johnson says no such thing; but simply that Moore had hopes which were disappointed; and Mr. Phillimore then undertakes to show 'easily and clearly the contrary' of Johnson's statement—and shows nothing like it. Lyttelton is represented as having been the dispenser of the patronage of the Prince, and subsequently of the Government, in places and pensions; and Johnson states that Moore was disappointed in having got neither, though he had in his 'Trial of Selim' \* bid high in flattery for Lyttelton's patronage. The term '*disappointed*,' Mr. Phillimore conveniently changes into '*unassisted*,' and then affects to think that he has disproved Johnson's statements by showing that Lyttelton had *assisted* Moore by 'contributing to his periodical paper of "*The World*!'" A silly misrepresentation!

We have been induced to employ, or, as some readers may think, waste so much space on Mr. Phillimore's statement of this case for several reasons—first, because it affords a fair specimen of the flimsy and unsatisfactory style in which he deals with his subjects; secondly, because, without rating very highly what Johnson modestly calls his '*little lives*'—such as Mallett, Thomson, Lyttelton, &c.—we cannot permit a puny whipster to attack him with injustice, and with impunity; but, thirdly and chiefly, because the Prince's affected patronage of litera-

\* This *Trial of Selim, the Persian*, for high crimes and misdemeanours (published in 1748), is a rhyming defence of Lyttelton against some virulent party attacks, directed principally against his having accepted office under Mr. Pelham.

ture is a question of some literary and political interest which we should be glad to have more fully and accurately explained than it has yet been, and we think it necessary to protest against the inconsistencies and errors which Mr. Phillimore has jumbled together, without, as far as we can see, any kind of confirmation or countenance from the Lyttelton papers. His account, indeed, if we gave credit to any part of it, would only make the matter more obscure than it was already.

Of this loose and incoherent style of proceeding we have a remarkable instance, which—as it relates to Thomson's great poem of the 'Seasons,' and to what he thought his still greater poem of 'Liberty'—is worth developing, though it will cost some time and trouble to unravel Mr. Phillimore's ignorant intricacy.

Of 'Liberty' he says—

'Dr. Johnson is very angry with Lyttelton for having, *as he alleges*, shortened this poem after the death of the author: *If Lyttelton did so, no doubt it was in obedience to wishes expressed by Thomson during his life. Such, it will be seen, was the case with "The Seasons."*'—p. 111.

'*If*'—'*as he alleges*'—'*Lyttelton did so!*' Why does Mr. Phillimore thus throw a doubt over a notorious fact, which, if it were uncertain, might be so easily tested by confronting the original text of 1785-6, with Lyttelton's edition published in 1780? Nay, if Mr. Phillimore had looked into the latter book—which we shall see by and by that he never did—he would have found Lyttelton's distinct confession of the abbreviation '*of five parts into three*;' but let us see Dr. Johnson's '*very angry*' statement:—

'The poem of "*Liberty*" does not now appear in its original state, but when the author's works were collected after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttelton, with a liberty, which as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration or kindness of the friend. I wish to see it exhibited as the author left it.'—*Life of Thomson*.

We think it impossible to have treated in less *angry* or more judicious terms so unjustifiable a proceeding—which—still more wonderful—Lyttelton, it appears, attempted to repeat on 'The Seasons.'

'If he did shorten *Liberty*,' says Mr. Phillimore, 'no doubt it was in obedience to Thomson's wishes.' (p. 111). Lyttelton, in the same advertisement in which he announces the abbreviation of *Liberty* from five parts to three, does not give the slightest hint that he had shortened it under any directions from Thomson. He says, indeed, that the author was sensible of the

poem's being too long; but for the reduction he alleges no kind of warrant—he makes it on his own responsibility and for his own bad reasons! Mr. Phillimore's further assertion that 'such was the case with *The Seasons*' is really most surprising. At an interval of two hundred pages we arrive at this intended mutilation of *The Seasons*, the details of which by no means justify Mr. Phillimore's assertion, and show him moreover to have been strangely blind to the most obvious facts of the case. Here is his account:—

'Some time after Thomson's death, Lyttelton prepared for the press a new edition of his *Seasons*:—the alterations, additions, and omissions, which this edition would have contained, have never been printed; they are written in Lyttelton's handwriting, on the blank leaves of an interleaved copy of the *Seasons* now in the library at Hagley, to which it was presented by the late Lord Spencer, to whom it was a gift from "Matthew Montague,\* who found it among the books of Mrs. Montague:" the date which it originally bears, MDCC.LII. is altered by a few strokes into MDCC.LVIII. *I have not been able to find any satisfactory reason why it was never published.* In one of the blank sheets before the Poem, Lyttelton has written as follows:

"Preface to the *Seasons*.

"In this edition, conformably to the intention and will of the author, which have <sup>justly</sup> been thought by good judges too harsh or obscure, or not strictly grammatical, have been corrected, some lines transposed, and a few others left out."—p. 319.

Our readers will, we think, see in the erasure of the original words, '*by good judges*,' and the substitution of the others, and the confusion of the whole sentence, strong reasons to doubt whether any such alteration were really in 'obedience to wishes expressed by Thomson.' But we can carry the case farther. After some specimens of Lyttelton's *rifacimento* of poor Thomson, Mr. Phillimore proceeds:—

'If this was the edition mentioned in the following letter to Dr. Doddridge, March 22, 1750, it must have been existing in manuscript at the time, and from some unexplained accident never completed, though the letter announces it as within a few days of publication.

"Dear Sir,—By the Northampton coach of next week, I shall send Mrs. Doddridge a new, compleat, and correct edition of Mr. Thomson's works made under my care. . . . You will find this edition preferable to any of the former, though not free from misprints."—p. 322.

In spite of this direct evidence that Lyttelton's proposed edition was already printed on the 22d March, 1750,—and of a letter

\* No doubt the second Lord Rokeby. Mr. Phillimore, inaccurate in everything, great and small, does not even copy this inscription correctly, for surely Mr. Montagu had spelled his own and his aunt's name right.

from Voltaire to Lyttelton, dated 17th of May, 1750, acknowledging a presentation\* *copy of Thomson's Works*.—Mr. Phillimore, having got hold of the MS. corrections, dated in 1752 and 1758, does not give himself the trouble of inquiring after an edition of 1750, and persists in wondering ‘*from what unexplained cause that edition was never completed*’—the fact being that the edition was completed, printed, and published, with a preface, &c., by Lyttelton, in the said month of May, 1750, in 4 volumes, 12mo., and republished in 1752 with the remarkable statement on the title-page, that it includes all the author's *last corrections, additions, and improvements*, and in it is specially made and avowed the very compression of ‘*Liberty*,’ censured by Johnson, and doubted and defended by Mr. Phillimore. It is therefore clear that the alteration of ‘*The Seasons*’ was an afterthought of Lyttelton's, encouraged perhaps by the impunity of his attempts on ‘*Liberty*,’ and not ‘in obedience to the wishes of the author’—for, had that been the case, it must have appeared, as the alterations of ‘*Liberty*’ did, in 1750. We suppose that it was on a volume of the edition of 1752, which was again reprinted in 1757, that Lyttelton made in 1758 his emendations. So that not *one* only but *two* or *three* editions had been published, Mr. Phillimore thinking there had been none at all. We really doubt whether our literature affords such a complication of blunder, ignorance, misstatement, and bad taste as Mr. Phillimore has contrived to condense into this story. Lyttelton's own share in the transaction deserves all that Johnson has said of such attempts, and we really think that the sitting down gravely to improve the ‘*Seasons*,’ which in their original state had made their author's fame, is about the most puerile arrogance and absurdity that we ever read of, and which, to be sure, it was most indecent in any one professing a respect for Lord Lyttelton's memory to drag out of the obscurity to which the culprit had consigned it. Lyttelton lived twenty years after the date of this childish project, and had evidently abandoned it, and then comes his admirer Mr. Phillimore raking up this weakness, and ‘wondering with a foolish face of praise’ why the plotted murder was not perpetrated? We will tell him—because Lyttelton, on reconsideration, had more sense than his biographer.

But his mistake with regard to Lyttelton's most important work—the ‘*Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul*’—is more important.

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\* This present is the occasion of another of Mr. Phillimore's flagrant anachronisms. ‘*Many years*,’ he says, ‘after Thomson's death, Lyttelton received the following letter from Voltaire.’ Voltaire's letter is dated 17th May, 1750, twenty-one months only after Thomson's death.

Johnson had said in his 'Life of West':—

"West was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt, and what is of far more importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his 'Dissertation on St. Paul.' These two illustrious friends\* had listened to the blandishments of infidelity; and when West's 'Observations on the Resurrection' were published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of more objections against Christianity"—(*Life of Gilbert West*.)

And in his 'Life of Lyttelton' Johnson says:—

'Lyttelton had in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of corrupt conversation, entertained doubts of the truth of Christianity.'

It would seem, from Nichols's *Anecdotes* (vol. ii. p. 708)—the most curious and authentic repertory of literary facts that exists in our own or any language—that Johnson's statement slightly exceeds his authority: it is there told that certain remarks of Mr. Jones, of Welwyn, who was intimate with West, were communicated to Johnson, and formed the foundation of the statement which we have been quoting. 'I have heard,' says Jones,

'Mr. West say that in his younger days he had gone over into the quarters of infidelity. His uncle, Lord Cobham, did all in his power to instil such principles into his mind and that of his cousin Lyttelton; but the latter, he said, happily stood his ground, and *made little or no progress in those perverse principles*. When Mr. West's treatise on the Resurrection was first advertised, numbers who had conceived an opinion of his being a staunch unbeliever sent for it'

'This,' says Mr. Nichols, 'Johnson saw in MS., and availed himself of;' but he had also before him Lyttelton's own 'confession,' as he calls it, on his death-bed.

"When I first set out in the world," said Lyttelton, "I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. *I saw difficulties which staggered me*; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity studied with attention made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hope."—*Gent. Mag.*, vol. xliii. p. 604.

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\* The epithet 'illustrious' has been understood to designate Mr. Pitt as the friend who partook of Lyttelton's supposed infidelity; but we believe that *West*, whom Johnson, no doubt, considered *illustrious* for the piety of his later life, was meant. But in justice to Mr. Pitt, since his name happens to be ambiguously introduced in such a question, we will remind our readers that in the 'illustrious' statesman's letters to his nephew he warns him against 'Bolingbroke of *impious* memory' (*Chat. Cor.*, i. 122), and directly impresses on him, in admirable language, the great duties, blessings, and comforts of religion (*Ib.*, i. 73).

It was, no doubt, this confession (which Johnson appended, *in extenso*, to the *Life*, and which we also shall copy presently), that decided Johnson's judgment; but it hardly, we think, warrants the whole extent of his conclusion:—Lyttelton seems to have been 'staggered,' not overthrown—tempted, but not overcome.

Mr. Phillimore's mistake in this matter is more serious. He says—

'There is good reason to believe that the sweet influence of his pious and amiable wife completed, during her life, the good work begun by his friend. Undoubtedly grief for her death conspired with the influence of West, and with habits of deep thinking, to reëstate him in the belief of the doctrines of Christianity, which found no obstacle to their admission in hardness of heart or profligacy of life.'—p. 297.

'Undoubtedly' grief for her death had nothing whatsoever to do with the supposed conversion, as Mr. Phillimore must have seen if he had read even his *own pages*. Mrs. Lyttelton died in January, 1747, and the 'Observations' were not published till two or three months later—Mr. Phillimore therefore sagaciously jumps at the conclusion that they were written in that melancholy interval—overlooking Lyttelton's own direct assertion to the contrary. In sending the 'Observations' to Thomson he writes (21st of May, 1747):—

'I writ it in Kew Lane last year, and I writ it with a particular view to *your satisfaction*. You have therefore a double right to it; and I wish to God it may appear to you as convincing as it does to me, and bring you to add the *faith* to the *heart* of a Christian.'—p. 307.\*

Mr. Phillimore's mistake derogates from the merit both of Lyttelton and of his valuable work by representing it as a kind of penance—an impulse under the pressure of affliction—instead of having the nobler character that Dr. Johnson gives it. His intercourse with West, says Johnson, persuaded him that

'it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and he applied himself seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion was true; and what he had learned he endeavoured to teach by "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," a treatise'—(adds his by no means partial biographer, with honest energy of expression,)—'to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer.'—*Johnson's 'Life.'*

We have been led to consider the Essay on St. Paul out of its chronological order—we now return to Lyttelton's life.

It was on the 29th of April, 1736, on an address of congratu-

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\* We find in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for April, 1741, a notice of the publication of '*An Essay on the Conversion of St. Paul, by S. Karkeet*. Pr. 1s.' We have a curiosity to compare it with Lyttelton's work, but we have not been able to find any trace of the work nor of the name of Karkeet.



lation to George II. on the marriage of the Prince of Wales—moved by the opposition—that Pitt and Lyttelton first spoke. The speeches appear to Mr. Phillimore poor and commonplace. No wonder. He takes them in the literal meaning of a very imperfect report, in which they certainly appear, as we said in our review of Lord Chatham, ‘turgid and jejune;’ but Mr. Phillimore has not discovered—what we remarked—that, under this dull surface, there seems to have ‘lurked a strain of bitter irony and sarcasm against the king,’ which was probably the first cause of George II.’s lasting antipathy to Pitt; and ‘there is no doubt that the result of this debate—the warm eulogies on the Prince, and the cold if not invidious compliments to the King—widened the breach, and eventually threw them into open hostility’ (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxvi. p. 194). Nor does Mr. Phillimore appear to know that it was this very speech which, within a few days, procured for Pitt the honour of being dismissed from his cornetcy, and the remarkable poetical compliment of Lyttelton (*ib.*)—to which his biographer does not even allude.

But though Lyttelton espoused in public the factious designs with which Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Pulteney inspired the Prince, he seems, at one period at least, to have given him more sober advice in private; and in October, 1735, he endeavoured by a sensible letter to dissuade him from pressing for an increased allowance from the Civil List—for which, however, two years after, Lyttelton became a strenuous advocate in Parliament.

He was now—by the Prince’s confidence and a joint zeal in opposition politics—brought into close intimacy with Lord Chesterfield; and ten or a dozen letters of his between October, 1737, and June, 1741, will be probably thought the most valuable of Mr. Phillimore’s extracts from the archives of Hagley.\* These letters contain Chesterfield’s advice for the conduct of the Prince and his party in their conjoint hostility to Walpole. Our limits do not allow us to make extracts; but there are three or four points worthy of notice—the first, we are sorry to say, is the worst trait that we have yet found substantiated against Lord Chesterfield. In the Queen’s last illness, Chesterfield advises the Prince very properly—‘that he cannot take too many or

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\* He introduces them, however, with some observations on Lord Chesterfield, marked by his unconquerable habit of blundering. ‘His character,’ says this classical critic, ‘was the reverse of that ascribed by Sallust to Cato, “*Fideli quam esse bonus malebat.*”’ Mr. Phillimore’s loose phrase and punctuation leave it doubtful whether he gives these Latin words as a quotation from Sallust, or as his own reversal of Sallust’s words, viz. ‘*Ego, quam videri bonus malebat;*’ but any how, Mr. Phillimore contrives to convey a totally absurd opinion as to Chesterfield, who put on no affectation of virtue, and of whom it might more truly be said that he was intrinsically better than he appeared.

too respectful measures towards the Queen, if alive, and towards the King, if she be dead,' (p. 8); but he shows that this good advice came from a hypocritical and unworthy motive, when he adds his *hope* that the alternative may be that the Queen is dead, which he says must very much distress Sir Robert, who can never expect, after her death, to govern the King as he did through her. (p. 89.) 'This '*hope*' is sufficiently offensive, and Mr. Phillimore need not have exaggerated it into an '*anxious desire*' (p. 93).\*

Chesterfield, well as he knew the Court, was mistaken in his prognostication of Walpole's downfall from the death of the Queen; but he gives two or three traits of the great leader of the opposition, Pulteney, which seem to presage the indecision and want of energy which he showed at the subsequent crisis of Walpole's overthrow. As that crisis approaches, Chesterfield grows still more doubtful about Pulteney, and seems inclined to disparage both his principles and talents. 'He was then,' writes Chesterfield long subsequently in his *Characters*, 'in the greatest point of view that I ever saw any subject in!' but he had not firmness to avail himself of the great occasion, 'and shrunk into insignificance and an earldom.' We must, however, add, in justice to Pulteney, that he and Chesterfield, though acting in the same party, had a reciprocal dislike; and we think a closer investigation of the case would lead to a conclusion that Pulteney's proceedings were not liable to the censure so generally lavished on them.

Horace Walpole says, in a letter to Mann, 7th January, 1742—'Lord Hervey lives shut up with my Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney—a triumvirate who hate one another more than any one they would proscribe.' This, as Lord Hervey was in January, 1742, Privy Seal and in Sir Robert's Cabinet, seemed an improbable treachery; and Coxe and other writers seem satisfied of his fidelity to Walpole; but these letters leave no doubt of the contrary fact. Just on the eve of the great struggle—October, 1741—Chesterfield writes to Lyttelton that he has come from the south of France to Paris 'to be within call of either you or my Lord Privy Seal' (p. 191). Hervey, however (*nec est lex æquior ulla*), lost his place in the ministerial revolution which he had thus intrigued to bring about.

But it seems the treachery was not confined to the ministerialists. Mr. Phillimore's veneration for Lyttelton is somewhat shocked by an anecdote which, as he cannot altogether suppress, he endeavours to discredit.

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\* We are tempted to give another specimen of Mr. Phillimore's taste and elegance of expression which occurs hereabouts. He rebukes Bolingbroke for scoffing at the Queen's patronage of Bishop Butler—who, he says, 'had more philosophy in his little finger than the scoffer had in his whole body.' (p. 94.)

'I must

'I must not forget to mention in this place, that the *author of the anonymous memoir* to which I have alluded, charges Lyttelton with having about this time sought, through young Selwyn, to offer terms to Sir R. Walpole, by which that minister was to have a secure retreat, and by which it must be presumed (for it is not directly stated) places were to be procured for Lyttelton and his party; and this author adds, that he undertook, being wholly unauthorised to do so, to answer for the consent of the Prince of Wales. I do not believe this tale, for many reasons, among which are, that not the faintest trace of any such act of dishonesty is to be found in the Hagley MSS.—that Glover (who thirsted for Walpole's blood) was evidently animated by the most rancorous hatred against Lyttelton and others of his party—and that, according to Glover's own statement, the report came, after a considerable lapse of time, from a piqued, prejudiced, weak person—the Prince of Wales himself. . . . The story rests avowedly upon the sole authority of Glover's Journal.'—pp. 201, 202.

We must examine this a little, with regard both to Lyttelton and to Mr. Phillimore. We must first observe Mr. Phillimore's little attempt to discredit the story by talking of an *anonymous memoir*: when it is no otherwise anonymous than that the editor of the Memoir did not put the author's name on the title-page—and Mr. Phillimore, a few lines lower down, admits twice over that that author was Lyttelton's own friend Glover. But he says the story rests on the *sole* authority of Glover. As it was a statement of the Prince of Wales in confidence to Glover, we have it undoubtedly on Glover's sole authority. But there is not, we presume, any reason to doubt *his* veracity; and as to the *Prince's*, Glover relates that the story was afterwards separately confirmed to him by Lyttelton's brother, Sir Richard, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Ayscough, who were present at the meeting. Mr. Phillimore further alleges, as one out of 'many reasons,' but the only one produced, that not the *faintest trace of such dishonesty* is to be found in the Hagley MSS. It would be a greater wonder if there were. The Hagley MSS. contain, as far as Mr. Phillimore has revealed them, little or nothing of the details, private or political, of Lyttelton's life: and it is not likely they should, of such an affair as this? But we have no doubt of the fact, and can imagine such a treaty without any disgrace to Lyttelton—with as little, certainly, as from his junction with Pelham and the rest of the Walpolians in 1744, only two years later, and with the Duke of Newcastle in 1755. The exclusion of Lyttelton and his party from the administration formed on Sir Robert's fall renders still more credible the already very probable anecdote related by Glover. But however that may have been, Pitt, Lyttelton, Chesterfield, &c., who had made themselves obnoxious by their violence against the King's Hanoverian attachments, were not included in the official arrangements,

arrangements, and continued to form round the Prince of Wales a powerful opposition.

Following, says he, the order of the Hagley MSS., Mr. Phillimore tells us, with grave absurdity, that about the close of 1741 Lyttelton became

'acquainted with Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, *then in the zenith of his power*.'—vol. i. p. 160.

We know not what may appear in the Hagley MSS.; but we know that, as early as 1738, Warburton was one of the *Prince's chaplains*, and we should have dated at least as early as that his acquaintance with the *Prince's Secretary*: we have at all events in *Warburton's Remains* (p. 196) clear evidence that Lyttelton not only possessed the acquaintance, but, as he thought, the 'affection' also of Warburton as early as June, 1740: but passing over this, what Mr. Phillimore can mean by saying that a country clergyman with a very small living, and only then opening his splendid literary and clerical career, 'was *at the zenith of his power*,' we do not at all understand. We find Lyttelton, in 1741, expressing a hope that Warburton may be 'called out of his retreat and placed in the station his merits deserve' (*Warburton's Remains*, p. 204). In the next page, when he has to quote some praise of Lyttelton by Warburton, he complaisantly adds—that 'Warburton was no flatterer.' Now every one, except Mr. Phillimore, knows that Warburton, though coarse and even brutal to his opponents, was profuse of adulation where he expected any favour: his elaborate flatteries of Pope and Allen are notorious; and those of Lyttelton himself, in these very volumes, sufficiently contradict Mr. Phillimore's unlucky eulogy—the most unlucky he could have made, unless he had said that he was *modest*.

There are half-a-dozen letters from Bolingbroke, but being written late in life (the first is of 1740), and not affording any insight into the mysteries of his busier days, they are now of little interest. The only new fact they reveal is that Bolingbroke's idea of a Patriot King was, says Lyttelton,

'originally writ in the form of a letter to me, I being then in the Prince's service. I have it in manuscript as it was writ, and in my Lord's own hand.'—p. 427.

In 1748 Bolingbroke being about to publish this work in its original shape of an address to Lyttelton—the latter, now a *Lord of the Treasury*—

'and in the most intimate connexion of friendship with many of the best and nearest friends of the late Lord Orford, and having received obligations from some of his family, who would be extremely offended

at a work which so extremely reflects on his memory being now published and addressed to me,'—p. 428—

requests Bolingbroke to spare him the painful honour of this dedication, and even suggests the postponement of the publication to a more proper time. Bolingbroke in reply consents to omit all mention of Lyttelton; but, on the second point, says that he is forced to publish immediately an authentic and corrected edition, to prevent an imperfect one with which he is threatened.

His letter of condolence to Lyttelton on the death of his wife is remarkable for its propriety and elegance:

‘ *Battersea, Jan. 24, 1746-7.*

‘ Dear Sir,—I could not resolve to write to you sooner, and I cannot defer doing it any longer. You sustain a loss which the best souls must feel most. They who were most sensible of the blessing, may be, and must be, the most sensible of the privation; and their affliction cannot fail to bear, in the midst of a just Resignation, a just proportion to their gratitude. I am not presumptuous enough to think I can give you Comfort: all I mean by these lines is to assure you that I mingle my tears with yours, and that I feel while I am writing, all that a tender respect for the memory of the dead and a tender friendship for the living can pour into the heart of a man who loves and honours you, and who is, dear Sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,

‘ H. ST. J. BOLINGBROKE.’

This is a letter which, whatever were the writer's secret sentiments, might be read by his *Christian* friend, not only without offence, but with edification and comfort. Of the same colour is the following extract of another letter—showing Bolingbroke's own state of mind at the prospect of death. It is dated in August, 1747, when it seems that he was already beginning to suffer under the cruel disease (cancer of the face) of which he died four years later. He is going to Bath, he says, with hopes of some alleviation of his pains:

‘ If I am disappointed in this confidence, I must submit necessarily, and I will endeavour to submit cheerfully. All the dispensations of Providence, whether general or particular, are imposed by infinite power, and directed by infinite wisdom. Resignation is as reasonable as necessary. If I am not disappointed, if physical evils can be removed or softened, I may hope to slide smoothly into my grave, forgetting or forgiving, and sure to be soon forgotten. The whole stock of moral evil which severity of government, inveteracy of party resentments, negligence or treachery of relations and friends, could bring upon me, seems to be at last exhausted. In this temper of mind, I wait for my own dissolution, and wish I did not *foresee another*.’—p. 294.

The *other* was his wife's—who died a year before him.

Mr. Phillimore produces three letters of Voltaire's, and one of Lyttelton's to him,—Voltaire's first letter, which is really in very tolerable

tolerable English, Mr. Phillimore foolishly disfigures by attempting to exhibit in the typography the accidents of the handwriting:—

‘ j was acquainted with the Author when j stayed in England,’ &c.

Voltaire's second letter—a complaint of Lyttelton's having in the *Dialogues of the Dead* called him an *exile*—and Lyttelton's answer, were already printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxxi. p. 54. Why Mr. Phillimore did not also reprint Voltaire's reply (to be found in the same *Magazine*, vol. xxxii. p. 193) we do not understand—it would be no reason to say he did not find it at Hagley; there can be no doubt of its authenticity, and as the first is reprinted, so should the other, to complete the series.

The third letter, which is only a note soliciting a subscription to the edition of *Corneille* for the benefit of his grand-niece, Mr. Phillimore calls *unintelligible*. It is certainly not altogether English, but only *unintelligible*, because, when Voltaire says that he will ‘*ressent* this favour more than the former offence,’ Mr. Phillimore imagines that he means *resent*, whereas it is an obvious slip of the pen into his native idiom—in which *ressentir* means to *feel*.

In 1742 Lyttelton married Miss Lucy Fortescue—the sister of Lord Clinton—of whom it may be said that she is remembered, after a lapse of a century, by a poem which is itself forgotten. She died in child-birth, of her third child, in 1747; and ‘*Lyttelton*,’ said Johnson, in the first edition of his *Life*, ‘*solaced himself*’ by writing a long poem to her memory. We agree with Mr. Phillimore that this awkward phrase was probably meant as a sneer, which Johnson afterwards softened into ‘*solaced his grief*’; but in spite of all the scanty approbation which Mr. Phillimore has picked up here and there on fragments of this celebrated Monody, we cannot persuade ourselves that it exhibited either much felicity of composition or much depth of grief. Not that we question his sorrow for his amiable young wife: it no doubt existed in his heart, but it did not flow through his pen; and the monody is on the whole in an exaggerated tone of devotion to her memory, which his early and unfortunate re-marriage with Miss Rich renders almost ludicrous. Even in an ordinary case, a re-marriage after so short an interval as a couple of years does seem to derogate a little from the tenderness and delicacy of a sincere grief—but he who calls in the public, with such peculiar solemnity, to be witnesses and admirers of his excess of sorrow, engages himself, under pain of ridicule, to a longer and more ascetic mourning. Mr. Phillimore quotes as praise, Campbell's opinion that ‘the kids and fawns of the monody do not quite extinguish all appearance  
of

of sincere feelings.' Slender praise!—but worse than the 'kids and fawns' are, to our taste, *Petrarch and Laura*, and particularly that almost comic comparison, spread through two long stanzas, of the inferiority of Petrarch's loss, because, first, these Italian lovers had not been, as Mr. and Mrs. Lyttelton fortunately were, united in holy wedlock; and secondly, their 'mutual flames' had not been 'crowned with such dear pledges' as the connubial felicity of Hagley—Laura's eleven children having all been, no doubt, the legitimate offspring of her jealous husband, M. de Sade! This is bad enough; but there is an expression in one of his letters that strengthens our suspicion that his grief was more ostentatious than delicate. Dr. Doddridge (to and from whom this collection contains eighteen or twenty prosy letters) had addressed to Lyttelton some awkward and blundering effusions of condolence, in which the good man mentions, as constituting a kind of companionship in affliction, that his own wife, 'dear Mrs. Doddridge,' though 'looking *pure well*,' 'had been lately *alarmed* by the appearance of small-pox in Northampton!' in return to which twaddle Lyttelton assures the Rev. Doctor that he partakes his uneasiness for his—Doddridge's—'*Lucy!*'—'your *Lucy!*' Could the grief be profound that so trivialized—so prostituted, we may almost say, a beloved name? We dare say Mrs. Doddridge (whose Christian name happened to be *Mercy*) was an excellent person, but that a man of taste and feeling, who it seems had never seen her, should have called her—à propos of an alarm about the small-pox in Northampton—by the hallowed name of his own 'late espoused saint,' so fondly beloved, so suddenly and so recently lost—seems to us stranger than even the comparison to *Laura*.

We have neither space nor time to throw away in following the miscellaneous, and for the most part worthless, correspondence, which Mr. Phillimore has not selected, but swept together from the archives of Hagley—with, as it seems to us, no other care than to swell out his volume with the greatest bulk that could be obtained, without giving us any thing that by possibility might not be '*satisfactory to the Lyttelton family*.' Nothing of Lyttelton's interior life, either private or political, that has not been long before the public, is opened to us. The marriage with Miss Rich is left as Johnson in two words told it, that it was an 'unsuccessful experiment'—scarcely an allusion is made to his son, whose early youth was of such happy promise, but who subsequently broke his father's heart by a series of profligacy, amounting, in the opinion of those who knew him, to insanity. Nothing of these—the two main influences of Lyttelton's mature life—is to be gathered from these volumes—a reserve which might

might have been excusable if the son had left any descendants, and if so much of this story had not been already told in Nichols's *Anecdotes*, and in the publication called his own '*Letters*.\*' It was something elucidatory of the life of Lord Lyttelton that we hoped for, and not the vapid pufferies of Moore, and the clumsy prosing of Doddridge, with which Mr. Phillimore has encumbered his pages.

We must now pursue that life by the very slender thread that Mr. Phillimore has spun out from former publications.

In 1744 the Cobhamites took office under Henry Pelham, and Lyttelton, who had an important part in the negotiation, accepted a seat at the Treasury Board, and was immediately dismissed from the service of the Prince. Mr. Phillimore, who can tell us nothing of the circumstances—lays all the blame of this rupture on the Prince, and takes the very unlucky opportunity of contrasting Lyttelton's *zeal and honesty* with the *caprices* of H. R. H. Now with much general respect for Lyttelton, and but little for the Prince, we must confess that Lyttelton's abandonment, not only of his Royal patron, but of all the opinions, pledges, and professions of his previous parliamentary life for a place in the Treasury, seems to us what even politicians call profligate, and well deserving the resentment of the poor Prince who had been so long employed as a tool, and was now abandoned as a dupe. His sudden death in 1751—*novas insidias machinans*—closed that scene of faction only to open another more mischievous.

Our view of the conduct of the Cobhamite party from this coalition down to 1751, when Pitt, weary of waiting at the door of the Cabinet, from which George II. seemed determined to exclude him, went into avowed, as he had for some time been in covert, opposition, we have already given in our article on Lord Chatham. Lyttelton's share in the events of the time consisted in occasional speeches in Parliament, which Horace Walpole, though by no means partial to him, admits, in his *Correspondence*, to have been fine of their kind, and of a fine kind—grave, dignified, and impressive.†

On

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\* These letters were certainly fabricated by Mr. Coombe: but while he confessed that they were not *genuine*. Coombe used to add that they were founded on and incorporated many anecdotes and communications which he had had from the younger Lord Lyttelton, with whom Coombe, who himself led a very dissipated life, was intimate.

† Walpole's elaborate *caricature* of Lyttelton occurs in his *Memoires of George II.*, under 1751. Our readers may like to see it:—'Absurdity was predominant in Lyttelton's composition; it entered equally into his politics, his apologies, his public pretences, his private conversations. With the figure of a spectre and the gesticulations of a puppet, he talked heroics through his nose, made declamations at a visit, and played



On the death of Mr. Pelham, early in 1754, Lyttelton, mainly as a propitiation to Pitt, was advanced to a Privy Counsellor's office—*Cofferer of the Household*—but very soon after, in the new arrangement consequent on the resignation of Pitt, the Grenvilles, and Mr. Legge, he succeeded the latter as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the great indignation of his former friends, who accused him of that greatest of political offences—treachery to his party—and treated him in consequence with alternate contempt and animosity. As this matter is of some importance to Lyttelton's character, and is one of the few on which this volume affords any information, we quote part of a paper which Lyttelton appears to have drawn up in his own defence:—

'Pitt's opposition at first was the effect of a jealousy, that the Duke of Newcastle's inclination was to make Mr. Murray Secretary of State instead of him, which I knew to be false at that time. . . . Lord Hardwicke most ardently desired the advancement of Pitt, as soon as the obstacles in the closet could be removed; but that was really a work of much more difficulty than Pitt's impatience would believe—Mr. Pitt's popularity not being yet acquired. Whereas, Lord Hardwicke made no doubt, that if Pitt would have been quiet and friendly to the Government, the King would have been persuaded to give him the seals before the end of the year. It was quite impossible for me, as a man of honour and integrity, to join in an opposition which, at the beginning of it in the year 1754, and through the ensuing session of 1755, had not even the pretence of any public cause, but was *purely personal against the Duke of Newcastle*:—to whom, at the desire of Mr. Pitt himself, I had given a pledge of my friendship, by receiving from him the honourable office of Cofferer a little before—and to whose brother, Mr. H. Pelham, I had greater obligations than to any other friend; he having, without any application to him from me, or in my behalf, refused to give the office of Treasurer of the Navy to Mr. Legge on Mr. Doddington's resignation, till after I had declined the offer of it from him, and having also, but just before his death, most strongly recommended me to the King for a peerage. Nor did I ever give the least hope, in any conversation with Mr. Pitt or his friends, after I was made Cofferer, that I would come into any measures to subvert the administration of the Duke of Newcastle, but, on the contrary, protested very warmly against it, as no less inconsistent with my political system than with my obligations and engagements.'—pp. 478, 479.

There is a misrepresentation in this passage which we have indicated by *italics*, and which it is essential to correct. The

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played at cards with scraps of history or sentences of Pindar. He had set out on a poetical love plan, though with nothing of a lover but absence of mind, and nothing of a poet but absence of meaning: yet he was far from wanting parts; spoke well when he had studied his speeches; and loved to reward and promote merit in others.'

motive

motive of opposition was indeed a *purely personal one*, but not *against the Duke of Newcastle*. It was the King's personal objection against Pitt which Newcastle had in vain tried to overcome; and then, in resentment of the Duke's weakness or insincerity in this point, Pitt turned his battery against him. With this clue, let us examine the question. There are no letters of Pitt to George Lyttelton found earlier than 1750, and of that year there is but one. There are half a dozen in the spring of 1754, in a free and friendly tone, employing Lyttelton as his mediator with the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke in the pending negotiation. One letter, of the 24th March, 1754, Pitt encloses to Lyttelton, open for his perusal and that of the Grenvilles, to be afterwards sealed and sent to Newcastle. This letter contains Mr. Pitt's statement of his own case. Of this letter the editor of the '*Chatham Correspondence*' regretted that *no copy had been found*—which was then true; and Mr. Phillimore repeats the assertion—which is now false: for we had the good fortune to recover a copy of that letter from the Hardwicke Papers, and we printed (*Quart. Rev.* clxvi. p. 216) extracts of it, and of a letter of Lyttelton's, and some other papers, elucidating the whole transaction. Mr. Phillimore does not, it seems, read the *Quarterly Review*—not even when it treats on a subject that he is writing about. We hope he may live in the same happy ignorance of this article. We should be sorry to give him pain, and shall be better pleased if, without doing so, we shall have demolished his book and annihilated his authority.\*

But Lyttelton being thus intrusted with Pitt's interests—his relative, his friend, and his agent—and knowing that the difficulty he was contending with was the King's personal objection to admit Pitt to the cabinet—feeling, as he must have done, the unreasonableness, the injustice of such a proscription—ought he, when all the rest of the party found that there was no other alternative or chance of ever carrying their object but by a general resignation—ought he, the chief actor in the affair, to have defeated the common object by not only separating himself from his friends, but by actually filling up an important office which they, as part of their general scheme, had vacated? We confess we think that this conduct was doubly, trebly unjustifiable on the part of Lyttelton: first, because the office of *Cofferer*, which he alleges as his tie of gratitude to the Duke of Newcastle, was given to him expressly, as he himself admits in his defence

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\* It is, we presume from the same cause that Mr. Phillimore does not allude to the poetical '*Epistle to Mr. Pitt*,' on his appointment of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland in 1746, which we rescued in the same article from the anonymous obscurity of the *Foundling Hospital for Wit*.

just cited, not for his own sake, but *out of compliment to Pitt* and secondly, that if he had the misfortune to think himself obliged to remain in office after his friends had withdrawn, he ought at least to have remained where he was, and not have so selfishly, not to say treacherously, raised himself on their fall. Lyttelton fared, as we fear is usual in politics, better than his tergiversation deserved. Pitt soon stormed the cabinet; and Lyttelton—dismissed, of course, from the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which its former occupant, Legge, resumed—was promoted to the Peerage; an honour which it seems Mr. Pelham had before endeavoured to obtain for him, and which George II. now granted—probably—out of gratitude for Lyttelton's recent abandonment of Pitt.

'My good friends,' says Lyttelton to his brother,

'were pleased to say they would *annihilate* me; but my *annihilation* is a Peerage given me by the King, with the most gracious expressions of favour, esteem, and approbation of my services, that my heart could desire.'—p. 537.

Here ended Lyttelton's official life—inglorious in its progress; and, in point of personal character, not above reproach at its conclusion.

In justice, however, to him and to other greater men, with and against whom he alternately acted, we are desirous of saying a few words on the most remarkable political feature of those times—the spirit of Faction.

It was the happiness of England at that period to have no question on which a Party could be raised; and in a representative Government, where there is no Party there must be Faction. Let us, perhaps needlessly, but for more certainty, explain our terms: by *party* we understand a connexion of men on some great or general principle—by *faction* a combination of private personal interests. Thus, at the outset of the last century, the *Whigs* and *Tories* were Parties divided on the great constitutional questions which the Revolution had raised, while, as those questions gradually subsided into unanimity in consequence of the establishment of the Hanover family, the distinctions that replaced them—the Pelhamites, Cobhamites, Foxites, Pittites, and Wilkites—were merely Factions. Whig and Tory were originally short and popular names for the two great antagonist principles on which our constitution was balanced at the Revolution—its popular and monarchical ingredients, which, when kept to their due proportions, assure at once liberty and order—progress and stability. The Whig was jealous of arbitrary power—the Tory of republican anarchy; but from the death of Queen Anne to the American war there was little

little apprehension, and no danger, of the predominance of either of these alternatives;—the Parties, therefore, broke up into Factions, all striving for the only public objects of solicitude that remained—place and power—and there was little other distinction than the personal one of Ministry and Opposition—the Ins and the Outs. The *Ins*, however they might have originally belonged to the Whig connexion, adopted the Tory policy, and the Tories in opposition were obliged to appeal to popular favour for support. Wyndham, Shippen, and Bolingbroke were as factious as any Whig could be; and Sir Robert Walpole, who had been in his youth the extreme zealot, martyr, and hero of Whiggism, preached and practised for all his long ministerial life the great Tory doctrine of *quieta ne movere*. And from the reign of Anne to that of William IV. this general rule prevailed—and no man wondered to see that Whigs in office became Tories, and Tories in opposition became Whigs.

In one respect, indeed, the original distinction still survived. The Church in general—those who were zealous friends to the House of Hanover, as well as those who were not—were attached, though of course in different degrees, to the great sedative and conservative principle of Toryism—while the Dissenters preserved, though somewhat mitigated, the distinctively busy and restless character of Whiggism. Yet even between these classes the establishment of the Hanover family had wrought something like a common loyalty to the Crown—on the part of the Church because it was *the Crown*, and on that of the Dissenters because it was a Crown which had been transferred by a Revolution.

When there was thus no real constitutional principle—no national interest at stake—when it was a mere question between individual men—there was no room for party and every excuse for faction—each of the contending bodies believing, and probably with great sincerity, that it was as able and as well entitled to fill the great offices of state as its rival; and hence it is that from the fall of Walpole to the American war, there was not, we think, one single statesman who was not by turns the colleague and the adversary, the friend and the foe of all his contemporaries. With the American disturbances commenced a new, or, we may rather say, a revived state of things—great principles, and really national interests, came into question—the awful mysteries of the origin of government, the authority of kings, the duties of allegiance, the rights of man, were exposed to practical examination and experiment, and by the success of the American cause—the subsequent establishment and rapid growth of the transatlantic Republic—followed by the French Revolution, and the general spread of representative government all over the Christian world—

the great principles of *Whig* and *Tory*—that is, in short—*republic* or *monarchy*—have again become the real and substantial issue of all political questions, and therefore the only legitimate ground of political party. It was at the beginning of this new era that Mr. Burke opened those enlarged and just views of *Party Allegiance* as a high political duty, which at once raised it from the obloquy to which the selfish corruption of its *locum tenens*, *Faction*, had for half a century exposed it. This—which we may venture to call a great moral and political discovery—startling as it was to the public opinion of the day, and though made while in pursuit of another and we admit visionary object\* (as useful chemistry sprang from the dreams of alchemy), has effected a great revolution in practical politics, and has been admitted and adopted by all succeeding statesmen—down to—alas, that we should have to add a limit—the unhappy crisis of last winter. On this painful subject, uppermost in our thoughts, we refrain from saying more than that it is only on Mr. Burke's principle of fidelity to party connexions that the great party to which we belong can be reconstructed and reunited, or that monarchical government can exist under a representative system.

We now return to Lord Lyttelton, who, retired from active politics, reappears with more credit in literary pursuits and literary society—which affords Mr. Phillimore fresh opportunities of showing his characteristic aptitude for blundering. In an early part of his work he had enumerated the illustrious names in politics and literature whom Lyttelton used to meet at Pope's villa;† and then, some twenty years after, because one single letter from Garrick is found in the Hagley Papers, Mr. Phillimore copies from Tom Davies a list of all Garrick's most distinguished acquaintance, and adds the following passage, in which intrinsic nonsense is made more nonsensical by, we suppose, an error of the press:—

'The house of Garrick had in fact succeeded to the villa of Pope. Here—in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Vesey—sometimes of Mrs. Thrale—

\* The supposition, which we now know to have been imaginary, of a secret party formed behind the throne to thwart and control the ostensible ministers. This, a calumny originally raised against the Princess Dowager and Lord Bute, became in some degree accredited by the honest desire of George III. to relieve himself and the country from the corrupt and mischievous intrigues of contending factions; by uniting in the public service such various elements as—for instance—the timid honesty of Conway, and the meteor brilliancy of Charles Townshend, the jealous influence of Newcastle, and the impracticable energies of Pitt. It was against such a fusion, which would have annihilated the distinctive character of the Rockingham alliance, that Burke, its highest intellect, but a very subordinate member, wrote his able pamphlet 'On the Causes of the Present Discontents,' in which—as was the characteristic of that great and discursive mind, even when treating temporary, or trivial, or visionary questions—these burst forth, as it were, from the irrepressible fountains of his genius, wisdom that anticipated experience, and sagacity that amounted to prophecy.

† Amongst these he reckons Horace Walpole; whom we doubt whether Lyttelton ever met at Pope's.

and often, at a *later period*, of Mrs. Montague, Lyttelton frequented that kind of society which subsisted on literary gossip.'—p. 551.

We presume that the Editor did not mean that the drawing-rooms of these ladies were in Garrick's house: he probably wrote 'Here *and* in the drawing-rooms;' but the whole idea is false. Garrick's house had no other resemblance to Pope's villa than that neither of them was what Mr. Phillimore describes. Pope lived with men of the highest rank and talents, as his genius entitled him to do, in the usual style of such society, but never kept a '*literary gossip-shop*'—nor, indeed, did Garrick. Mrs. Vesey's evening assemblies were of that character; and so in some degree were Mrs. Montagu's, but in a higher style: and Mrs. Thrale would have been glad to imitate them, but she was not yet married at the period that Mr. Phillimore represents her as a leader of literary fashion; and we almost doubt whether Lord Lyttelton was ever in her house, though his brother William was acquainted with Thrale. And then, to crown all, Mr. Phillimore tells us that it was '*at a later period*' that Lyttelton frequented *Mrs. Montagu's* society—he having been an honoured and most intimate friend of Mrs. Montagu many years before Mrs. Vesey was heard of, or *Mrs. Thrale* existed.

'About this time,' says Mr. Phillimore—the last event previously mentioned being his Peccage, in 1756—'Lyttelton published his *Dialogues of the Dead*.' It seems hardly possible—indeed the suspicion would be extravagant with respect to any other editor that was ever heard of—that Mr. Phillimore did not know that the *Dialogues of the Dead* were first published in April, 1760. He tells us also that 'three of these dialogues were by a different hand;' and adds, in a note, that these were 'the 26th, 27th, and 28th Dialogues.' Is it possible that Mr. Phillimore did not know what everybody else knows—that these three dialogues were written by Mrs. Montagu?

We have here again to remark how essentially imitative was Lyttelton's literary talent.

'These Dialogues were written in avowed imitation of Lucian, Fenelon, and Fontenelle. In truth, like the Persian Letters, they were framed, according to the fashion of the day, on an entirely French model. Some of them are ingenious and amusing, as well as instructive. The style is always clear, and sometimes eloquent.'—p. 553.

Mr. Phillimore is, as usual, unlucky in his criticism. We know not why he should say that the Persian Letters and the Dialogues were written after the French model, according to the *fashion of the day*—the *days* being near thirty years asunder, and neither, we think, more addicted to French models than earlier or later days. Nor can we discover what he means by saying that

the *Dialogues of the Dead* are written on an *entirely French model*: they are no more on the French model than on the Greek. They imitate Lucian, as the two Frenchmen also did; but they are as thoroughly English, and as little French, as such a work can be; and the last paragraph of his eulogy, which supposes that all the variety of speakers have but *one style*, is no very great compliment, and has perhaps too much of truth in it. He complains, too, of Johnson's '*criticism*' on this work in these terms:—

'Dr. Johnson's dislike of Lyttelton has been often mentioned, and it is visible in his *criticism* on this work. "That man," he said, "sat down to write a book to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him." Must not this be the case with most books which are the fruit of reading, meditation, and experience of life?—and in what lies the intended sting of this remark?'—p. 554.

Now this is unfair both to Johnson and Lyttelton: this *criticism* is not to be found where Mr. Phillimore's mention would lead us to look for it—in Johnson's '*Life*' of Lyttelton, where his judgment, though in our opinion below the merit of the work, is still favourable, and has none of the absurdity of the passage quoted by Mr. Phillimore; which passage is, in fact, nothing more than the recollection of a Dr. Maxwell of a remark made by Johnson in conversation thirty years before, and which, like several others of Dr. Maxwell's anecdotes, there is good reason to suspect of having been inaccurately remembered. Johnson of all men never could have stated as censure what would be in fact the highest praise of such a work—that it was produced by an accurate observation of mankind. On the whole, we are glad for once to adopt and indeed to carry a little higher Mr. Phillimore's approbation of the *Dialogues of the Dead*, of which we think that not merely 'some,' but most, if not all, 'are ingenious and amusing, as well as instructive'—the production of a well-stored and well-regulated mind—conceived with judgment, and executed with taste.

As to Lyttelton's largest work, the '*History of Henry II.*' the letters now published prove that there was some reason for Johnson's short and contemptuous account of it—that 'it was elaborated by the searches and deliberations of twenty years, and published with such anxiety as only vanity can dictate.' It appears from a letter to Pope (p. 184), that he had already made so much progress in it in 1741 as to hope to conclude it within two or three years. It was not, however, till 1764 that the first three volumes were published, and it was not completed till 1771; and it appears that his vanity was gratified by the approbation which an early communication of his volumes procured from some of his eminent and noble friends—Horace Walpole, Warburton, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Hardwicke. Walpole's letter is dated 20th June,

June, 1758, and inquires where he is, to return the book. 'If this date be correct, which we see no reason to doubt, it would seem that one volume was printed so early as 1758, and submitted to the inspection of a favoured few. Walpole repaid the confidence by a compliment that must have satisfied any vanity:—

'I twice waited on you in Hill-street, to thank you for the great favour of lending me your "History," which I am sorry I kept longer than you intended; but you must not wonder. I read it with as great attention as pleasure: it is not a book to skim, but to learn by heart, if one means to learn anything of England. You call it the "History of Henry II."—it is literally the history of our Constitution, and will last much longer than I fear the latter will; for, alas! my Lord, your style, which will fix and preserve our language, cannot do what language cannot do—reform the nature of man.'—p. 576.

Walpole's opinion, if here sincerely given, has not been ratified by posterity. The 'History' is little read, and not even consulted as much as its laborious diligence deserves: but the period is too remote, and the subject too voluminously treated, for popularity; and the style, which Walpole so much extols, seems diffuse and flat to the taste of an age formed on the dazzling brilliancy of Gibbon, or the clearer and more mellowed colouring of Hume.

Here ended Lyttelton's literary life,\* as his political life seemed to have closed on his removal to the House of Lords; but the latter revived, and continued sixteen or seventeen years longer, and during that interval he appears to have often dreamed of a return to a political consequence which in fact he but dreamed of having ever possessed. Neither Mr. Phillimore nor the good Lord himself seems to have discovered that—except at the very outset—the importance and triumphs of his life were the importance and triumphs of Pitt. It was from that connexion that he derived much the larger share of his political consequence; even in his advancement to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to the Peerage, it was still his relation to Pitt that made it worth while to reward a deserter at so high a price. No doubt Lyttelton had talents sufficient to play the second part, and occasionally to double the great actor; but it was—and this, we believe, is a new and true light on Lyttelton's whole history—the great actor that gave importance to his second; Pitt supported him at one period by his countenance, and at another enhanced his value by his animosity.

From his Peerage in 1756 to 1765 there are in these volumes about fifteen letters to his brother, William Lyttelton, Governor of Carolina and Jamaica. These letters are the best portion

\* Our readers are aware that the 'History of England in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' attributed to Lyttelton, was really Goldsmith's.



of this compilation: they are few indeed, to be spread over so long and momentous a period, but they contain all that Mr. Phillimore has to tell of Lyttelton's life in that time, with the ordinary news of the day, and some information on the movements and intrigues of persons and parties, which, if not absolutely new, are at least seen in a different point of view from that taken in Walpole's Letters and Memoirs, or in Lord Chatham's Correspondence. We need only touch upon what relates to Lord Lyttelton.

When Pitt, in 1757, by one of those inconsistencies which marked his whole career, coalesced with Newcastle—whom, with Lyttelton in his train, he had so recently extruded—Lyttelton felt very severely that he was omitted from the treaty of reconciliation; and Lord Hardwicke, now a kind of *amicus curiæ*, writes one of those smooth, artful, and able epistles on which he was so often employed by his less adroit colleagues, to soothe and reconcile the offended vanity, or pride, or ambition of Lyttelton. By one of those little insincerities which, whether pardonable or not, are always indulged in, even by the most honourable and candid of politicians, Lyttelton tells his brother that it was *by his own desire that he was out of the scramble* (p. 599). This, we now know, was not the fact—and his resentment against Pitt was deep. We find him characterising Pitt's conduct, on an amendment of the Habeas Corpus Bill, thus:—

‘His chief battery was levelled against my Lord Mansfield, who will never forget or forgive that ill usage; and an attempt was made in the City by some of Mr. Pitt's faction to raise a popular storm on him there, with so little foundation, that the agents in it were forced to let drop the charge with disgrace and confusion. The story is too long to write, but it appears to me one of the *blackest and most infamous practices that ever I heard of in all the history of our factions*. These things will be treasured up against the *day of wrath*, which will come sooner or later, according to the success we meet with in the war.’—p. 609.

In this spirit Lyttelton spoke in Parliament, and got into a violent altercation with his cousin Temple—the personal enmity of whom, and his whole cousinhood, he dwells on in very bitter terms. But the Pitt administration resigned soon after the accession of George III.; Lord Bute and George Grenville became successively ministers; and Pitt and Temple then quarrelled with their brother Grenville, as they soon after did with each other. ‘Lyttelton,’ says Mr. Phillimore parenthetically, and without any explanation, ‘had lately been reconciled to Pitt and Temple.’ A biographer with any sense of his special duties would not have passed over in silence the steps of this sudden reconciliation between persons whom he had left two pages before at daggers drawn.

drawn. The explanation of such incidents is not merely the most amusing but the most instructive and useful part of either history or biography, and accordingly there is none that Mr. Phillimore more systematically neglects. All we find in his volumes connected with the later portion of Lyttelton's personal history are a few friendly letters from Lord Chatham in the last years of Lyttelton's life, and one amiable one to the young Lord on his father's death.

The Cousinhood was now again coalesced in faction; and we find Lyttelton opposing in set speeches, and for, as we think, the most futile reasons, the Regency Bill. The foolish and indecent conduct of George Grenville's ministry as to this bill produced that extraordinary crisis in which, after its dismissal and the failure to constitute another under Mr. Pitt, the former cabinet was recalled. During this strange struggle, in which the chief difficulty was to find some one whom the conflicting leaders would consent to place at the head of the Treasury, the old Duke of Newcastle, no doubt for the purpose of excluding Lord Temple, proposed Lord Lyttelton, as is stated in one of his letters to his brother. Lyttelton adds that he declined, thinking Pitt indispensable to the ministry, and Temple indispensable to Pitt. On the same grounds he declined, he says, a subsequent offer to take a part in the first Rockingham administration; but we have no details of this negotiation, and we suspect it to have been, like Newcastle's preceding overture, a mere stop-gap expedient. Johnson, who had a slight acquaintance with Lyttelton during this portion of his life, supposes him to have taken little or no part in public business after his peerage—for he says that from that period 'he rested from *political turbulence* in the House of Lords'—but that, we see, was not the case, though his proceedings seem to have attracted so little notice. In all the ministerial confusions that followed, Lyttelton was a frequent speaker, and generally in concurrence with his reconciled cousins Temple and George Grenville, with whom he seems to have concurred in the factious and fatal measures which endangered the constitution at home by the Wilkes agitation, and lost our American empire by the Stamp Act and its consequences. Mr. Phillimore's account is so confused as to be unintelligible, and in truth he confesses his own difficulty in understanding these complicated shifts and intrigues; and three or four speeches of Lord Lyttelton, here printed from the Hagley manuscripts, only show that he was involved in the same intricacies and contradictions, both on the American questions and the affair of Wilkes, in which we formerly showed Lord Chatham and the Grenvilles to have been. We could have wished that Mr. Phillimore, instead of wandering over so wide a field, had applied himself

himself to supply from his materials a clear and simple view of Lord Lyttelton's individual course: he would then have rendered some service to biography, instead of rendering

'Darker.

What was dark enough without.'

We believe, however, and confess it with some degree of reluctance—for we have a reverence for the private man—that this last stage of Lyttelton's political life, the more it is explained, will do him the less credit; and that the truth is, that he was still grasping at objects for which he should have known that he was unfit, by means which he ought to have felt to be unjustifiable. This, however, only makes us wish still more that Mr. Phillimore had given us some details of his private life; in which, notwithstanding the mortifications arising from his second marriage, and the deeper afflictions caused by the misconduct of his son, he must have found consolation in the affection, and almost veneration, in which he was held by a select circle of friends, and the respect and sympathy of the public. But all these scenes, whether of political ambition, domestic sorrow, or social consideration, were drawn to a sudden though not premature close:—

'He was enjoying the summer glories of his park, and the spacious comfort of the excellent mansion he had built at Hagley, when he was seized with an internal disorder, of which he died on the 22nd of August [1773].—p. 786.

This house he had finished by 1760, on a scale of expense somewhat, it seems, beyond his means. The salary of a Lord of the Treasury, which he had enjoyed for ten years, did probably little more than pay his extra expenses; and the more lucrative offices of Cofferer and Chancellor of the Exchequer he held too short a time to have added to his fortune: but we find him poorer than we expected; for in the letter announcing his Peerage he proposes to borrow from his brother William a small annuity, due to him out of the estate, of 277*l.* 10*s.*, 'for Hagley House, at 4 per cent.' (p. 538). In the August of 1760 he opened it for the reception of his friends, and it is pleasing to remember that Mr. Burke, then little known to the world, had so far attracted the notice of Lord Lyttelton as to be invited to one of the first parties so assembled. Lord Lyttelton had, therefore, what Mr. Phillimore's statement would not have led us to suppose, thirteen years' enjoyment of his fine house, when, as we have just seen, he was called at the age of 64 years and seven months, to exchange it for that narrow one—into which, so far as we can judge of our fellow men, few have descended with a better hope of finding it only a passage to a brighter mansion.

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He was attended by Dr. Johnstone, a physician of Kidderminster, who described the circumstances of his illness and death in a letter addressed to his Lordship's early, constant, and amiable friend, Mrs. Montagu, which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1773, p. 604), which Johnson adopted, and which Mr. Phillimore has, without any acknowledgment, reproduced. We are not sorry to have the opportunity of copying it in the number which has already touched on the death-bed of his contemporary, Hume. 'Few men,' says Dr. Johnson, 'seem to die without affectation;' but we think no reader will hesitate about either the comparative sincerity or the comparative dignity of the Christian's 'solemn benediction,' and the infidel's farewell jocularities.

'On Sunday evening [20 Aug., 1773] the symptoms of his Lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; and though his uerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties seemed stronger when he was thoroughly awake. His Lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event: his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength and for his death very sufficiently. Though his Lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is a folly, a keeping me in misery now, to attempt to prolong life;" yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take anything thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery. On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his Lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great melancholy, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. "Doctor!" he said, "you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and in public life, I have made the public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatever." At another time he said, "I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about anything." In the evening when  
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the symptoms of death came on him, he said, "I shall die; but it will not be your fault." When Lord and Lady Valentia [his daughter] came to see his Lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, "Be good, be virtuous, my Lord. You must come to this." Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but those vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22nd, when between seven and eight o'clock he expired almost without a groan.

Having had up to this point such constant complaints to make of Mr. Phillimore, we are pleased to find, at the close of the most imbecile and bungling of compilations, a page of editorial observations in which there is but little to censure. His summary of the character of Lord Lyttelton—bating some exaggeration of his talents, and the total omission of all allusion to the factious errors of his political life—may be admitted to be substantially just, though somewhat too pompously expressed:—

'His natural abilities were good; and though not of the highest order, were continually strengthened by careful and unremitting cultivation. His ambition of improvement, springing from a deep sense of the obligations which wealth and station impose upon their possessor, was constant to the hour of his death—to press forward in the pursuit of knowledge, not diverted from the chase by early success and extravagant admiration of moderate efforts: "to scorn delights, and live laborious days," had been the occupation of his life. Its fruits were visible in the variety of his accomplishments, and the fullness of his information upon the subjects to which he had devoted himself. During the course of his life he had maintained an oral or epistolary intercourse with the most celebrated persons of his day, both in England and Europe. Making ample allowance for the language of cotemporaneous flattery, it is impossible to ascribe to that alone the very general estimation in which his opinions were held by all who had any pretensions to almost any kind of literature. Nor indeed is the verdict of posterity greatly at variance with the judgment of his own time. Of how few can it be said that they have left behind them works in History, Poetry, and Divinity, which, after the lapse of nearly a century, maintain an honourable place in the literature of their country? And of how very few, that they combined with success in these pursuits a laborious and distinguished share in the duties of public life?

'Of his private character there can be but one opinion. Rejecting the degenerate standard of his age, he illustrated in his practice those nobler views, which he derived from the example of his ancestors, of the requisite education and attainments of an English gentleman. Sincerely and earnestly religious, when to be so was unfashionable, a devoted husband, an affectionate but unhappy father, never deserting his friend, ever opening his hand to distress in every form, he closed a wise and good life by an edifying death. *He bequeathed to his posterity* both the title which his public services had justly won, and the more valuable distinction

distinction which public opinion had prefixed to it, as the meed of his private character; and he is still remembered, with just admiration and respect, as "George, the good Lord Lyttelton."—pp. 790–792.

Thus Mr. Phillimore—*qualis ab incepto*—ends as he began, with the flagrant misstatement of an important fact. Lord Lyttelton has *not* bequeathed his title and his character to *his posterity*. His only son—of unhappy memory—died without issue in 1779, and his peerage then became extinct. The title of Lyttelton was revived in 1794 in the person of his youngest brother, William Lord Westcote, the grandfather of the present peer—a young nobleman, who, though not descended—as Mr. Phillimore's phrase implies—from the '*good Lord Lyttelton*,' has by consanguinity a sufficient incitement, and, as far as we have heard, a happy disposition to emulate his talents and imitate his virtues.

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NOTE.—We owe it to the present Dean and Chapter of Westminster, to apologize for some expressions in our last No. (p. 526), which could not have been used, had the existing regulations of their Cathedral been known. The Dean and Chapter neither individually nor as a body derive any emolument whatever from the admission to the Abbey. Many years ago, what was called the *Tomb showing Fund*, which for centuries had been received by the gentlemen of the choir, was withdrawn from them, and an ample compensation made at the expense of the Chapter. From that time, the surplus, after the payment of the attendants, has been laid by, and has constituted an Ornamental Fund, for purposes which do not come under the head of Repairs. Of late years the fees for admission have been gradually diminished, and the free admission of the public gradually extended, as was found consistent with the preservation of the monuments and due reverence for the sanctity of the building. First the south, or Poets' Corner, transept, and latterly the whole nave and both transepts have been thrown open without any payment whatever. The only fee now is 6*d.* for the more retired and intricate parts of the edifice. The visitors who pay this fee are attended by a guide, whose presence is absolutely necessary to maintain order when several hundred persons are passing round during certain hours of the day, and for the prevention of mischief, which experience has shown to be otherwise unavoidable; but the guide also explains the monuments, and, in his absence, a very large proportion of the strangers would derive but little instruction or even amusement from their visit.



# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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- ART. I.—1. *Du Projet de fortifier Paris; ou, Examen d'un Système Général de Défense.* Par un ancien Officier Supérieur d'Artillerie. Paris, 1839.
2. *Réponse à l'Auteur de l'Ouvrage intitulé 'Du Projet de fortifier Paris,' &c.* Par le Lieutenant-Général de Génie, Vte. Rognat. Paris, 1840.
3. *Rapport de la Commission chargée d'examiner le Projet de Loi relatif aux Fortifications de Paris* 1841.
4. *Etudes sur les Fortifications de Paris, considérées politiquement et militairement.* Par M. Arago, Député des Pyrénées Orientales. Paris, 1843.
5. *Rapport de la Commission chargée d'examiner le Projet de Loi relatif à l'Armement des Fortifications de Paris.* 1845.

THE conversion of the greatest city of continental Europe into a fortress far exceeding in magnitude any that the world has yet seen, is an event of too much consequence not to have attracted universal attention. In ordinary cases the object for which fortifications are constructed is clearly defined, and the intention undoubted; but it is by no means so in the present instance. The avowed object is defence against foreign enemies; but out of France, at least, it has always been the prevalent belief that Louis Philippe contemplated from the first a very different sort of danger; and the latter theory is consistent with the whole course of his policy, which, like Buonaparte's, has invariably tended to repress that revolutionary spirit to which he owed his crown. We do not now, however, propose to enter into the political questions involved in this subject, or to dwell on the consequences which usually result from the overthrow of established governments by popular violence.

Though the first emotion of the people of France after the Restoration was joy at their deliverance from a grinding despotism, a certain degree of soreness soon began to be felt at the idea of their country being occupied by foreign troops, and a government imposed on them, in some measure, by strangers. It was, no doubt, with a view to soothe such feelings in the people as well as among the military, that, immediately after the withdrawal of the armies of occupation, a Commission of National



Defence was instituted by Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr. As a part of the general system recommended by this Commission (which continued till 1822), it was proposed to fortify Paris and Lyons—the former with detached forts sufficiently far from the city to render it safe from bombardment, in addition to which the ‘mur d’octroi’ was to be strengthened so as to render it safe against a ‘coup de main.’ This project, however, when at length matured and discussed in its details, was rejected *in toto* by the Council during the administration of M. Clermont Tonnère; and from that time the subject was not revived till after the overthrow of the elder Bourbons. There seemed, indeed, no sort of reason to renew it. Secure from any apprehension on the score of foreign aggression, the public mind was directed to the cultivation of the arts of peace, and the national prosperity was rapidly recovering from the rude shocks it had sustained during the Revolution and the Empire. But the events of July, 1830, wrought a considerable change in the directions of men’s minds, and a most important and indeed vital difference in the views which might be taken of the fortification of Paris.

In 1830, after the elevation of Louis Philippe, the subject was taken up by Marshal Soult, and referred to the Committee on Fortifications; and in consequence of their report the Chamber granted, in the following session, five millions of francs for the fortifications of Paris, and three and a half millions for those of Lyons. A second report was made in 1832, and the Chamber voted a further sum of two and a half millions for Paris, and one million seven hundred thousand for Lyons. The views of the Committee seem to have been nearly the same as those of the Commission of 1818—1822; and they also recommended detached forts, and the conversion of the ‘mur d’octroi’ into an ‘enceinte de sûreté.’ The sums voted were accordingly expended; but, as regarded Paris, instead of permanent fortifications, a system of field-defences, extending from St. Denis on the left to Nogent sur Marne on the right, was adopted by order of Marshal Soult.

Up to this time the fortifications had not attracted general notice, and the votes for their expense passed without much discussion. In 1833 matters did not proceed so quietly. On the proposition to take a vote for four millions of francs, to be specially applied to the fortifications of Paris and Lyons, the Commission charged with examining the war budget reported that fifty millions would in all probability be necessary to complete the works already commenced; and without giving any opinion as to the expediency of the general measure, they considered that it should not be proceeded in without a special law. The

The result was, a 'projet de loi' which provided that thirty-five millions of francs should be devoted to the construction of works for the defence of Paris—and upon a specified scale and plan. This project, however, never came to a discussion. Such was the excitement resulting from the jealous suspicions of the Parisians, who now believed the restriction of their liberty to be the sole object in view, that the government were glad to yield to the increasing clamour, and get rid of the whole affair by a side-wind.

The people had thus decided against the fortifications—the government had acquiesced in their decision—and though military men continued to discuss it as a professional subject of speculation, the question seemed set at rest. It is evident, however, that the king only waited for a favourable moment to revive it. He waited seven years. At length, in 1840, the excitement connected with events in the Levant afforded the wished-for opportunity. In July the signature of the quadruple treaty set all France in a ferment. There ensued the foolish affair of flags at the Mauritius, and the landing of Louis Napoleon at Boulogne from an English steamer. Finally, in September Beyrout was bombarded; and the laurels which were reaped by the British on the Syrian shores, though in truth the crop was but small on that barren soil, drove our jealous neighbours well nigh frantic.

The nation had now arrived at that pitch of fervour which fitted it to entertain with complacency any proposition of a warlike character. It was considered right that France should assume an imposing attitude, to intimate clearly that, if the rest of Europe were disposed to abandon her, she was confident against the world in arms. But, as has been the case during the whole Revolution, she always, when most aggressive, affected to assume a defensive attitude, and the question of fortifications followed as a matter of course. The project of fortifying Paris on a great scale would tend to show that the government were prepared for the worst, if invasion should be attempted, and the 'amour propre' of the people was flattered by the magnitude of the scheme. It thus occurred that M. Thiers, who was then at the head of the administration, though the leader of the popular party, became the promoter of a measure which had been denounced as adverse to public liberty. Having headed the popular movement in favour of war, it would have been difficult for him to refuse concurrence in a measure which was generally believed to be adopted in accordance with that movement. Had he stopped short at that particular juncture, he would have disappointed his own followers and offended Louis Philippe; and the popularity as well as the

royal favour which he would thereby have lost must have been transferred to his political rivals.

On the 17th of September an 'Ordonnance du Roi' was published, declaring the urgency of fortifying Paris, and decreeing that the works should be immediately commenced; and an extraordinary credit of six millions, subject to the approbation of the Chambers, was opened on account of the Minister of Public Works, to be applied to these fortifications. Thus far were the aspirations of the war party to have effect, but no further. This measure being fairly set afloat, with every prospect of a prosperous issue, there was no further object to be gained by keeping up the war excitement, and a peaceful policy was reverted to. In October, shortly before the opening of the session of the Chambers, the ministry were changed, Marshal Soult becoming President of the Council with the War Department, while M. Guizot took that of Foreign Affairs. But the new and Conservative ministry were quite as friendly to the fortification of Paris as their turbulent predecessors had been. Soult had always advocated it as a measure of military defence; it was he who had proposed it, though on a much smaller scale, in 1830. In December the Marshal brought under the notice of the Chamber of Deputies the resolution which the Ministers had come to with respect to the capital. The mode proposed was very nearly that which has since been carried into effect; and its vast extent and cost, compared to what was rejected in 1833, are truly remarkable. Then the 'mur d'octroi,' a simple wall already in existence, about fifteen miles in circuit, was to be merely loop-holed and strengthened; and beyond it, at distances varying from a mile to a mile and a half, detached forts were to be built, each capable of containing a thousand men. The whole expense, after the most careful computation, was estimated at thirty-five millions of francs (1,400,000*l.*). At present there stands a continuous rampart more than seventy feet wide, faced with a wall upwards of thirty feet high, and a ditch in front of it twenty feet deep, the whole circuit of which measures nearly twenty-four miles. Outside this, at distances varying from one to three miles, are (exclusive of the Château de Vincennes) fifteen detached forts, of the most perfect construction, the smallest of which would hold four thousand men. The whole expense was, in 1841, estimated at one hundred and forty millions of francs (5,600,000*l.*).

This enormously increased scale may perhaps be accounted for on the supposition that Louis Philippe, to avert suspicion from his real motives, found it necessary to carry out to its full extent the principle originally announced of rendering Paris secure against the attacks of combined Europe. The project was, in  
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the usual course, referred to a committee, at the head of which was M Thiers; and in January following they produced a voluminous and elaborate report, which, as might have been expected, was highly favourable to the measure. Being thus supported by the leader of the opposition as well as by the ministry, it did not appear as a party question, and therefore had not to encounter party opposition. Lengthened debates ensued in which much ability was displayed on both sides, and on the 1st of February a considerable majority of the Deputies adopted the project. In the Chamber of Peers the Commission proposed an amendment to the effect that the 'enceinte continue,' instead of being an earthen rampart, should be merely a wall strong enough to resist a sudden assault (*à l'abri d'un coup de main*). But the project was adopted by a large majority.

During these debates the greatest efforts were made to rouse the people. They were told that chains were rapidly forging to bind them for ever, that when once the bastilles were erected they would become the slaves of a military despotism, and that now or never was the moment for strenuous exertion but no one raised a finger. The days of *émeutes* were gone by several of a threatening character had been suppressed with promptitude and vigour. Personal dangers had only tried the King's spirit to confirm his power. Moreover, by some means or other, all the leading men of the contending political parties had become successively implicated in his Majesty's favourite measure, and there was no longer one among them who could decently or effectively resist it. The result has been that these stupendous works, greater than the fabled wall of Babylon, have been accomplished with little complaint and surprising celerity.

The armament voted in 1845 is on a corresponding scale. It is to consist of 2,188 pieces of heavy ordnance and 120 field guns, with proportionate material of all kinds. The powder magazines, all of which are in the forts, are to contain 4,400,000 lbs of powder. The cost of the armament was estimated at fourteen millions of francs (560,000*l*). In deference to a growing feeling of jealousy of the fortifications, which had extended even among those who voted for them in 1841, and seemed likely to endanger the whole scheme, the government proposed, by way of compromise, that the armament should be deposited at Bouges in readiness for war. The discussion on this project turned chiefly on a guarantee that the fortifications should not be armed till the necessity should arise, and it ended by the addition of a clause which provides that the armament shall not be brought to Paris except in case of war.

An amendment, to the effect that the fortifications should not be armed except in virtue of a special law, was rejected.

That the fortifications of Paris give to the executive government the power of controlling with ease the most formidable insurrectionary movement of its inhabitants, is beyond all doubt. Those who *therefore* object to them are, however, by no means agreed in opinion as to the mode in which they might be made instrumental in effecting that object; and many suppose that it would be accomplished by turning the artillery of the forts against the city and bombarding it. However improbable it appears to us that any government would venture on so strong a measure as that of laying the capital in ruins, the idea has been so much insisted on, and by some whose opinions are entitled to respect, that we must offer a few remarks on it.

M. Arago says (p. 21) he has *proved* that the garrisons of the detached forts would be able to cover Paris, 'la totalité de Paris,' with shots and shells, even if the range of cannon and mortars were limited to 4000 metres. How so extraordinary a mistake as this could have occurred we are at a loss to imagine. Only two forts, those of the Bicêtre and Montronge, are at much less than that distance from the mur d'octroi. The nearest is the Bicêtre; and if a circle were described from that with a radius of 4000 metres, its circumference would be found to cut the mur d'octroi near the Barrière de l'Enfer; and being continued would just include the Observatoire, the Church of St. Médard in the Rue Mouffetard, and the Hospice de la Salpêtrière, and would leave the mur d'octroi at the Barrière de la Gare. The portion of Paris included between this curve and that part of the mur d'octroi extending from the Barrière de l'Enfer to that of la Gare, is nearly all that comes within 4000 metres of any of the forts.

The range of incendiary projectiles, however, exceeds that distance. The ten-inch gun, introduced into our service by General Millar,\* has thrown a shell as far as 5000 yards, or 4600 metres; and this we believe to be very nearly the utmost range, with hollow missiles, of any piece of artillery hitherto invented. With these guns the portion of Paris to the south which might be reached from the forts, would be limited by a line drawn from the Ecole Militaire to the Pont d'Austerlitz, and from thence just clear of the Place du Trône. To the east another portion would

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\* The invention of these guns we believe to be due to General Paixhans, who, aware of the enormously destructive effect of shells on woodwork, intended them to be used on board ship for the purpose of firing large shells with nearly the same precision as solid shot. See his '*Nouvelle Force Maritime*,' Paris, 1822.

come within their range, the limit of which would be a line drawn from the *Barrière du Trône* to the western angle of the Hospital of St. Louis, and continued to meet the *mur d'octroi* a little to the westward of the *Barrière de St. Denis*. These two portions together amount to about one-third of the whole space within the *mur d'octroi*; but as hardly one-tenth of them is occupied by houses, we may safely say that not more than one-twentieth of the habitations of Paris are exposed to be seriously injured by the actual fire of the forts.

In M. Arago's work we find it asserted that on several different occasions pieces of artillery have been used which projected shells as far as 6000 metres. Among the instances mentioned, the only one with which we are acquainted is that of the mortars cast at Seville, and afterwards employed against Cadiz by Marshal Soult, in 1811. The pieces used on that occasion, of which one now stands in St. James's Park near the Treasury, were of the sort invented in 1805 by M. de Villantroy, a colonel in the French artillery, to meet the wishes of Napoleon, who required that artillery should be constructed to throw shells to great distances for the purpose of keeping off British cruizers. 'It was,' says Salas, 'with this species of gun that the French attempted to bombard Cadiz in 1811, and succeeded—in making much noise.\*' The extent of their range, however, was at the time, and still is, considered enormous. Some of the shells, fired from Fort Napoleon on the *Cabezuela*, passed quite over Cadiz and fell into the sea beyond it to the north, and, we believe, also to the south, of Fort St. Catherine. They must have ranged, therefore, no less than 6200 yards, or 5670 metres—upwards of three miles and a half! This, however, was the extreme: their mean range may be considered to have extended about as far as the Square of San Antonio, the distance of which from Fort Napoleon is 5800 yards or 5300 metres. But the shells then used could hardly be called incendiary projectiles. To extend their range they were half filled with leaden bullets, leaving room for no more than just sufficient powder to burst them. Owing to their long flight their effects were very uncertain, and they generally exploded either high in the air or after having buried themselves in the ground. Even when their explosion was most accurate they did but little damage. One of the very first fell and burst in the house occupied by the commanding officer of the British artillery, Colonel Duncan. The concussion of its explosion merely broke some windows, and the house continued to be occupied as before. Altogether not more than half a dozen people were injured by them, and it literally

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\* *Proquuario de Artilleria* por Don Ramon de Salas. Madrid, 1833.  
became

became an amusement for the inhabitants of Cadiz to watch their flight through the air.\*

It does not require much science to know that the distance to which it is possible to project a body of given magnitude will increase with its weight—that a solid shot admits of being thrown further than a hollow shell of the same diameter—a leaden ball further than an iron one. Solid shots are not incendiary projectiles, and the damage which they are capable of doing to a town, when thrown from great distances at high angles of elevation, is so small that it never would be worth while to employ them in that manner. The utmost distance that we know of to which the flight of a Congreve rocket has extended, is 3800 yards. We believe no incendiary projectile has ever ranged much further than 4600 metres; and the greatest range which British artillery has ever attained was from the 56-pounder invented by Mr. Monk, which at an angle of elevation of  $32^{\circ}$  sent a shot 5720 yards, or three miles and a quarter. It may appear at first sight that there is no limit to the range of projectiles, and that it might be increased to any extent by increasing the charge of powder and the size of the shot or shell; but such is not the case, for it is not found that the velocity imparted to the projectile increases in anything like the same proportion with the charge of powder. Beyond a certain extent the reverse has, in some instances, been found to be the case, and the reason for it is simple enough. It arises from the whole mass of gunpowder not taking fire at the same instant of time, the consequence of which is that a portion of it is blown out of the piece unignited, and the effect of this superfluous portion is rather to diminish than increase the force of the rest of the charge. Until, therefore, some new power shall be introduced into the practice of artillery, we must continue to disregard assertions as to what theorists say *might* be done, and adhere to our present creed that incendiary projectiles cannot be made to range much further than 4600 metres, nor solid iron shots much beyond 5720 yards.

Though the threat of a bombardment would probably have due weight with the refractory populace, the fortifications afford other means of keeping them in subjection; and these so effective, that the necessity for openly employing force need hardly ever arise. On the first manifestation of discontent, the troops

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\* It was stated by M. Allard, who presented the Report on the armament of Paris to the Chamber of Deputies, that only one such gun was cast at Seville and employed against Cadiz, and that it no longer exists. This is a mistake. There were twenty-seven cast at Seville, two of which were never bored, and remain in the foundry. Of the twenty-five employed against Cadiz, ten are still there, and one is in St. James's Park in London. We have been informed that the remaining fourteen were taken away by the French in 1823.

in the forts might be increased without making any show of preparation. As 4000 men would be but a moderate average for the garrisons of the forts, of which there are sixteen, a force might thus be drawn round Paris of not less than 60,000. These troops, all removed from free intercourse with the citizens, would be little liable to the seductions which have in fact been the main cause of everything that has been called a victory of the people; and, what is not less important, a mutinous or rebellious concert among the military bodies themselves would be hardly possible.

All the avenues being commanded, the inhabitants might soon be made to feel that they were not only prisoners, but in absolute dependence for subsistence on their gaolers. The pressure might be tightened or relaxed according to circumstances. At first a strict system of passports might be enforced—then the gates closed—finally the supplies might be interrupted. These measures might be carried into effect with the greater rigour, as it would be unnecessary to keep the principal strength of the troops within the forts. On the contrary, each fort would serve as a base from whence detachments might be pushed to occupy positions near to, or, if needful, even within the precincts of the city. If some extreme excitement should lead the populace to attack the troops, and if by any miracle they were to succeed so far as to drive them out of the *enceinte*, it would avail them nothing as long as the forts remained unconquered.

But in fact there never ought to be any difficulty in suppressing a revolt in a large town where the authorities can command the services of a strong body of troops and a competent general. Let us for a moment suppose the whole population of a city like Paris in arms against the government, with leaders possessing even the greatest military skill. Incapable of forming themselves into a manœuvring force, and without artillery, the insurgents would not venture into contact with the regular troops out of the city or in the open spaces within its circumference. They would erect *barricades*, and, availing themselves of the advantages which the occupation of the houses would give them over troops in the street, would stand on the defensive. Let us suppose these barricades, unlike those of 1830, which the troops in no one instance failed to surmount, to be really formidable defences, which the barricades of June, 1832, against Louis Philippe himself were. So far they might be successful and bid defiance to the government. But what is to prevent the troops from erecting counter-barricades, and also standing on the defensive? It is not likely that any government, deserving of the name, would wait till an outbreak actually occurred, as in 1830: but even at that crisis, if the handful of soldiery had been directed with ordinary prudence,



dence, affairs would, in all human probability, have turned out very differently. After a series of false movements and blunders (see Q. R., vol. xlv.), the only effect of which was to encourage the insurgents, the troops, though unconquered, were withdrawn, leaving the sceptre of France to whoever should have the boldness to grasp it.

That such would ever be the result under an energetic government, with the troops undebauched, we do not believe. In case of an insurrection being anticipated, there would be no difficulty in deciding beforehand on the different points which it would be advisable to occupy for the purpose of cutting off the communications and blockading the city, or such parts of it as should be known to contain the chief strength of the disaffected. All the necessary preparations might be quietly made, so that the people should know nothing of what was intended to be done, till, having risen in rebellion, they would suddenly find themselves hemmed in on every side.

But, though the forts would give decisive advantages to the troops in any encounter with the inhabitants, it is not on this that the power derived from the new system principally depends. Its source will be found in the accumulation of military strength in and around the capital, the almost necessary consequence of the great military establishments just created. Have barracks for 60,000 men been built at a vast expense to remain unoccupied? Are the thirty-three powder magazines, so well constructed, so dry—so fit to hold powder—to be turned to no account? In short, the capital of France is a vast fortress—the largest in the world; and the air of a fortress is not a congenial atmosphere for liberty. We are not surprised, therefore, that the prospect of the French legislature having to deliberate in all future times in the midst of such a gigantic garrison should have startled its members, including even some of those who originally voted for the royal project; but it was needless to stipulate that the works should not be armed with artillery except in case of war, for when domestic foes are to be resisted it will be done, as we have already shown, not by heavy artillery but by troops. They should rather have provided against the forts being garrisoned. But then it must be owned that it would be infinitely more dangerous to intrust these formidable works to any other keeping than that of the executive government. M. Joly, on the 5th May, 1845, said that the only object of the fortifications was to ‘fortify *power*’—and such will certainly be their effect whatever may have been their object. M. Duchatel, Minister of the Interior, replied on the 6th—and the admission made in this reply is remarkable—that they were intended to ‘fortify *order*, which is as necessary

to liberty as to power, and without which there is no desirable liberty.\* In how far M. Duchatel's notions of *liberty* may coincide with the usual Parisian theories on that subject, we shall not now stop to inquire. It is evident that the physical force of the Parisian populace, so apparently omnipotent in all the phases of the revolution down to 1830, will be henceforward nullified: the ultimate power vested in the army—the stability of the government dependent simply on the fidelity of the troops. As the London 'Examiner' truly and wittily said some years ago, they were flattered with the promise of a cuirass, and they have got a strait-waistcoat. We sincerely hope no outbreak of insanity may bring the fact to the test. But it is time to look at the fortifications with reference to the avowed purposes of their erection.

We are satisfied that in an ordinary war, in which there should be no question as to the right to the throne of France, the capture of Paris, supposing it to be unfortified, would be no otherwise an object with a hostile power than as a circumstance of triumph and an opportunity of obtaining supplies and raising contributions—in a word, that it would have no *material* influence on the military results of the war. In the ordinary course of strategies Paris would never be attacked till the armies of France had been so defeated and broken that the mere possession of the capital would be a matter of little comparative importance. True, it has been twice occupied by foreign armies; but these were in neither case *hostile* armies. Professing friendship, and no wish but to assist the legitimate authority, they came and were received as deliverers and benefactors; and the periods of their occupation were as tranquil, as happy, as free, and as brilliant days as that city ever saw. The vanity of the people has been since acted upon to consider the 'occupation' with bitterness; but a proper sentiment of patriotism would see, and did at the time see, in all the circumstances of the case a friendly consideration for the feelings and a true appreciation of the interests of the French nation, and that the one unprincipled disturber of the peace of the world, and at that time the object of their own bitter execration,\* being got rid of, the foreign armies were no longer enemies and invaders, but allies and guests. Our opinion of the *magnum opus* of Louis Philippe, therefore, is, that there never was so vast and so expensive a work which was less likely to prove serviceable with reference to the avowed object of its author. This, however, by no means implies that in our notion the fortifications

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\* It was only by the interference of the Allied Commanders that the population of Paris were prevented in 1815 from pulling down Buonaparte's statue from the column in the Place Vendôme, which they were about to do in a violent and clumsy way that would have endangered the limbs and lives of the operators.

life, when every expedient was adopted that foresight could suggest to provide proper food and raiment, and every other attainable comfort both in sickness and health, what must it be when these precautions are neglected? Of such neglect and its terrible and execrable consequences, Napoleon's campaigns of 1812 and 1813 afford memorable examples. From want of proper supplies alone, the French troops perished literally by hundreds of thousands.

In order to provide for troops in the field, it is usual to establish magazines as near the seat of war as may be consistent with perfect security. As the army penetrates into the enemy's country, the articles are gradually sent forward, and stores are accumulated wherever convenience combined with safety may render it expedient. As the more advanced magazines become exhausted, they are supplied from those in rear, which in their turn are replenished from the original source. To protect the convoys during their transit, they are escorted by bodies of troops whose strength must of course depend on the danger apprehended; and for the safety of the magazines, garrisons are left in the fortified towns or other places of security where they have been established. There also provision is made for the sick and wounded who, according as they recover or become hopelessly disabled, are sent forward to the army, or back to their own country. Thus a chain of communication is kept up between an army and its home; and this is technically called its *line of operations*; while the position of the original accumulation of stores is called the *base of operations*. In the field, when active operations are in progress, the arrangements of the commissariat must be accommodated to the changes of position. Drove of cattle, and trains of waggons containing provisions, follow within a short distance the movements of the army. At every halt the commissariat of each division establish their *dépôt* in its rear. From these a *dépôt* for each brigade is supplied, from whence the quarter-master of each regiment claims his proportion.

Whatever supplies can be obtained in the country occupied by the army, are of course collected for its use; but when the force is large, the great additional demand for food must soon render the supply of that article comparatively scanty; and a large army can seldom, except under circumstances to which we shall presently advert, remain for any length of time concentrated in a hostile country, independent of the resources derived from its own base of operations. From this it is clear that the maintenance of the line of operations is usually of the last importance. When it is broken, not only is the military activity of an army paralyzed, but its very existence placed in jeopardy.

This





defended, must be a work of no small difficulty: indeed the siege of a large fortress is, under the most favourable circumstances, an undertaking of great magnitude; but when the besieger is far from his resources, and dependant for his various supplies on land carriage, slow and expensive at best, and liable to interruptions of all kinds, the amount of exertion necessary to bring it to a successful conclusion becomes vastly increased.

The first object of the besiegers is to subdue the artillery fire of the fortress sufficiently to admit of their accomplishing the second—which is to place a battery of cannon near enough to the edge of the great ditch, to effect, in the wall of the main rampart, a breach through which they may ultimately force their way into the place. But it is evident that the artillery cannot well come near enough to operate with effect, without being themselves exposed to the fire of the besieged; and, without cover in the open country, they could hardly be expected to prevail against enemies protected by strong earthen parapets: the besiegers must, therefore, build similar parapets to protect their men and guns. To do this, it is necessary to assemble large parties of workmen, who require to be supported by an armed force strong enough to resist any effort the garrison may make to interrupt the labour; and both must be covered, at least during day-light, from their enemy's fire.

The fortress is surrounded by troops, of course at a safe distance from its guns, during the day-time, and the defenders are completely hemmed in on all sides to prevent them from gaining intelligence of what is passing without. The intentions of the besiegers with respect to the side of the fortress on which the attack is to be made, and the day and hour of its commencement, are carefully concealed; the garrison is, if possible, mystified by false demonstrations on all these points. Towards evening, when the night is expected to be dark, two bodies of troops are quietly assembled—one armed in the usual way for battle, and strong enough to repel, if necessary, the most vigorous sortie of the garrison—the other without arms and supplied merely with tools proper for breaking the ground and throwing up earth. As evening darkens into night the armed body silently approaches the fortress, and is extended ready for action just in front of the ground where the work is to be commenced. Close behind them come the working party, who are arranged by the engineers in a row, occupying a long line curved inwards, so as to be everywhere nearly equidistant from the fortress. Every man then proceeds to excavate his portion of the ground to a depth of about three feet, or half his height; and the earth obtained from the excavation he throws up on the side of the fortress. Thus, before morning, a long trench has been made, with a great bank of earth in front of it, in which

the armed party take refuge, and where they may remain concealed from the garrison and pretty well protected from its fire.

To get backwards and forwards between their camp or main position and this trench—which, from its direction with respect to the fortifications, is called the first ‘parallel’—one or more trenches are made by the same kind of operation, and at the same time, in oblique directions, or with alternate changes of direction forming zig-zags, so as not to admit of being seen into by the garrison. These latter, from their leading towards the fortress, are called ‘approaches.’ During the day the trenches are widened, till at nightfall they have attained a width of ten or twelve feet, the bank in front being thickened proportionably. In this manner the besiegers succeed in establishing a tolerably safe position—near enough to admit of their heavy artillery acting against the fortress with effect—and at the same time a road by which they may bring it there without its being interrupted by the garrison. The next thing to be done is to raise, by the same kind of process, earthen parapets for their batteries close to the parallel—and when these are completed, the heavy artillery is brought forward and distributed in the different batteries from one extreme to the other of the besieger’s line, so that their fire may converge on that part of the fortress where the breach is to be made.

Before undertaking a siege with anything like a fair prospect of success, a commander must have provided artillery sufficient to overcome that of the place. When, therefore, after a day or two, the fire of the besiegers is less vigorously returned by the garrison, the former may approach much nearer to the fortifications with comparative impunity. A second parallel is then made in the same manner as the first, and zig-zag approaches, as before, to lead from one to the other. In this manner, by alternate parallels and approaches, the trenches are gradually extended towards the place; but when they arrive near enough to be within range of small arms, it becomes necessary to adopt a mode of excavating them different from that above described, which requires the troops to work in a row; digging the whole trench at the same time would be impracticable under musketry fire. The method by which they are thus extended is called the ‘Sap’—whence the well-known name of ‘Sappers’—and a description of this operation may not prove uninteresting, although we fear it will be difficult to divest it sufficiently of technicalities.

It is of importance to the besiegers to raise the banks of earth in front of their trenches as quickly as possible to a height which will cover them from their enemies’ fire. To facilitate this it is customary to use a kind of baskets of a cylindrical form, open at both ends, about three feet in length and two in diameter, which,

which, being placed on end in a row and filled with earth, form a sort of wall strong enough to resist musket balls, and high enough to cover men in the trenches. They have besides the advantage of rendering the banks of earth firmer on the side next the trench, and also steeper, so as to afford more effectual cover, a matter of great consequence when near the place. These baskets, or 'Gabions,' are so essential to a besieger's operations, that previous to the commencement of a siege a vast store of them is always provided. Each sapper, when at work, to protect himself in front rolls before him a large gabion rendered musket-proof by being filled with *Facines* (*i. e.* faggots of sticks, about nine or ten inches in diameter), and for further safety he is generally armed with a helmet and cuirass.

When within range of musketry fire, instead of making the whole trench at once, parties of sappers gradually extend the trenches and their parapets in the required directions, in the following manner. One sapper digs a small trench, and, as he advances, places gabion after gabion, which he fills with earth in succession. He is closely followed by a second sapper, who enlarges the trench and throws the earth over the gabions; and a third and a fourth in succession, who enlarge the trench still further, and strengthen the parapet with the earth which they throw out. After them come the working parties of infantry, who complete the trenches and parapets to their full size. By this means the besiegers manage to carry on their work even under fire, though the operation is one of great danger to the sappers.

As fast as the trenches and parapets are completed they are occupied by marksmen, for the purpose of subduing the fire of the fortress, and lessening the danger to the working parties. As the besiegers advance, the parallel trenches are multiplied in all directions, and every individual marksman of the garrison has many to contend with. While a heavy fire of musketry is thus brought against the defenders, in addition to that from the artillery, which continues to the last, the sappers ply their task, and gradually but surely advance, till at length their tortuous paths reach the edge of the great ditch or moat, and the walled ramparts are exposed to view. To effect breaches in these with battering-cannon is then a work of no great difficulty; and though the besiegers during their further progress may have to sustain many a bloody conflict and suffer more than one severe repulse, success is almost sure at last, and generally too within a period which may be calculated with tolerable accuracy. The increasing dilapidation of the fortifications, caused by the besieger's artillery, renders them daily less defensible. The ruined



ramparts open points of access to the interior, and every hour increases the anxious tasks of the defenders, while it decreases their numbers and spirits. Meanwhile the besiegers reach the ditch by means of subterranean passages which they make for that purpose; and if the garrison, having fortified the breaches in the ramparts, still persist in the defence, the sappers continue to advance as before. Slowly, but not less certainly, they extend their serpentine path across the ditch and up the breaches till they reach the very last defences.

When this has occurred, further resistance is generally considered hopeless, and the risking an assault can hardly be justified, unless when there is some probability of effectual succour arriving within a given period of time.\* When a besieger's troops have been irritated by the hardships and difficulties of a long and obstinate resistance, it is extremely difficult to exercise any control over them at the moment of a successful assault. The bonds of discipline are snapped; and it has not unfrequently occurred that officers have fallen victims to their humane endeavours to restrain their men from violence. The almost unavoidable fate of a town taken by storm should, most certainly, have great weight with a commandant, in addition to any purely military reasons which he may have for not pushing matters to extremity.

The unprofessional reader will by this time have formed some idea of the amount of force, and of military stores and material, which a general must have at his command before undertaking a siege. He will understand that the armed force which guards the trenches must not at any time be in numbers much inferior to the garrison. Their number is usually calculated at about three-fourths of the latter; for it never could be expected that the whole garrison would sally forth at once, leaving the fortress totally unguarded. As the guard of the trenches must be constantly on the alert, it is necessary to relieve them every twenty-four hours; and they should have at least two days' rest for every one they are on duty. Thus the besieger must have constantly in readiness three times the number of men required for each guard. Then the working parties should be relieved every eight hours, and should have twenty-four hours' rest for eight

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\* This general principle has long been, and, in spite of Napoleon and Carnot, still is, held to be right by most military authorities. The circumstances under which an assault may be threatened are so various that much allowance ought always to be made for a commandant who has to deliberate on them, particularly when he has no certain information as to what is passing beyond the walls of his fortress. Though it seems to be the simple, straightforward duty of a soldier to resist to the last, and we usually sympathise with those who do so, yet all must agree in condemning him who causes blood to be shed without some prospect of benefit to the cause which he upholds.

hours' work; so that the whole number required for work must be four times as great as the party actually working. Besides the duties peculiar to the siege, there are many others which, in every army, must at all times be provided for—such as the guards to watch the approaches to the camp or to keep order within it, the escorts for the protection of the sick and wounded, or for convoys of stores and provisions. In addition to the infantry and cavalry required for these purposes, the corps of sappers and miners and the artillery form no small items in the numerical amount of a besieging army. It is calculated that thirty thousand men would be required for the siege of a regularly fortified place, with a garrison of five thousand; and that, to besiege ten thousand men, more than fifty thousand should be employed: and these calculations do not take into account the constant drain on the force caused by sickness and casualties, for which a large allowance must generally be made. The transport of the artillery to besiege an inland fortress of any importance is of itself a very serious operation; a battering-train of medium size, with the necessary quantity of ammunition for a siege, requires from ten to fifteen thousand horses to draw it.

We now come to that slighter description of fortification which is usually applied to strengthen the positions of armies in the field. Instead of vast ramparts faced by walls thirty feet high, with ditches twenty feet deep and forty yards wide, the defences of what are termed 'field-works' consist chiefly of earthen breastworks or parapets, eight or nine feet in height, with ditches in front of them, at the utmost twelve feet deep, and perhaps eighteen feet wide. These are strengthened with wooden palisades and other obstacles of a similar description; and various expedients besides are adopted to increase the difficulty of approach, and its danger, of course, by detaining the assailants for more or less time under the fire of the defenders, who themselves are in comparative safety behind their breastworks. By damming up a stream, for instance, an inundation may be formed, which, if even only a foot or two in depth, may prove of great value to the defence; or steep rocky hills may be scarped so as to render their ascent impracticable; or trees may be cut down and laid closely together, with their branches towards the enemy, so as to perplex the passage over ground otherwise easy. The expedients are as various as the circumstances of the locality; and the skill of the engineer is never more tested than in an extensive system of field-defences. These works are, however, rarely if ever employed, except for increasing the strength of positions which already possess considerable capabilities. The object is most frequently

frequently to confer advantages in a field of battle on the weaker side, who, being constrained to act on the defensive, usually retire to some position previously selected, and if possible fortified, which an enemy cannot venture to pass by for fear of endangering his line of operations. Or, when two armies are in presence of each other, either side may raise such field-defences as the time and the means they may happen to possess will allow. Positions also occur which an enemy must necessarily attack in order to reach a capital city, or other point of vital importance to the safety of a nation, and which, not admitting of being occupied by permanent fortifications, must derive their strength from field-works. The celebrated lines before Lisbon, fortified by the Duke of Wellington in 1810, were of this sort. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that these defences, which Massena, though he remained six months in front of them, did not even venture to attack, owed their strength solely to the artificial means employed: and when people reason on the use of field-lines on other occasions, from their complete success in this instance, we must bear in mind the particular circumstances under which they were applied. The ground was remarkably strong, and presented peculiar facilities for being further strengthened by field-works; and the position was incapable of being turned, as its flanks rested on the Tagus on one hand, and on the sea on the other. Nevertheless, every critic but a Frenchman must admire the boldness of that military genius which, in defiance of the ordinary rules of war, decided on occupying, with less than thirty thousand men, a defensive line of twenty-four miles; neither can we withhold our admiration from the consummate skill which, exercised in the highest branch of the military engineer's art, succeeded in rendering the great barrier effectual.

Experience has shown that field-fortifications on ground which offers no extraordinary advantages for defence do not afford anything like security when the disparity of force is considerable. For example, Fort Picurina at Badajoz, a strong field-work with a wet ditch, was taken at the first assault, when that town was besieged in 1812; and in the same year the horn-work of St. Michael also fell on the first night of the siege of Burgos. The storming by Lord Hill's corps of the formidable defences of the bridge over the Tagus at Almaraz, an event of the same year, may also be quoted, although the principal works partook more of the permanent than the field character. Perhaps, indeed, it affords even a better example than either of the other, as it shows the danger which may arise from trusting to field-fortifications, even when they are combined with permanent ones. The first work attacked by Lord Hill on that occasion was Fort Napoleon,  
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a strong field-redoubt, though not, it would appear, very skilfully constructed. It was stormed in a few minutes by the British troops, though without the aid of artillery; and the garrison, retreating into the permanent *tête du pont*, were so closely followed by their assailants that these entered pell-mell with them, and they had no choice but to continue their retreat across the bridge. Thus the loss of the permanent defences of the bridge was chiefly owing to there being a field-work a little in advance of them.

The mode of attacking field-works, when it is possible to get at them, is simple enough. A concentrated fire of field-artillery is directed on the part intended to be attacked, for the purpose of breaking down palisades or other such obstacles, on which depends the difficulty of access to the breastworks. When it is supposed that this object is effected, the troops rush forwards, preceded, if necessary, by parties carrying short ladders, or fagots and haybags to throw into the ditch to fill it up, and they scramble over the defences as best they can. When an attack of this sort succeeds, and such an occurrence is by no means rare, it lasts perhaps but for a few minutes; and if not successful at first, it may be repeated at very short intervals, and each time with improved chances, owing to the greater injury the works must have sustained.

We have already shown that one of the chief difficulties which an invader has to encounter is much lessened while he holds possession of a large town within his enemy's frontier, for it gives him the command of the resources of the neighbouring country, and relieves him from dependence on his line of operations. Hence an unfortified city is, when viewed in a military light, a weak point; and the larger the city the greater the weakness. But when such a place is fortified and garrisoned, not only is the weak point protected, but a serious stumbling-block is thrown in the way of the invader, whom it places under the necessity either of undertaking a siege or of leaving behind him a portion of his army to protect his communications. There can be no doubt, therefore, that fortifying *any* large city increases the power of resistance to invasion, though the advantage diminishes with its distance from the frontier. In this way the fortifications of Paris cannot fail to have considerable effect, though not, we believe, to the extent which their advocates claim for them.

Fortified as Paris now is, it runs no chance of ever being assailed unless in a war waged against France by the combined power of Europe. Let us suppose that disastrous reverses have reduced the disposable force of France to one hundred thousand men, and that, pressed by superior numbers on the north-eastern frontier, seventy thousand were to retreat to Paris, and the remainder behind the Loire, leaving a large garrison in Lyons, which  
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also is now very strongly guarded with detached forts. If the invaders, having entered France on the north-east, were to endeavour to penetrate into the western and southern provinces, their communications would be liable to attack from Paris on one side, and from Lyons on the other. A siege of the latter city would only protract the war, and give time for recruiting and organizing the national forces. We will therefore suppose—contrary to what we believe will ever be the case—but as an hypothesis—the enemy determined to make every exertion to gain possession of the capital, with the hope of thereby bringing the war to a speedy conclusion.

To reduce Paris by a blockade would be a hopeless undertaking. The closest line that could be drawn around it, outside the forts, for such a purpose, would be not less than forty-five miles in length. The forces spread over this extended line would be liable to be attacked by a large army on any point, and at any moment of the day or night, without the least previous notice. As neither distant marches nor complex movements would be necessary for such attacks, the regular troops might be reinforced by large numbers of the National Guard. Fighting almost in presence of their friends, the youth of Paris would have every incitement to distinguish themselves; and their ardour being unchecked by the hardships and fatigues of military servitude, they would prove truly formidable opponents. It may safely be affirmed that an army of seventy thousand men, blockaded in Paris, might in a very short time be raised to a hundred thousand. The intervals between the detached forts afford every facility both for sudden advance and for safe retreat. The ordinary arrangement of the roads, too, would be highly unfavourable to a blockading force. The principal ones, radiating in all directions from the common centre, would lead the French troops at once and with ease to any point of their enemies' line; whereas every movement of the latter to concentrate their forces would have to be made by the cross-roads, and it so happens that those in the neighbourhood of Paris are bad and intricate. If, in addition to all this, we take into consideration the difficulties of maintaining, for the period of time necessary to reduce the city by starvation, a long line of operations through a hostile country, to support the vast force required for a blockade, we must own our conviction that such an undertaking could not succeed.

To besiege Paris would be scarcely less difficult. Experience has shown that the duration of a siege, under ordinary circumstances, may be calculated with some degree of precision, according to the size of the place and the strength of its fortifications; and the principle having been applied to the detached

detached forts; it has been maintained that any one of them might be taken by a regular siege in seven or eight days. It must be remembered, however, that such calculations have always presumed the besiegers to have no other enemy to contend with than the garrison of the place attacked. Now it would very much alter the case, if, in addition to its own garrison, perhaps three or four thousand strong, a fort were to be defended by a hundred thousand men. This is altogether a novel case, and we think gives rise to a curious military question. The old maxims, '*petite place, mauvaise place*,' and '*place assiégée, place prise*,' are here no longer applicable. From the account which has been given, of a siege, our readers will understand that, the whole operation being carried on within range of the guns of the fortress, it is necessary that the troops employed should be covered from their fire; and this is done by posting them in long trenches, mostly parallel to the fortifications, which trenches are gradually extended towards the place till they reach it. If the besiegers should be liable at any moment to be attacked by fifty or sixty thousand men, it follows that, to repel them, the guard of the trenches should be at least as numerous; but on the lowest calculation it would take about ten miles of trench to hold such a force. Let any one imagine an army of twenty thousand men poured suddenly on each flank of a besieger. It may be urged, indeed, that sufficient troops might at all times be held in readiness, out of reach of the guns of the place, to assist the guard of the trenches if they should be attacked by greatly superior numbers, so as to secure them from being ultimately overpowered; but in the meantime the besiegers' works might be damaged to a great extent, their guns spiked, their magazines blown up. Mischief might be done in a few minutes which it would take days to repair. The ordinary mode of carrying on a siege imperatively requires that the guard of the trenches shall be strong enough to ensure the defeat of any sortie which the garrison can make; and that guard must always be posted quite close to the place for the protection of the siege-works, of the parties employed in forwarding them, and also of the artillery, both guns and men. How a force capable of resisting such sorties as we have mentioned could be so posted, and at the same time covered from the fire of the place, we are quite at a loss to imagine. In fact, it is more than doubtful that the usual siege operations would be at all applicable in such a case; and any others that might be resorted to must be matter for conjecture, for no siege has ever yet taken place under anything like similar circumstances. In whatever way the siege might be conducted, it would at all events, by reason of the powerful means of defence, be an operation of great magnitude.

nitude. It would be necessary for an enemy to take two or three of the forts before he could attack the 'enceinte;' and unless he were prepared for a second siege it would be useless to commence the first. The difficulties, too, with respect to the line of operations, would, as in the case of a blockade, be very great; for, in addition to the ordinary supplies of an army, a large battering-train, with ammunition and material for two sieges, would be required; and in case of failure there would be much risk of these being sacrificed. In short the more we examine the difficulties which must attend the attack of a large fortress like Paris with a permanent 'enceinte continue' and an extensive system of detached forts, and capable of accommodating, in addition to its own garrison, a large army, the more we incline to the belief that they are insuperable. Whether such a fortress would not be more in the way of an invader if situated on the frontier, like Cologne or Coblenz, instead of in the interior like Paris, is another question.

It is always a matter for serious consideration, what, in the event of a city being besieged, would be the consequences to its inhabitants. Fortifying large towns has generally been with much reason objected to by the citizens. The advantages they may derive from the fortifications are seldom such as to make up for the consequences of a siege, which, when the place is fortified in the ordinary manner, are disastrous in the extreme. However averse besiegers may be to injure private property, or to hurt non-combatants, they cannot well help doing both by the fire which they must direct on the defences. Precision in the use of projectiles cannot be confined within very narrow limits. The highest perfection attainable in the use of artillery must always be attended with numerous disturbing causes beyond the artillerist's control, and indeed quite imperceptible to him, though their effects are sufficiently evident. Shot and shells grazing the ground a little beyond or short of their mark usually proceed onwards by successive bounds, and range many hundred yards further; being at the same time liable to considerable lateral deflection as they happen to glance from the objects against which they strike in their course. The consequence is that a besieger's fire cannot well produce any serious impression on the massive works of the fortifications, without utterly destroying the slighter buildings of the town to a great extent beyond them. But the evils to which the citizens are thus of necessity exposed are small compared to those which the besiegers may voluntarily inflict. Though the bombardment of a town does not necessarily compel its surrender, it cannot fail, if carried into effect with vigour, to do serious injury to it. The destruction of the time-honoured monuments of any  
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great city, of its churches, its public buildings, would cause an irreparable loss to the civilized world. When, therefore, as in the case of Cologne, the safety of a nation requires that such a city should be fortified, it is clearly essential that its defences should be so arranged as to preclude all risk of such disasters.

To secure a city from bombardment the fortifications must be at such a distance from it as to place it beyond the reach of a besieger's artillery; to effect this object by means of a continuous enclosure would generally require one of such enormous extent as to make the construction of such a work quite out of the question. It can only be done, therefore, by means of detached works; and as these leave intervals through which an enemy may easily pass, the city would require the additional protection of a continuous enclosure within them. The large circuit also, which a line of detached forts may be made to occupy, must always greatly increase the difficulties of a blockade. Among those who have agreed on the expediency of fortifying Paris, the only question seemed for a long time to be, which of the two was preferable, a system of detached forts or a continuous rampart; whereas both are essentially necessary in the construction of such fortresses, the one to keep the enemy's artillery at a distance, and the other to secure the city from assault. The objections which generally exist to shutting up an army in a fortress do not apply in these cases. The intervals between the forts and the ample space which they enclose afford the utmost facility for the movements of large bodies of troops; so that an army occupying a place so fortified would have all the freedom necessary for a manœuvring force, combined with the security of a garrison.

The application of field-works to these kinds of fortifications would give a totally different character to their defensive capabilities, and would render them much less effective. The assistance which a movable army can afford to the garrisons of the fortifications, owes its efficacy principally to the necessity under which an enemy would find himself of resorting to regular siege operations. If the defenders exercise but moderate vigilance, every part of the fortress is secure against assault. Numbers, however multiplied, would afford no additional chance of success: a hundred thousand men would be as little likely to take one of the forts as a thousand. To attack, therefore, any of the defensive works, an enemy must regularly besiege them, and the enormous difficulty of doing so in face of a large movable force has already been pointed out. On the other hand, all our experience goes to prove that field-works, unless where the ground is naturally strong, are anything but secure; and though they give great advantages to an army occupying



occupying a defensive position, the disparity of numbers for which they are capable of compensating is limited. Attacks on them do not necessarily occupy much time; an assailant may therefore choose favourable moments; and when the line is extensive he may, by a false attack, draw the principal strength of the defenders to one part of it, and then direct a real one on some less guarded point before they have discovered their mistake. The bare possibility of an enemy's taking the city by storm would give rise to frequent alarms, which could not be otherwise than prejudicial to the defence. On the whole, it appears that the security afforded by field-works is so precarious that they are but ill adapted to the fortifications of a large city.

The project of fortifying Paris in modern times is not new; there exists a short memoir on the subject, written by Vauban in 1689, which, however, he seems to have drawn up more as a suggestion for consideration than as a direct proposal for practical use. He begins by pointing out the great importance of Paris to the rest of France, and the consequent expediency of providing for its safety. He says, 'it is impossible to take too many precautions to preserve it, and the more so that if an enemy had forced our frontiers, beaten and dissipated our armies, and at last penetrated the interior of the kingdom, which is very difficult, I admit, but not impossible, one cannot doubt that he would make every effort to render himself master of the capital.' The city was then surrounded with old walls in an imperfect state, which occupied the line of the present Boulevards. These were to be repaired and strengthened by the addition of an earthen rampart and parapet for artillery, and a deep ditch in front. Beyond this 'à la très grande portée de canon,' or at a distance of 1000 to 1200 toises, he proposed to establish a continuous enclosure consisting of a regular permanent rampart with bastion fronts, on the largest scale, with the addition of out-works, covered way, and every detail of the most complete construction. This outer 'enceinte' would have occupied a line only a short distance beyond the present 'mur d'octroi,' but it would have been more extensive, as compared to the circumference of Paris in those days, than the present 'enceinte continue' is to that of the existing city. Besides these there were to be two citadels within the outer 'enceinte,' close to the river, and on opposite sides of it, one above and the other below the city. They were to be pentagonal bastioned forts, something like the present citadel of Antwerp; and their principal object was to be that of keeping the city in subjection, lest, being so fortified, 'it might become formidable even to its master.'

While France professes to take measures against being attacked, though

though no one has the least wish or intention of assailing her, or indeed could gain any thing by doing so, her neighbours, taught by sad experience, have taken effectual precautions for their own protection against that ever daring and inflammable nation. Ever since the war the several German states have been busily engaged in the erection of fortifications on a great scale, and they still continue the task with unabated diligence. Vast fortresses, guarded from bombardment by detached forts, have been constructed, not as in former times, to contain mere garrisons insufficient to check an invader, but as secure positions for large armies, which it would be almost as dangerous to besiege as to pass by. From Switzerland to the sea an effectual barrier already exists against any encroachment from the west; and if it would serve no purpose for the Germans to invade France, it would be a hopeless undertaking for the French to invade Germany. Thus fortification on a vast scale, however formidable its aspect, may be in fact conducive to peace—removing the temptation to aggressive war by diminishing the probability of its success. While the astonishingly increasing facilities for travelling promote pacific intercourse among the nations of Europe, effectual precautions are being taken to prevent its interruption; and in our rapid and easy progress from city to city, we are reminded by their massive defences how difficult it would be to enter them on other than friendly terms.

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ART. II—*Lands, Classical and Sacred.* By Lord Nugent.  
2 vols. London, 1845

‘ JE fus, tout le chemin, occupé d’un rêve assez singulier. Je me figurais qu’on m’avait donné l’Attique en souveraineté. . . . . J’ouvrais des chemins, je bâtissais des auberges, je préparais toutes sortes de commodités pour les voyageurs; j’achetais un port sur le golfe de Lépante, afin de rendre la traversée d’Otrante à Athènes plus courte et plus facile. On sent bien que je ne négligeais pas les monumens: tous les chefs-d’œuvre de la citadelle étaient relevés sur leurs plans et d’après leurs ruines. . . . . Je fondais une université où les enfans de toute l’Europe venaient apprendre le Grec littéral et le Grec vulgaire. . . . . J’encourageais l’agriculture; une foule de Suisses et d’Allemands se mêlaient à mes Albanais; chaque jour on faisait de nouvelles découvertes, et Athènes sortait du tombeau.’

Such was the dream into which Chateaubriand says that he fell, when in 1806 he was travelling, with his bridle on his horse’s neck and his servant Joseph on foot before him, from Athens to Cape Colonna. The author of the ‘Itinéraire’ could hardly have conceived

conceived that in forty years his dream would have been so literally fulfilled. The travellers who visited Athens at the close of 1843, or the beginning of 1844, would have found in these words an exact description of what they saw in Greece. In that winter, for the first time, an Austrian steamer had begun to ply from Trieste and Ancona to Lutraki on the gulf of Lepanto; and passengers were sent across the isthmus to Kalamaki, and reached the Piræus without the necessity of sailing round the Morea. The Temple of the Unwinged Victory was just rising to its restored perfection, on the site where it had stood before its stones had been worked up into the Turkish fortification. The lecture-room and library of the new University of Athens were completed: agricultural improvements were at least talked of; and carriage-roads had begun to be opened. And that multitude of Germans, who, since the time of Count Armansperg, had swarmed in Greece, were hardly yet disentangled from the native population. We hardly know a more singular fulfilment of the words of an unconscious prophecy.

We speak of a visit to Athens in the winter. It would be difficult to say which is the more delightful,—a winter spent in Athens,—or a winter spent in Rome. The attractions of Rome are so powerful, that two or three thousand English are seen there every year: and it is a common saying, that if a man has lived three winters there, he can never bear to live anywhere else. Who, indeed, that has resided in Rome, can ever forget his evening walks on the Monte Pincio, when the sun was setting towards Ostia,—or the purple range of the Sabine Hills which he has gazed at with insatiable eyes from the Villa Albani,—or the wide uncultivated Campagna, where the sunshine has power to make perpetual desolation perpetually beautiful? And there is this peculiarity in Rome, that it seems to provide satisfaction for the cravings of every class of travellers. To the sickly and consumptive no place can offer so pleasant and soft a climate. How many families have been comforted in Rome! How many 'wan and faded cheeks' have there 'kindled into health!' And if Rome is more than a second Cheltenham for invalids, it is so for the lover of pleasure and dissipation. Rome has its *season*;—its balls, its dinners, its card-tables: and for the last two or three winters we have heard of British hounds meeting at the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, for the chase of Latin foxes. To speak of pictures and statues would be absurd. Art and Rome are inseparable words. Every one who aspires to be a painter or sculptor must go to Rome: so, too, must every one who aspires to the criticism of connoisseurship. There is more to be learnt in the galleries and studios of Rome than

than in almost all the rest of Europe. Nor are the treasures less rich which the same city presents to the eager grasp of the antiquarian. And while he has his Palatine and Coliseum, and ruined baths and temples, the student of ecclesiastical history has his old mosaics and mystic catacombs, eloquent of the earliest ages of Christianity, and (if a digression can be forgiven at the beginning of an article) eloquent of the earliest ages only: for a great and singular gap exists in the monumental records of Rome. While the traveller finds much to remind him of Augustus and Trajan, of the early martyrs, and of Gregory I., much also of Leo X. and Urban VIII. and Pius VII., he must go elsewhere for memorials of the great men of the intermediate times—Hildebrand, or Innocent III., or Boniface VIII. Rome might be defined as the city of the ancient Cæsars, the city of modern art, and the metropolis of the monastic bodies. And we think that this last particular furnishes one of the characteristics fixed most strongly in the memory. Some of the most vivid pictures which the mind retains of this most impressive city, are the recollections of rough brown-hooded Franciscans, loitering about the steps of the Capitol,—or of young Cistercians, in white and black, looking over the *Ponte de' quattro Capì* into the yellow Tiber,—portly Dominicans in the library of the Minerva,—carriages of red cardinals drawn up in front of the many-tongued Propaganda,—and trains of long-robed ecclesiastical students filing over the slopes of the Viminal and Quirinal Hills.

Here we come in contact with subjects in which the Englishman cannot sympathize. There is so much of evil in the Roman system of religion, that we find ourselves called upon to control and arrest our feelings of affection for Rome, at the very point when, with all devoted adherents of the Papal See, they begin to mount and kindle into enthusiasm. Here then we stay for a moment to remark, that the one unsatisfactory feeling, which makes Rome less pleasant than it otherwise would be, is absent from the mind of the sojourner at Athens. It is not that he will not see much to grieve him in the helplessness and miserable degradation, the abject superstition, the ignorance and poverty, of the Eastern Church; but he will not have before his eyes an organized body informed with a hostile and aggressive principle,—a system into which evil has been riveted, and where error and truth have been crystalized together.

There are some contrasts between an Athenian and a Roman winter, which many would be more inclined to dwell upon. There are in Athens no long marble halls, peopled with statues; no stately galleries, hung with unrivalled pictures; there is no incessant

incessant influx of English strangers; the equipages which the traveller sees are few and mean; and he would inquire in vain for the ball of an English Duchess, or the pack of an English Earl. But warm receptions are not wanting—(as many would be willing to testify)—nor tokens of hearty kindness—at the hands of residents who speak our native language,—English, Scotch, and American. Nor are the Greeks thought unworthy of affection or regard, by those who know them best. And what place is there in the world that can compare with Athens, for the beauty and impressiveness of its surrounding scenery, or for the silent eloquence of its ancient buildings? Who shall describe the beauty of an Athenian sunset, when violet-lights of all various tints descend from heaven upon the mountains,—red-violet on Illymettus, and blue-violet on Parnes,—when a soft yellow light is spread along the plain and rests on the front of the Acropolis, and kindles into a blaze on the peak of Lycabettus,—the sun meanwhile sinking slowly behind Trœzen and Epidaurus,—and the bright surface of the Saronic gulf ‘gleaming like a golden shield?’ Who shall describe the Parthenon, that noblest of ruins, which rises above the city like a crown of glory,—or the wide river of grey-green olives, which flows round the bed of the Cephissus and down as far as the Piræus,—or the fifteen Olympian columns which stand in magnificent disorder near the thirsty bed of the Ilissus? Rome has a modern history as well as an ancient. As the traveller ranges over the seven hills, now so desolate,—and the Campus Martius, now so densely peopled,—his mind wanders as much to Alaric and Rienzi, to the Gregorys and the Medici, as to Romulus, or the Gracchi, or Augustus. And, as the different periods of the history of Rome are superposed one upon another, so also are its historic buildings. True it is, that the site of the ancient city is, upon the whole, visibly aloof from that of the present one; but still the existing remains are very inconveniently mixed up with modern buildings, or turned to modern uses. The Pantheon is a church: the Baths of Diocletian, once so noisy with the game of the *pila* and the recitations of poets, are turned into silent walks for Carthusian monks: the slopes of three of the hills are now so covered with buildings, that it requires careful scrutiny before their *contour* can be discovered: churches are built round about the Palatine, and on the pavement of the Via Sacra, and side by side with ruined temples and triumphal arches. But in Athens the case is widely different.—The first thing the traveller sees on approaching Rome is the dome of St. Peter’s: the first thing he sees of Athens is the ancient Acropolis. (We wish we were not obliged to say that the second is the palace of King Otho.) And as it is at the outset, so it is throughout. While at Rome, the acquisition

acquisition of a clear idea of the situation of the ground is, more or less, the result of study and labour,—in Athens, the idea flashes on the mind at once, clear as the air of Attica itself, and sudden as the thoughts of the Athenians of old. From first to last,—from the first sight of the projecting shore of the Piræus with its three illustrious indentations, to the base of Lycabettus,—and from the sides of the many-delled Hymettus to the grove of the Academy,—everything is eloquent of ancient Athens. To every well-informed traveller, everything is simply what he expected to find it. Any one, who has read the works of Dr. Wordsworth or Colonel Leake, will recognise instantaneously each feature of the ground and each building that survives; and, after a rapid walk of a few hours, may carry away within his mind a picture of the city of Pericles and Plato, which will never leave him till the day of his death.

What is true of Athens, as contrasted with Rome, is equally true of the whole of Greece compared with Italy, for Greece has had no modern history of such a character as to interfere with the distinctiveness of its classical features. A modern history it does indeed possess, various and eventful, and on which much remains yet to be written,\* but it has been of a *destructive*, not a *constructive*, character—it has been, if we may use the expression, *self-destructive*. It has left nothing behind it which can spoil the bare beauty of those hills and plains where the battles of the ancient world were fought—no modern ornaments or modern deformities, which can hide those memorials to all ages of the greatness of Hellenic genius.

The distinctiveness with which Greece tells its ancient history is perfectly wonderful. In whatever part of it the stranger may be wandering—whether cruising in shade and sunshine among the scattered Cyclades, or tracing his difficult way among the rocks and along the watercourses of the Peloponnesus, or looking up to where the Achelous comes down from the mountains of Acarnania, or riding across the Bœotian plain, with Parnassus behind him and Cithæron before him—he feels that

\* The History of Greece under the Romans has been ably written by Mr. Finlay—one of our now large class of learned and tasteful merchants—son of the late well-known Member for Glasgow. The History of the Crusaders in Greece is a desideratum in our literature. Materials have been collected by M. Buchon, in his *Recherches et Matériaux pour servir à l'Histoire de la Domination Française en Orient* (2 vols., Paris, 1840), which contain an outline of the mediæval history of Greece—and his *Chroniques Étrangères relatives aux Expéditions Françaises Étrangères* (1841), in which the Greek 'Chronicle of the Morea' is particularly interesting. He has, we believe, not confined himself to the editing of ancient records; and we understand that he might have been met, a few years ago, travelling industriously in Greece, and refusing to be interested in anything which had not reference to the Middle Ages. A traveller in Hellas, thinking only of Villehardouin and Guillaume de Champlitte, and the feudal principalities of the Morea, is an unusual phenomenon. But such are the writers from whom we are to expect the best elucidation of a dark and neglected subject.

he is reading over again all the old stories of his school and college days,—all the old stories, but with new and most brilliant illuminations. He feels in the atmosphere, and sees in the coasts, and in the plains and the mountains, the character of the ancient Greeks, and the national contrasts of their various tribes. Attica is still what it ever was—a country where the rock is always labouring to protrude itself from under the thin and scanty soil, like the bones under the skin of an old and emaciated man. No one can cross over from ‘hollow Lacedæmon’ to the sunny climate and rich plain of Messenia, without sympathising with the Spartans who fought so long for so rich a prize. No one can ride along the beach at Salamis, while the wind which threw the Persian ships into confusion is dashing the spray about his horse’s feet, without having before his eyes the image of that sea-fight where so great a struggle was condensed into the narrow straits between the island and the shore, with Aristides and Themistocles fighting for the liberties of Greece, and Xerxes looking on from his golden throne. No one can look down from the peak of Pentelicus upon the crescent of pale level ground which is the field of Marathon, without feeling that it is the very sanctuary where that battle *ought* to have been fought which decided that Greece was never to be a Persian satrapy.

If this is true of the history, it is still more true of the mythology of Greece. Who that wakes in the morning (though it be on the deck of an Austrian steamer) to find himself in the bay of Napoli, and sees on the left the marsh where Hercules burnt off the hydra’s heads, and Tiryns on the right, where he strangled the serpents in his cradle, and looks onward to the gorge in the hills where lies Mycenæ, the city of Agamemnon, and notices how all the mountains enclose the scene with a dark and awful barrier, but feels instinctively and in a moment that he is among the heroes of the *Iliad* and *Oresteia*? Who can pause in front of the sublime precipice of the two-peaked Parnassus—the poetic and historic, not the physical and natural Parnassus\*—without understanding what the Gauls felt when the spirit of Apollo fell upon them, and they were filled with terror and amazement? Who can clamber up the low cliffs which overhang the sanctuary of Neptune at the Isthmus, and look alternately to the two seas which are spread on either hand; without feeling how singularly appropriate are the sacred places of Greece to the ideas with which they are associated?

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\* See a valuable essay on Greek topography in the first number of the *Classical Museum*, by the Rev. A. P. Stanley. He remarks that the Parnassus of the poets is the rock as seen from below the fountain of Castalia, not the great mountain as seen from the Boeotian plain and the Corinthian gulf. He has pointed out too, in a very striking manner, how the field of Marathon may be compared to what we have called it above—a sanctuary.

The effect of this impressive association is not spoilt by the mixture of anything that is post-Hellenic. Occasionally, indeed, the traveller stumbles upon some brick ruins such as he has seen in Italy, and his attendant hurries him on with the impatient exclamation, '*Non e antico, signore; e Romano.*' Turkish cannon-balls are found here and there among the fragments of broken columns; and in some of the towns in the Morea the lion of St. Mark is still seen sculptured on the walls. The Romans, the Crusaders, the Venetians, and the Turks, have each left enough behind them to show that they were once in Greece; but that is all. When we look up to the Apennines from Florence, it is quite as likely that we may think of Gregory VII. or Frederick Barbarossa as of Catiline, fresh from the reproaches of Cicero, hastening to join the camp of Manlius. When we approach the bay of Naples, the thought of Comadin is as natural as that of Horace; and the campaigns of Hannibal are almost everywhere swallowed up by the more recent memory of Napoleon. But not so in Greece. We forget Villehardouin and Dandolo, and see only the country of Pericles and Leonidas.

One other general remark, we hope, may be pardoned—namely, that hardly any traveller has adequately called attention to the *hilliness* of Greece. Dr. Wordsworth has called it somewhere 'an endless vicissitude of hill and valley,' and the description is a very true one. This characteristic peculiarity is fixed indelibly in the memory by a ride across the Diacria, where peasants, just like the Thracian boors in Aristophanes, are ploughing here and there on the sides of the hills;—or by an excursion through Arcadia, where flocks are heard from the valleys below, bleating through the mist;—or by a cruise along any of the coasts, where a change of wind may be looked for at the passing of every new headland. It is hardly possible to overrate the importance of this peculiarity, whether we are thinking of the resources and prospects of the present population, or the character and manner of living of the ancient Greeks, or the singular type of the scenery. We see here an explanation of the imaginative worship associated with local sanctuaries—of the isolated growth of neighbouring states—of Dorian and Ionian antipathies, and we cannot doubt that this same cause must have tended to promote that 'unborrowed intellectual development' for which the Greeks stand conspicuous among the nations of antiquity. Though general propositions respecting the working of climate and physical agencies upon character are treacherous, yet we may venture to note certain improving influences at a time when they had no books to study, and no more advanced prejudices to imitate. To borrow the terse words of Mr. Grote:—

'Their position made them at once mountaineers and mariners, thus  
x 2 supplying



supplying them with great variety of objects, sensations, and adventures. Each petty community, nestled apart amidst its own rocks, was sufficiently severed from the rest to possess an individual life and attributes of its own, yet not so far as to subtract it from the sympathies of the remainder. So that an observant Greek, commercing with a great diversity of half-countrymen, whose language he understood, and whose idiosyncrasies he could appreciate, had access to a larger mass of social and political experience than any other man in so unadvanced an age could personally obtain.'

How far this alternation of hill and valley, rock and plain, is forced upon our notice as a mere external characteristic of Greece, and as that which makes our recollections of it so vivid, will be acknowledged by all who have been there, even by those who care the least for historical associations. Our readers will forgive us if we quote here some of Dr. Clarke's words in his 'valedictory retrospect' of 1816. Looking from Thessalonica upon the superb scenery of the mountain-chain of Olympus, he writes thus:—

'With the vivid impressions which remained after leaving the country, memory easily recalled into one mental picture the whole of *Greece*; because it is portioned out by nature into parts of such magnitude, possessing, at the same time, so many striking features, that after they have ceased to appear before the sight, they remain present to the imagination. Every reader may not duly comprehend what is meant by this; but every traveller, who has beheld the scenes to which allusion has been made, will readily admit its truth: he will be aware that whenever he closed his eyes, with his thoughts directed towards that country, the whole of it became spread before his contemplation, as if he were actually indulged with a view of it. In such an imaginary flight, he enters, for example, the *Defile of Tempe* from *Pieria*; and as the gorge opens towards the south, he sees all the *Larissæan Plain*: this conducts him to the Plain of *Pharsalus*, whence he ascends the mountains south of *Pharsalus*; then, crossing the bleak and still more elevated region extending from those mountains towards *Lamia*, he views *Mount Pindus* far before him, and, descending into the Plain of the *Sperchius*, passes the *Straits of Thermopylae*. . . . Ascending to the top of *Parnassus*, he looks down upon all the other mountains, and plains, and islands, and gulfs of Greece. . . . Thence roaming into the depths and over all the heights of *Eubœa* and of *Peloponnesus*, he has their inmost recesses again submitted to his contemplation. Next resting upon *Hymettus*, he examines, even in the minutest detail, the whole of *Attica*, to the *Sunian Promontory*; for he sees it all, and all the shores of *Argos*, of *Sicyon*, of *Corinth*, of *Megara*, of *Eleusis*, and of *Athens*. Thus, although not in all the freshness of its living colours, yet in all its grandeur, doth *Greece* actually present itself to the mind's eye; and may the impression never be removed! On the eve of bidding it farewell for ever, as the hope of visiting this delightful country constituted the earliest and the warmest wish of his youth, the author found it to be some alleviation of the regret excited by a consciousness of never returning, that he could thus summon to his recollection the scenes over which he had passed.'

Such

Such is Greece at all times—such it was in the winter of 1843-1844; but there were certain circumstances at that time which gave a peculiar interest to this remarkable country. Athens was in a state of extraordinary and continued excitement. It was the time of the session of the National Assembly, which was called together in consequence of the revolution of September 3, 1843, to form that system of government which has since been adopted as the constitution of the country.

‘By processe and by lengthe of certain yeres  
 All stenten is the mourning and the teres  
 Of Grekès, by on general assent.  
 Than semeth me ther was a parlement  
 At Athenes, upon certain points and cas:  
 Amonges the which points yspoken was  
 To have with certain contrees alliance,  
 And have of Thebanes fully obeisance.’

That assembly, to which these lines from the ‘*Knighte’s Tale*’ seem to suit themselves so naturally, was remarkable as a political event, and not less so as a spectacle and a show, and a curious study of human character. We are not aware that any description of this singular meeting has been printed in English, and we are glad to be able to present our readers with some account of it from a private journal, which has been placed at our command.

The circumstances of the revolution itself are sufficiently known—the nightly rising, the gathering round the palace, the long hesitation of the King, the stoic firmness of Kallergi, and finally the dispersion of the satisfied multitude. We will borrow by and by a page on that strange day from Lord Nugent. But first, we must say something of the general contents of his Lordship’s work, especially of the chapters on ‘*Classical Lands*.’

We do not find in these volumes any passages that rival the brilliant painting or the caustic wit of Eöthen. They have more in common with the reverend and serious spirit which is among the greatest and most lasting charms of the ‘*Crescent and the Cross* :’ but they do not, like that remarkable book, abound in personal incident. Lord Nugent, however, has been all his life a student; and his style of writing is greatly improved since we first reviewed him. His travels contain not a few specimens of vigorous description—of Alexandria, for instance, that most melancholy city, ‘its beauty gone,’ ‘its commerce passing through it without enriching its inhabitants,’ ‘having the look of a town lately visited by some great calamity’—of the Nile, and its waterfowl and kites, and herds of cattle swimming across with their Arab drivers, its palm-trees, and creaking water-wheels, and cupolas of Moslem tombs—and of Cairo, with its flies and donkeys, restless streets,

streets, and terrible ophthalmia. From Egypt his Lordship travels across the Desert to the Holy Land. Here we find the appearance of the towns well contrasted with that of the country he had left. Speaking of Bethlechem (vol. ii. p. 13), he says—

‘The houses, even the meanest, are all roofed; and those small cupolas abound which give to the towns and to the houses of the Holy Land an air of comfort, and even of importance, in strong contrast with the dreariness of the uniform flat roofs, or oftener roofless mud-walls, of Egypt.’

Passing by the four chapters on the city and vicinity of Jerusalem, we find (chap. viii.) a good description of the woodland scenery between Nazareth and the river Kishon; and again (chap. ix.) of the rough but magnificent journey from Beyrout to Baalbec:—

‘The scenery became wilder and more grand at every mile as we advanced; the mountains rising in front in all their towering pride—pine-woods beneath them, and everlasting snow from half way upwards to the summit—each summit overlooked by three or four belund it, loftier than itself, and trenched to their foundations by precipitous valleys, through which foam “the rushing water-floods, even the floods from Lebanon and from the tops thereof.”’\*

Many subjects of interest occur in the course of these journeys.

\* In the eighth chapter there is a description of Acre. Here Lord Nugent quotes from a Book of Travels by *M. de Salle*, (*ancien Premier Interprète de l'Armée d'Afrique*)—a shameful misrepresentation of one of Sir Sydney Smith's noble actions. The book was published in Paris soon after Sir Sydney's own death in the same metropolis. This note suggested to our memory some passages in the French *Expédition de la Morée*, a work which it is natural for us to notice on the present occasion, as containing much valuable information, not only on the antiquities of Greece, but also on its general condition since the war of independence. The expedition was conducted in three sections, with the view of pursuing different branches of inquiry, physical and antiquarian. They sailed from Toulon in 1829, and returned to Marseilles in 1830. In consequence of a fever which attacked them, when encamped at Argon, they were compelled to leave that neighbourhood; and to this misfortune it is due, that the volumes containing the results of the expedition embrace some portion of Attica and the Archipelago, as well as the Morea. These volumes were published at various intervals between 1830 and 1838. They are copiously illustrated, and, above all, are accompanied by an excellent map of the Morea, which was the first good map of any portion of Greece, and must be the base of all subsequent ones. We think it strange that, in such a work, approved by the French Government, occasion should have been found for any slanderous attack upon the English. It is hardly worth while to pause on such a sentence as the following, which is suggested by the sight of Capri and the memory of Tiberius:—‘Le souvenir du scélérat couronné, qui, fatigué de puissance et de voluptés, termina sa honteuse carrière où *Sir Hudson Lowe* a commencé la sienne, ne me revint dans l'esprit que lorsque Caprée et ses remparts eurent disparu à mes yeux.’ But what are we to say of such a passage as that which occurs in a description of the Greek clergy, who are called, rather cleverly, *les parias du sacerdoce*? The writer says that there is this advantage in their low position, that they can be content to educate their children in a homely manner, without the necessity of maintaining, as elsewhere, a certain decorum—and then he continues—‘Aussi en Angleterre, par exemple, voit on les filles publiques se recruter principalement entre les demoiselles du clergé.’ Is there any French public that can enjoy this? The writer's name, nevertheless, is Bory de S. Vincent!

At Cairo he had an opportunity of seeing Ibrahim Pasha, which he did not wish to repeat; and a more satisfactory interview with Mahomet Ali, whose keen eye, and courtesy of manner, and shrewd sententiousness made a great impression on him, as they do upon most travellers. 'You are a young man from an old country—you find me an old man in a young country,' is one of his characteristic remarks. There is a satisfactory explanation of the Egyptian magic, derived from Mr. Lane, and published with his consent, which we recommend to the notice of our readers: it would divert us from our purpose if we were to enter upon it here. Nor are we able to follow his Lordship's inquiries into the topography of Jerusalem. They seem to be conducted in that very proper spirit which is midway between credulity and scepticism. We are not sorry that he demurs to Professor Robinson's topographical canon, that the traditions of the monks are not to be listened to, but those of the native Arabs to be adopted in their stead. Still less sorry are we that he finds great fault with those contrary writers who yield a constrained and fanatical obedience to all the old ecclesiastical notions on the localities of sacred scenes. We consider the chapters which relate both to ancient and modern Jerusalem as about the best to which our readers could be referred.

Our business, however, is not now with Egypt or Palestine, but with Greece. Lord Nugent left Corfu for Patras on the 20th of December, 1843. In the winter of that year a system of Austrian steamers had been (as we before stated) for the first time organized between Trieste and the Piræus, without the necessity of circumnavigating the Morea, passengers and goods being transported across the Isthmus of Corinth. He defers the description of Corfu to the conclusion of his second volume; he says something of Lutraki and Kalamaki, the two small harbours on the isthmus, the former of which is remarkable for a hot spring of 'a temperature of near 100° Fahrenheit:;' the latter he identifies by mistake with the *Cenchreæ* of St. Paul;\* and then he gives a detailed account of all that he saw and heard at Athens. He speaks of the restoration of the Temple of the Unwinged

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\* This is not the only topographical mistake which we find in these volumes. For example, in p. 57, it is asserted that 'the Pass of Daphni leads down between Cithæron and Corydallus,' whereas Cithæron is altogether a separate mountain, and this pass nowhere approaches it. In p. 11 we read of 'Parnes and Deceleia,' as if Deceleia were not a fortress on Mount Parnes. The Theatre of Herodes Atticus is called 'the Temple of Herodes Atticus' (p. 26), and it is said (p. 18), that 'after you have passed the Temple of the Unwinged Victory and the Propylæa, then it is that the Erecthæum, *Minerva Polias*, *Pandrossium*, and *Paithenon*, are in turn presented'—as if the Erecthæum and Pandrossium were not parts of one edifice, and *Minerva Polias* the goddess worshipped there. We might also point out not a few examples of false etymology and blundered nomenclature: but perhaps most of these things may have been set to rights in his second edition.

Victory—examines and describes the remains of the upper and lower city—enters heartily into the cause of the Greeks, their Revolution and National Assembly. This visit is ended on the 28th of January, when he leaves the Piræus in a French steamer, which gives him occasion to lament over the small number of British packets seen in the Levant, ‘For one British ensign,’ he says, ‘in a Mediterranean packet, there are at least a dozen French and Austrian.’ Syra is the place where these lines of steamers intersect. The Greeks have now, in their passion for classic names, called it *Hermopolis*, in allusion to its mercantile importance. From hence Lord Nugent proceeds to Alexandria. He returns from the East in May, and pays another short visit to Athens, during which an antiquarian excursion is made to Bari. The deliberations of the Assembly have now been closed, and the final result is the subject of further commentary. The work closes with some notice of Corfu, and with an appendix on a visit which Lord Nugent paid to Delphi some years before, when governor of the Ionian Islands. Two excursions are mentioned in the first visit to Attica which ought not to be passed over, from the valuable notices they contain of the battles of Marathon and Salamis. The probable position of the Greeks and Persians in the former of these battles, according to the views of Mr. Finlay, in whose company the excursion was made, is stated with clearness and precision; and from the observations of Sir James Stirling, an accomplished officer, at that time in command of the *Indus*, an account of the engagement at Salamis has been derived, more in harmony with the narrative of Herodotus, and more consistent with the peculiarities of the coast, than any which we have seen elsewhere. In the first of these excursions there is, further, an interesting notice of the ancient town of Aphidna, under the Acropolis of which Mr. Finlay’s farm is situated; in the second, something is said of the curious group of ruins in the pass of Daphni, where, by a fountain and a modern inn, are seen the remains of a Turkish fort and a Byzantine church. ‘Here,’ says Lord Nugent, ‘as in all the other churches which have not been restored from Turkish desecration, the eyes of all the saints are bored through deep into the white plaster of the wall behind. It is a superstition of the Moslems, that these paintings themselves are evil genii, whose powers are destroyed when the eyes are put out.’

But we turn from the consideration of all antiquities, classical or mediæval, to the Revolution and the Assembly. We said that we would take a description of the 3rd of September from the pages of Lord Nugent: we do not know where we could find one on the whole more faithful:—

' At two o'clock on the morning large bodies of men were seen moving from all quarters of Athens towards the open space in front of the Royal palace. Two regiments of the line, with field-pieces and a few horse, were ordered from their barracks by the King to repair to the scene of this numerous meeting. They obeyed—they marched; but the soldiers had engaged themselves to each other, and to their leader, Colonel Kalergi, the commandant of the garrison, not to act against their fellow-citizens assembled in that cause, but to protect them from any violence which might be meditated against them, and at the same time repress any which might threaten the person of the King. The infantry and guns took up a position on each flank of the ground; the dragoons assembled near the centre, ready to carry intelligence or orders to distant places, if necessary; the picket on duty within the palace remained in their guard-room. The numbers of the people were every moment increased by detachments arriving from the country round: in two hours full twenty thousand were assembled. Remembrances the most likely to excite an assembly like this to outrage—remembrances of national pride insulted, of national rights assailed, of national resources squandered by foreigners, and remembrances of personal grievances, for almost every man had been a sufferer (?)—remembrances of injustice and confiscation, of inquest by torture, and punishment without trial—all these were the provocations fresh and rankling in the hearts without the palace. Within was the King, surrounded by some of the principal authors and agents of these crimes. . . . . It was fortunate for the character and result of that night's and next day's proceedings, that, by the King's own act, the dangerous counsel which it was afterwards avowed that — gave him was checked, and its execution prevented. In that crisis of doubt and peril, the advice given was to order the palace-guard to fire upon Colonel Kalergi, who was then on horseback under the palace windows, exerting with success the whole influence of his great and well-deserved popularity to preserve order, and quell any expression that could lead to tumult, or do violence even to the feelings of the King.'—vol. i. pp. 87—90.

It would take up too much of our own space and of our reader's time, if we were to go through the narrative of all that happened during that day—of the long delay of hour after hour—of the reiterated demand of the people for a National Assembly or the abdication of the King—of Otho's tardy assent after twelve hours had elapsed—and, finally, of his appearance at the balcony, accompanied by Sir Edmund Lyons, along with the French, Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Ministers.

Thus ended that memorable day. The people dispersed tranquilly and joyfully, leaving the palace-square, in which twenty thousand persons had stood for twelve hours, without trace of a mob having been there; not one of even those small and almost harmless evidences of excess, which mark mob-rule even in its happiest and best-satisfied humour. Not a window of the palace, or of the surrounding buildings,

was

was broken ; not a word of disrespect had been spoken against the King's person ; the Bavarian officers living in the town had been subjected neither to molestation nor insult ; and of the reed fence,—for there was nothing more to separate the palace-gardens from the place where twenty thousand persons, for so many hours, had awaited a crisis, in which no retreat was left, save in the full attainment of their demand or the dethronement of the King,—of that frail fence not a reed was displaced.'—vol. i. p. 96.

It is impossible not to wonder at the moderation of a meeting, called together so irregularly under circumstances so exciting, or to withhold our agreement from the terms of Lord Aberdeen's dispatch of October 25th :—

' It cannot be denied that great credit is due to the Greek nation for the manner in which they appear to have universally conducted themselves on this important occasion, so different from the example afforded by countries more advanced in civilization.'

To enter into the causes of this revolution would be to go far back in a very troubled history. We would rather treat it as a *fait accompli*, and pass on at once to the National Assembly, which was its first result. This Assembly met on the 30th of November, and when Lord Nugent returned in May, the Constitution had received the Royal Assent, and the writs were issued for the election of members for the first parliament of the Hellenic kingdom.

Our account of this assembly consists of some desultory extracts from the MS. journal to which we have alluded. The traveller, whose materials we borrow, seems to have arrived in Greece at a fortunate time,—about the middle of December,—when the public business was fairly begun and already in active progress.

' (Thursday, Dec. 14th.)—We find immediately that the National Assembly is the one subject which is exciting all the little Athenian world. About the little *cafés* and scanty billiard-rooms in the long street, which extends from the bazaar at the foot of the Acropolis to the open country in the direction of the Academy, there is an unusual concourse of Greek gentlemen—gaily-dressed and narrow-waisted figures—with white kilts and fierce moustachios, who lounge to and fro, and linger to dispute with eager gesticulations. Everybody is talking of the Assembly, indoors and out of doors. Some things we learn before visiting the meeting itself. It is clear that Sir E. Lyons is exercising a great influence in all the proceedings. Among the Greeks *Mavrocordato* seems at present to be the most conspicuous. The deputies are 230 in number. Hitherto they have been occupied, *first*, in fixing the rules of the house ; *secondly*, in electing a president, secretaries, and other officers ; and, *thirdly*, in appointing committees on the Address, the Constitution, &c.

\* Earl of Aberdeen to Sir E. Lyons, October 25, 1843 ; Papers laid before the House of Commons, March 14, 1844.

As regards the Constitution, the great difficulty is expected to be found in the question of the "Upper House." The Address is to be considered on Saturday, which people say will be a stormy day. The soldiers, who took part in the revolution, are anxious to have some clause introduced, securing to them an indemnity from any future displeasure of the King: and the Radicals would be glad to take advantage of this desire, for the purpose of introducing a pointed mention of the 3rd of September, which all moderate men would consider a gratuitous attack on his Majesty's feelings.

(*Saturday, 16th.*)—If I had seen only one meeting of this remarkable Assembly, that sight, with my first day on the Acropolis, would have been worth the journey from England. The room of meeting is the King's ball-room, and it is exactly large enough for the members. It is arranged in the French manner, where the deputies are seated in a semicircle, and the president in the centre, with his secretaries on each side of him, and a bell near his right hand to keep order in the house. Round the outer circumference are the more important spectators, the *corps diplomatique*, and a few ladies, some of whom wear the Greek head-dress, which is simply a red cap placed elegantly on the side of the head. One of them is Catherine Botzaris, maid of honour to the Queen, and beautiful as her father was illustrious. An open gallery, on one side of the hall, contains a number of more ordinary visitors, among whom I observe several priests, whose black head-dresses and long beards harmonize well with their grave and earnest faces. The hall is hung with red curtains, and at each end are the names, conspicuously written, of the heroes that fell in the war of independence. I could not help feeling some emotion, as my eye ran over the names of Colocotroni and Mavromichali, and Botzaris and Odysseus, and rested on an engraving which was suspended in front of the president, representing the first raising of the standard at Kalabryta by an archimandrite of Megaspelion. The acting president is Mavrocordato—the real president, who sits by him, being too old for the active duties of his office. He is more than 100 years of age,—some say 103, others 107,—and he has been president of every National Congress since the commencement of the earliest revolution. Corinth is his native town. He is now thin and emaciated, but, we are told, in the full possession of his faculties; and we looked with no ordinary interest on one who has seen and survived so much. To turn now from the office-bearers to the deputies themselves, never was there a Parliament so calculated to engross a stranger's attention. Two-thirds of the deputies wear the national costume; and the Greek costume, in both its varieties—the white kilt or Albanian fustanella, and the broad blue Hydriot trousers—is perhaps the handsomest in the world. I must wait for another day to learn the names of the most conspicuous. A young man near me caught my especial attention, from the unusual splendour of his dress and the long tresses which streamed down his back. This is the Greek fashion. The modern Greeks are "long-haired," like their Homeric ancestors. The last speaker before we entered was a hard rough-looking Macedonian, not long ago a notorious robber. The adjournment was moved almost immediately; but I had time



time to discover that my ear could not follow the pronunciation of the speakers, except when the printed Greek was before me,—as when the secretary read the Address, which had just been presented by the Committee. In coming in and going out, I could not help observing of how great importance tobacco seemed to be, as a help to the debate. The ante-room (the *lobby*) was saturated with the smell of it, and on the tables were copious supplies of the weed for the use of the members who were strolling in and out. Another Eastern custom, too, was observable here, as elsewhere in Greece, viz., the use of a string of beads, like that which is so often seen dangling in the hands of the Moors on the Barbary coast. It is not a rosary, but simply a plaything—a help, perhaps, to meditation, but nothing more. We came, however, in contact with one religious observance, which was likely to have put a slight impediment in the way of the business of the Assembly. At the moving of the adjournment there was a little hubbub among the members, which caused a smile among the bystanders. Monday happened to be the feast of St. Nicolas, and there was some unwillingness to meet on such a day for the discharge of public business. The Greeks are remarkable for the number of their festivals and for the conscientiousness with which, on these occasions, they observe the ceremony of idleness.

‘(Monday, 18th.)—*Festival of St. Nicolas.*—There is the same custom here, which prevails in some other continental countries. Everyone whose name is *Nicolas* is called on to-day by his acquaintances, to whom he presents sweetmeats after the usual fashion of Greek hospitality. I was told that some good music was to be heard at the Russian church in honour of the Emperor, but I could not stay to hear it without absenting myself from the National Assembly. I had a good seat near the Austrian and British consuls. Near me was the dark thin face of the Austrian minister, and the French admiral's round good-humoured countenance, and the white hat and large features of M. Piscatory, who is far more like an Englishman than a Frenchman. On the same bench was Sir Edmund Lyons, our own minister, and Sir James Stirling, the commander of Her Majesty's ship the *Indus*. But my attention was drawn more to the deputies than the spectators. That dark man with aquiline nose and small moustache, just under Sir Edmund Lyons, is *General Church*, whose life and feelings have been identified with Greece. The black round-featured man near him is *Bodouris*, the member for Hydra. These are both in the Frank dress. But there is one beyond them, who looks as though he disdained what is not national. His Greek coat is bordered with fur; his tall red cap is placed firmly on his head; and his massive countenance never moves through all the changes of the debate. This is *Coletti*, the leader of what is called the French party, as *Mavrocoordato* is of the English: but *Mavrocoordato* wears the Frank dress, and so does *Metaxa*, the head of the Russian party, who spoke at great length. He is a tall man, with projecting moustache, and his clothes hang loosely about him; as if he were a scarecrow sent by the Emperor. He speaks calmly and persuasively, not without an appearance of that cunning for which his enemies give him abundant credit. *Londos*, a member of the ministry,

is a little round-headed ruan, who is seen moving about in the middle of the assembly; and there, too, is *Kallergi*, the hero of the 3rd of September. A small military cap is on his head, and he is not in any way to be distinguished in appearance from the commonest of the common soldiers. The swearing in of a new member took place to-day. It was an interesting sight, and certainly the most solemn oath I ever saw. All rose and took off their hats; the head of the priest alone was covered. He stood in front of the president—a bearded man with long dark robes, grave and humble in his attitude and the expression of his countenance, having a New Testament marked with the cross resting upon his left arm. The words of the oath were repeated after dictation, and then the book was reverently kissed, and the member took his seat.

(Wednesday, 21st.)—This again was an interesting day at the Assembly. Affairs had ended yesterday in rather a critical position, and high words had been used in the course of the debate. One man had said to another repeatedly—"This is not a camp, this is not a camp!" The other said—"You ought to be ashamed to speak so; were it not for the camp, there would have been no National Assembly for you to speak it in." This was *Griezotis*, a member from Negropont, a man of determined aspect, who sits in front of the president. I am told that he can neither read nor write, but that he is possessed of a strong and masculine understanding. Near him is *Girvas*, with the most showy dress and the narrowest waist in the Assembly. He often speaks with great liveliness, though his talent is not remarkable. He comes from the north-western frontier, and, like *Griezotis*, is a powerful chief in his own locality. I saw him the other day, in one of the streets, walking with a tail of kilted followers behind him, to whom he turned round now and then with a toss of the head and a curl of the moustachio which were infinitely amusing. Both these men are said to have been formerly appointed *capitani* to keep the peace under the Turks. So, too, was *Macriani*, who is conspicuous in his woollen jacket, and whom I heard speaking with so much vehemence on Monday. To-day I observed a beautiful boy come into the Assembly, and was told that he is a son of the Colocotroni who is now in exile. A brother of the same *Colocotroni* is one of the deputies. He is a mean-looking man, and wears the Frankish dress. The business of the day began with the reading of the transactions of yesterday: then a dozen members were chosen to compliment the Queen on her birth-day to-morrow: and then came the great question,—in what method the Address was to be debated, whether paragraph by paragraph (*παράγραφον πρὸς παράγραφον*) or otherwise; and an immense hubbub arose, chiefly, I think, because these unsophisticated legislators were troubled and perplexed by technicalities. The votes were taken, not by a division, but by calling over names; and we retired while this was going on. We afterwards heard that the result was such as to leave the Radicals in a considerable minority. These Radicals are, for the most part, lawyers and editors of newspapers,—and, as in most countries, include among themselves many of the best speakers. One general remark, which struck me not a little, was made concerning the speeches in this Assembly. Those speakers who addressed themselves

selves to the feelings and passions were listened to with far less attention than those who spoke to the reason and judgment. This *génie de bon sens* seems to be a national peculiarity of the modern Greeks; and such a peculiarity in a half-civilized people gives the best prospect of their future improvement.'

It would be tedious to enter into a detailed account of the debates in this Assembly. We would rather take up two or three of the main topics which were discussed that winter with so much earnestness, both in and out of Greece.

The first of these was, whether Greece ought to have a *constitution* at all—whether, now that the Greeks were part and parcel of Christendom, they ought to be governed, like a free people, on the representative principle. There are some who would answer this question very promptly—who have such a horror of the stagnation of a despotism, and such a profound belief in the purifying power of parliamentary storms, that they could not hesitate to give an answer in the affirmative. We are not of that number. But there were circumstances in the condition of Greece at the close of 1843 which convince us that a constitution was called for. In the first place, the only other alternatives (so far as we can see) were, a native democracy of wild, half-civilized Greeks, or an oppressive despotism exercised by a foreign power. The existing Bavarocracy (the Greeks, who are as fond of puns as ever, used to call it *barbarocracy*) had become impossible. Unless a free government, based on the constitutional systems of Western Europe, were adopted, nothing remained for Greece but (on the one hand) disorganized assemblies and unruly palikars, turbulent debates and bloody quarrels, or (on the other) a military occupation by Russian, or Austrian, or French troops. In the second place, if Greece, so lately transferred from Islam to Christendom, were to be cordially welcomed into the family of European nations, this could hardly be done effectually except by incorporating into its government some of the ideas of modern Europe. We live, whether for good or evil, in what may be called a constitutional period. England and France had battered to pieces the Turkish and Egyptian ships at Navarino; and it is to England and France that Greece will naturally look for sympathy and education, and for the ideas which are to regulate her legislative and administrative proceedings. But beyond and besides all this, there was one marked characteristic in the Greek population which made a representative government peculiarly suitable to it—we allude to the *municipalities*, which had existed all through the middle ages, and had firmly maintained their position in the midst of all the battles and fluctuations of the Byzantine, Frankish, and Mahomedan dynasties. Through a history

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more strangely marked by strong and violent contrasts than that perhaps of any country in the world, the Greek villages have been governed, like the *ayuntamientos* of Spain, by their own *alcaldes*, with their own laws. It is not to our purpose to trace the history or to describe the details of these institutions, but it was through them, in the main, that the Greeks were enabled to raise themselves, under a hostile government, to anything like a political position: above all, to this is due the preservation of their character and the continuity of their religion, and that moral fitness for self-government which is the peculiar circumstance to which we wish to direct attention. This was strongly pointed out by Mr. Urquhart in 1833. He says, in reference to the first rising of the Greek population to throw off the Turkish yoke—

‘ But a very few days subsequent to the elevation of the white cross of Constantine as a recovered national emblem, an assembly was held of free Greeks. Throughout the revolution an intelligent attachment has ever manifested itself for a representative form of government. To what can this national conviction, or rather feeling, be referred, save to the remote influences of the municipal system?—*Turkey and its Resources*, ch. iv. p. 75.

And he goes on to speak of the wonderful elasticity with which the people returned to the habits of peaceable industry after many years of war and bloodshed, as attested by a dispatch written by Count Bulgari to Count Nesselrode, under the dictation of Capo d'Istrias. This also he refers to the same cause—the system of local administration. To the same effect we might quote Mr. Finlay's pamphlet, written three years later:—

‘ It may appear surprising,’ he says, ‘ that so simple a circumstance as the existence of popular village magistrates should have exercised so extensive an influence on the moral condition of the Greek nation. But let Englishmen reflect that the foundations of their own liberty were laid in the Tythings and Hundreds of Saxon times rather than in the Wittenagemotes; for while the Normans overthrew all traces of the latter, the spirit of the Saxon communal administration preserved that moral strength which, with the amelioration of society, ripened the Norman despotism into the British constitution. We fear not to say that Greece has found her national spirit as well preserved by her Demogerontias as England had hers by her Hundreds.’—*The Hellenic Kingdom*, p. 42.

A nineteenth century constitution, however, cannot exist without an ‘ Upper House;’ and this, in the winter of which we are speaking, was a far more serious subject of discussion. The Constituent Assembly took the *representative principle* for granted; but the other question was to be debated, both in its foundation and its details. The debate occupied an enormous length of time; and not only was the Assembly engrossed by the subject, but over the whole country it was incessantly talked of. ‘ Ought there to be  
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an Upper House at all? If the members of it are to be hereditary, like the English Peers, where are we to find a suitable aristocracy? If elective, are they to be members for life as in France, or for a term of years as in Belgium? These were the questions which were agitated from one end of Greece to the other. We do not know that we could give a better illustration of the state of things than by another extract from the journal of which we have already availed ourselves. It is not always easy to detach those passages which relate purely to politics; but fragments of the context will not spoil them for our use.

(*Jan. 4, 1844. Athens.*)—We begin our excursion with the new year. The great topic we leave behind us is, "the Upper House?" (*ἡ ἀνω βουλὴ*). . . . This morning I was walking through the town when I met Sir E. Lyons, who gave us charge to talk to all the people in the provinces about this Upper Chamber, persuading them that experience has shown that such a chamber is necessary. "And tell them that if possible, the members must be chosen by the King; indeed, otherwise he will not sign the Constitution." Thus said he, "you may do good service to the State."

(*Kephalaria, Jan. 4.*)—I am likely to remember this spot as long as any which I have seen in my journey. The stream, which is supposed to come from the Lake of Styμφalus, bursts out into the exuberant life of a full-grown river from the base of a rock, like the Aire in Yorkshire from under Malham Cove, and runs off without delay freshly and clearly towards the sea, turning the wheels of some mills on its way. In the face of this rock is a large cavern, where, and in an enclosed area in front, a flock of beautiful sheep were resting. It was just such a cave as that of Polyphemus, nor could any description have been so appropriate as some passages from the *Odyssey* or *Æneid*. To make the scene perfect, the moon was at the full, and shed the loveliest of gentle lights on the water and the sheep, while the cavern lay in deep and silent shadow. . . . The scene was not uninteresting in the khan, where the *Rhaisje* and all his family were seated round the fire. Some political conversation came on, when he spoke in strong terms against the Upper House, saying that some members of Assembly would be murdered if they voted for it. As for himself, he cared little about it, if only the system of taxation could be altered. He complained bitterly, and said that he had found it necessary to cut down all his olive-trees. There is a tax on fruit-trees in Greece, and this is sometimes a temptation to the destruction of orchards.

(*Tripolizza, Jan. 6.*)—Here, we had a pleasant insight into the interior of a true and unsophisticated Greek family. Our host had been a merchant, in the times when Greek merchants were prosperous, and had travelled much; but he lost two ships in the Black Sea, and then turned warrior at the siege of Tripolizza. Of the children, Otho and Chariclea sat at table, with Sophia the eldest—and Penelope and Plato waited on us. The lady of the house wore a red cap on the side of her head, and sat by the hearth, where the dinner was cooked, and

and whence it was taken as we wanted it, dish by dish. Dinner being over, we retired to the adjoining room, where our host took his long pipe of thorn-stick, and coffee was served in the Turkish way, in very small cups and very sweet. . . . As to politics, our friend's notion was, that the Upper House should consist of seven members, three of them chosen by the King; and that they should hold their office for six years, at the end of which period the constitution should be revised. As to the King's not signing, he had signed what he had been told to sign on the 3rd of September, and what the Assembly gave him to sign he must sign.

(*Sparta, Jan. 10. The Bishop's House.*)—One of our visitors, Kyrios Jatrako, was taken prisoner at Navarino, along with young Mavromichali, in an engagement when almost all the other Greeks were killed. He is a fine-looking man, with a face deeply furrowed, and an eye like that of a hawk—one of the most beautiful of eyes, and a common one among the Greeks. He is a great boaster. To us he is full of the most eager complaisance, saying that we ought indeed to be cordially received here, seeing that we belong to the *lump* (τὸ χῶμα) of the Three Powers, who have done so much for Greece. Even ordinary men (μικροὶ ἄνθρωποι) from England should be welcome, but especially such as we. . . . A report (a false and premature one) was spread here the day before yesterday, that the Constitution was finally ratified, with an Upper House consisting of twenty-four members, elected by the King. Jatrako says that the nation is quite opposed to the idea of an Upper Chamber; but, for himself, he leaves the matter in the hands of the *Three Powers*, to whom Greece owes everything.

Two of the Three Powers, acting through their representatives, Sir Edmund Lyons and M. Piscatory, did actually contribute much towards the settlement of this question. The ultimate decision was, that the Upper House (γερονσία) should consist of sixty members—half the number of the deputies in the βουλὴ, or Lower House. They are chosen by the King, and retain their seats for life. So much for the Greek House of Lords.

The next great question was whether the Greeks should have a *hereditary king*. There are some who would rather have seen Greece made into a republic, after the fashion of South America; and thoughtful men have looked forward to a time when the Christian inhabitants of European Turkey (Hellenic, Slavonic, and Albanian) should be united in a confederacy like that of the cantons of Switzerland, and at once an aggressive movement against Mahomedanism, constituting a break-water against the aggressions of Russia. As to the propriety of Greece being made a republic, it is evident that the same arguments which vindicate the propriety of a constitution, prove the necessity of a hereditary king. If Greece is to have its institutions framed upon the ideas of 1830, it must have a king. Still more so, if it is to be taken into the European system, and recognised as a nation, not only by England and France, but

by Austria and Prussia. These two governments might be very well disposed to hate the representative part of the constitution, but they could never be persuaded to consent to the loss of the monarchical element. They would readily acquiesce in absolutism, but never could they have tolerated democracy—more especially as the King already placed on the throne by the Three Powers is a German.

Otho the First has been so long the laughing-stock of the newspapers, that it is a hazardous task to attempt to defend him. What everybody says, everybody believes. For years past it has been the fashion with journalists and travellers to re-echo 'A wretched Bavarian importation,' 'A putty-faced puppet!'—'Poor Otho!' Who can answer a sneer? as Paley said of Gibbon. There is no doubt that the position of this young Bavarian prince in the newly-formed kingdom of Greece has always been a very helpless one; but the circumstances in which he is placed ought rather to excuse him than to make him ridiculous. We do not imagine that he is a selfish man, or indifferent to the welfare of Greece; but we think that he has been too much surrounded by selfish advisers, and that a number of Germans, who affected to treat the Greeks with the utmost contempt, were long most unwisely placed in the lucrative offices, both civil and military. When national talent was pertinaciously thrust out from participation in the counsels of the government—when exotic *employés* were pocketing the money of a nation which was perpetually drawing closer and closer to the verge of bankruptcy—when an eminent professor (he is not now living) could amuse himself in vexing the Greeks by depreciating the literature of their ancestors, and saying that with all men of taste Cicero was preferred to Demosthenes—who can wonder if the whole nation should rise as one man, with a feeling of indignation like that of the Saxons against the Normans in the times which succeeded the Conquest? 'These Bavarians treated Greece as if it were their kitchen-garden,' so said in our hearing a Greek ecclesiastic. 'They have been learning to shave on our heads,' is another of their significant phrases, quoted by Mr. Finlay. The real wonder is, that they had not long ago forced the King to abdicate, and sent him and his German colonels, surgeons, and professors back to Munich, with all that low rabble of adventurers who might be seen, at the beginning of Lent in 1844, on the deck of the Trieste steamer, returning as poor as they came. When we consider, too, the bitter hatred of races—the *rabies ethnica*—which must have aggravated so much the feelings between the Greeks and Germans, and the busy intrigues of Russia, who would have wished nothing so much as the expulsion of the King,

King, we can hardly fail to see a strong proof of the discriminative judgment of the Greeks, and a strong testimony to his Majesty's unselfish character. They received him with enthusiasm when first he came in 1833; that enthusiasm was redoubled when he brought his Queen in 1837; and now, in 1843 and 1844, their feelings of loyalty and attachment survived the shock of a national revolution.

We have a good hope that the course of future events in Greece will show that King Otho's character has been much depreciated. And already we see symptoms of a more kindly and liberal tone in the opinions expressed of his acts. In Lord Nugent's book we do not remember any contemptuous expressions concerning him. Our own notion of him, gathered from the conversation of various persons in Athens (and we have heard him extravagantly praised, and mercilessly laughed at), is that he is not without a certain Bavarian blunder-headedness, which often hinders him from seeing the main point of a question, and that this blunder-headedness is coupled with no inconsiderable amount of obstinacy; but that he is thoughtful, earnest-minded, and pains-taking. We are far from supposing that he is a man of much ability. The Greeks themselves do not think him clever. 'No brains!'—(νὴ μύαλο)—said a Greek bishop to us one day, tapping his own head merrily. There were two other complaints in reference to King Otho, made by the same ecclesiastic, so expressive of the two great wants of Greece, that we cannot avoid quoting them. 'We ought to have had a rich King,' he said,—'Prince Léopold, or the Duc de Nemours; and then there would have been no difficulties about the loan: now the Three Powers will never see a *Lepta*.' The words came from his very heart. No one who has had the opportunity of talking with the Greeks can have failed to perceive their deep poverty, and the deep feeling with which they think of it. The subject of the other complaint is a cause of still greater dissatisfaction. 'He has no children,' said the bishop; and he said it with a most grave countenance.

The birth of a young prince, to be the heir of the constitutional throne, and to be baptized and educated as a member of the Greek Church (and to this the King has pledged himself by solemn assurances), would cause a burst of universal joy from one end of the Hellenic kingdom to the other. There would be no fear of a Duke of Leuchtenberg hovering on the coast of the Adriatic,—no anxiety about Russia subsidising the Greek clergy,—no dread of Philorthodox plots or Nappist confederacies. It would be the happiest event that could happen to Greece,—possibly a happy one for all Europe; for no one can



compute the extent of mischief which may hereafter result from a disputed succession to the throne of this little kingdom.

One weighty topic still remains, but Lord Nugent has said little upon it. Among the strongest feelings of the Greeks—those at least who have not been sophisticated by French infidelity or German rationalism—is a passionate and determined attachment to the discipline and ritual of the Orthodox Church of the East. The importance attached to this subject is shown by the length of time which it occupied in the debates;—and points were raised wonderfully like those that have been of late years so much agitated nearer home.

What are to be the relations of Church and State in Greece? What in theory, and what in practice? Ought the Church to be independent, on the principle that has rent asunder the Presbyterianism of Scotland? or ought it rather to be a department of State-administration, as the Evangelical Church of Prussia? Or in what precise position is it to be found, between the limits of Erastianism on the one hand, and Independency on the other? Practically, no doubt, it is dependent on, and subservient to, the State,—but theoretically not so.

The two first of the 107 articles of the new constitution relate to religion: and the second is in these words:—

‘The orthodox Church of Greece, holding our Lord Jesus Christ as its head, is indissolubly united in doctrine (*δογματικως*) with the great church in Constantinople, and every other Christian church of like doctrines, keeping unalterably, as they, the holy apostolical and synodical canons, and the holy traditions; but is self-governed (*αὐτοκέφαλος*), managing its own absolute rights independently of any other church—and is administered by the Holy Synod of Bishops.’

The last clauses of this article suggest another question. What are the relations of the Hellenic Church with the other branches of the ‘Orthodox Church of the East?’—not with the Armenian Church, or the Nestorians of Chaldæa, or the Monophysites of Egypt;—with these it has had no connexion for ages;—but with the other branches of the *Greek Church*, properly so called,—that ancient communion, which embraces the whole of Russia, and a large portion of the subjects of the Turkish Empire, and still boasts its patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople. The Russian Church has long been independent of the See of Constantinople. The first step in its independence was the consecration of a patriarch of Moscow. Subsequently, this patriarchate was abolished, and since the time of Peter the Great it has been governed by a Commission of Bishops, called ‘the Holy Synod.’ Such too is now the position of the Church of Modern Greece. The phrase of the constitution is, as

we have seen, 'dogmatically, not canonically, united,'—i. e., while it adheres to the decrees of the same councils as the Church of Constantinople, and holds the same formularies as to matters of doctrine, it administers its own discipline in perfect independence of that see, and in harmony with the government of the country to which it belongs. This independence was the subject of much debate. There was a large party who would have wished to keep up the old supremacy of the See of Constantinople,—not so much because they hold this supremacy necessary, or viewed the Patriarch at all as Roman Catholics do the Pope,—but from a feeling of veneration, and because the connexion was an ancient one, and in many respects convenient. The maintenance of the connexion would, for obvious reasons, have been agreeable to the Emperor of Russia, and to the Patriarch himself: but the advocates of ecclesiastical nationality prevailed. In illustration of the views of this latter party we will translate a few sentences from a pamphlet published at the time in Athens:\*

'The title of Patriarch denotes not any superior grade of priesthood, but only a position of administrative superiority, defined by an ecclesiastical Synod of Bishops, and sanctioned by the supreme political power:—whereby also it is oftentimes abolished for the advantage of the State or the Church; as by Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, the dignity of Patriarch of Russia was done away with, and a Synod set up to administer the affairs of the Church under the supreme supervision of the political power. . . . The Eastern Church has never loved absolute ecclesiastical monarchy, looking upon it as dogmatically opposed to the command of the Lord, who charged His disciples that they should call no one on the earth lord and master, for One is master, and teacher, and lord of all, even Christ,—and head of His body, which is the Church.'

Here we pause for the present: leaving of necessity untouched the course of events since the time of the Constituent Assembly. We confess that we have experienced considerable discomfort from the intelligence which has appeared in the newspapers: and we are not sorry to escape from the duty of inquiring into the merits of the controverted elections,—or of following after the assassins and banditti, who have been again infesting a country which in the winter of 1843 and 1844 was so quiet that it might be traversed in all directions with perfect impunity,—or of forming an opinion upon the quarrel of Grivas and Kallergi, those two military worthies, who have so much power to serve their country,

\* The pamphlet (1843) is entitled 'Διαρρίβη αυτοσχεδίας περὶ τῆς ἀρχῆς καὶ τῆς ἐξουσίας τῶν Πατριάρχων, καὶ περὶ τῆς ὀχλείας τῆς ἐκκλησιαστικῆς ἀρχῆς πρὸς τὴν πολιτικὴν ἐξουσίαν.' It was attributed to Professor Misail, a distinguished member of the University.

if they could abstain from quarrelling,—or of interpreting the disputes and misunderstandings of Coletti, Mavrocordato, and Metaxa, that disjointed triumvirate, the members of which represent respectively what are called the French, English, and Russian parties,—or of explaining how it is that the *entente cordiale* between M. Piscatory and Sir Edmund Lyons has been so entirely dissolved. We will still watch and still hope: and we are sure that the struggles of Modern Greece ought to command the sympathies of thoughtful minds,—if not for her own sake, yet on account of the effects which may be expected to result from them in the world of the East. The Greeks themselves are far from confining their aspirations to the improvement of the little State which owns Otho for King. When they think of the future, the vision of Constantinople and St. Sophia floats before their eyes. Their feelings are well expressed in some lines of Mr. Milnes's 'Greek at Constantinople,' where he alludes to the old Byzantine symbol of the cross above the crescent, one part of which the Mahomedans borrowed and appropriated to themselves:—

‘ And if to his old Asian seat  
From this usurped unnatural throne  
The Turk is driven, ’t is surely meet  
That we again should hold our own.

Be but Byzantium's native sign  
Of cross on crescent once unfurled!  
And Greece shall guard, by right divine,  
The portals of the Eastern World.’

We do not aspire to prophesy of the future fate of Constantinople. But when we think of all those Turkish subjects who speak the Greek language and profess the Greek religion;—when we think of the link which the same religion has made between them and the Slavonic tribes below and beyond the Danube;—we cannot but look upon the recovery of the Christian nationality of Greece as one of the most important of modern events,—or watch the development of this young kingdom without feelings of the most anxious expectation. We cannot believe that the Mahomedan tide, which was arrested at Lepanto, will ebb back no farther than Navarino; and, if the emancipated nation advances in prosperity and virtue, we are confident that Chateaubriand's dream will be fulfilled in other places besides the banks of the Ilissus and Eurotas.

ART. III.—*The Spanish Lady's Love.* By Lady Dalmeny.  
London. Folio. 1846.

A DAUGHTER of the house of Stanhope has selected, for her first publication, a story of Spain—that country which during the last century and a half has been defended in war, sustained in peace, and illustrated in literature by an unbroken line of her kindred. Although the weightier Peninsular topics, and those best suited to men, had been forestalled, one virgin ground remained; and well has that gentle theme been reserved for Lady Dalmeny. Her volume gives us the text of our good English ballad of 'The Spanish Lady's Love,' with original designs, engraved in lithograph, on a large folio scale; and it is impossible to examine these without high admiration. Eight plates are dedicated to the most striking incidents of the ballad, two stanzas of which, printed on each page, answer to the scene represented below; thus the sister arts of poetry and design support and enhance each other in graceful combination. The groups are executed after the manner of Retsch's well-known illustrations of Shakspeare and Göthe, in simple outline, which is a difficult test and trial of artistic power, since no trick of colour can mask poverty of composition, no convenient shadows shroud defects in drawing. The outline is the picture, said the divine Raphael, whose giant strength is never more exemplified than in the severe engravings of Marc Antonio. In the outline is comprehended the grasp of mind and hand of the artist, as the sum and substance of the musician is contained in the air and melody; and in both these sciences, truth to nature and harmony tell the best when most unadorned—naked and not ashamed.

However satisfied the artist will be with the productions of our fair amateur's pencil, those whose vocation is letters must regret her total rejection of the pen; they may be permitted to inquire whether, if to her painter eye the sable hues of ink seemed repulsive, no brother were at hand to whom the office of commentator might have been confided. In endeavouring in some degree to supply this loss to Anglo-Hispano literature, we shall adhere chiefly to those points which bear upon the historical events of her ladyship's favourite 'Relique,' the character of the actors, and the artistical conception and expression of the illustrations; the *alma del negocio*, or soul of the affair, as a Spanish reviewer would say, must be left to others whose pulse is more firm, and whose flowing locks time has less thinned: the love of ladies is a serious consideration, let alone of those of Spain, whose single hairs, says Sancho Panza, draw more than a hundred bulls, and dark glancing eyes pierce more than the national knife. We have  
little

little desire to be their victims, and still less to be their critics, ill betide the churl who could seek for notes in such bright orbs!

No ragionam di loro, ma guarda e passa.

In the present case a comely damsel, and more's the pity, is the sufferer; the course of her love ran not smoothly, and her happiness was winged as a sunbeam. A highborn Spanish maiden, the prisoner of an English cavalier, falls in love with her captor; she refuses proffered liberty—only relinquishes her suit on learning that he has a wife at home—and then buries her withered existence in the darkness of a cloister. This pathetic tale, assuredly founded on facts, was written soon after the taking of Cadiz by Lord Essex, in 1596—a subject of national exultation which furnished a fertile theme of that minstrelsy, by which utterance is given to thoughts that burn in the breasts of thousands who want words not feelings. Many gaps in our annals have been thus supplied; and many interesting traits of social manners preserved, which learned history did not condescend to notice; possibly the identical original ‘broad sheet’ itself, as sung and sold in Chepe, set off with the rude effigies of the knight and lady, still exists, interred among some Pepysian hoard of the flying leaves of the pedestrian muse. Of such class was ‘the particular ballad, with mine own picture on the top,’ with which Falstaff threatened the Prince, unless his actions were ‘booked with the rest of the day’s deeds.’ Shakspeare, from whose plays half England knows all its history, understood the power vested in those who make the people’s songs, and the implicit belief of the many, who ‘love ballads in print, for then we are sure that they are true.’ The air to which this Spanish ladye love was originally set has been preserved, among other precious carols of ‘auld lang syne,’ in the Skene collection, which was formed at the time when memory was fresh and uninterrupted: the melody is as simple as the words; and such was the character of our primitive ballads. Although their authors once sat—‘placed high in hall’—honoured as chroniclers, poets, and musicians, they and their works, long since deemed vulgar, have been driven into the streets by the fine-eared fastidiousness of Italy, and the artificial conventionalities of France. Whenever the opera takes root, and l’Académie tyrannises, nature gives way to fashion, and national songs and tunes are obliterated. Thankful, therefore, are we to Lady Dalmeny for having culled for her bouquet one wild floweret of our native soil.

This simple and venerable song was first introduced to the great

\* See No. lxiii., p. 242, Dauney’s *Ancient Scottish Melodies*, 4to, 1838, an excellent work, written with much learning and taste. Another traditional tune is also given at p. 351; this, probably a Scotch version, is another proof of widely-spread popularity.

and learned by Bishop Percy in 1761, who, by his collection of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, recalled writers and readers to sources of a pure undefiled feeling and language, at a moment when the spirit of poetry was all but extinct, and public taste at the lowest degradation. To his example Spain owes Duran and others, who have rescued from the burning her matchless series of *Romances*, the title-deeds of heroic ancestors, and exponents of better ages, past never to return.

The ballad before us has happily come down in its original language: no happy critic of a corrupt period, which called itself polished, has rubbed off the virgin ærugo. The mediocrity of the last age contented itself with attempts to copy what it neither varnished nor retouched. Shenstone, ambitious of rivalling Prior's conversion of the *Not-browne Mayd* into *Henry and Emma*, brought out the *Spanish Ladie and her Knight*, 'in less groveling accents, than the simple guise of ancient record.' His *Love and Honour* is a failure commensurate only with his pretension: for wearisome are his blank verses, which, if, as Dr. Johnson said, any one can read them, spin out the sayings and doings of Elvira, Henry, and Maria; such glossings of songs of sterner stuff are the tricks of puny literature, in which a concentrated spirit of wit and brevity is diluted by insipid atrophious verbiage. In our own time, however, Wordsworth has not disdained to adopt in one of his minor pieces the rhythm as well as, in part, the sentiment of the *Spanish Ladye*; and his *Armenian romance* might well deserve a second series of Lady Dalmen's designs.

Fully to relish the spirit of her present illustrations, the relative position of the countries of the Ladye and Knight must be first understood. Spain and England were then placed in direct religious antagonism; one was the champion of Rome, the cloister, and inquisition; the other of the Bible, truth, and liberty; the Reformation was the absorbing fact which included the leading differences of European politics as well as creeds. Philip II., who felt that England was the heart of the Protestant cause, fitted out, in 1588, his *Invincible Armada*; but Drake with his little vessels settled the gigantic galleys of Spain as quickly as Nelson did her three-deckers at Trafalgar—casualties ascribed, of course, by the Don and Buonaparte to the elements. The Armada was 'baptized and blessed by the Pope,' and freighted with fetters. Drake was to be massacred, and Elizabeth taken prisoner; every Spanish gallant was to bring home an English youth and maiden in chains, to serve his mistress and parents; so runs the contemporary ballad (Duran, *Romancero* iii., 219):—

'Mi hermano Bartolo he va á Inglaterra,  
 A matar al Drake, y á prender la Reina,  
 Y á los Luteranos de la Bandomessa ;  
 Tienè de traerme, a mi de la guerra  
 Un Luteranico, con una cadena ;  
 Y una Luterana a Señora aguelá.'

The *manacles* still preserved in the Tower of London are collateral evidences of Philip's kind intentions. Their Spanish name is *esposas*, 'wives,' a tender metaphor derived from the proper stringency of the tie matrimonial. These instruments and projects, so repugnant to our feelings, were quite congenial to Spaniards and ranked among—to adopt the euphuism of the model republic—their 'domestic institutions.' Spain, of all European countries, was that in which despotism and slavery, those vicious inventions of the East, had taken the deepest root; the Phœnicians, the first colonizers of Iberia, were man-stealers; the rude natives, in their savage wars among each other, dealt out no other alternative to the vanquished but death or bondage:—the Spanish captives of the Carthaginians were doomed to labour for life in the mines and at the galleys. To these horrors the Romans superadded their system of house and farm servitude, which long was maintained by the Visigoths. The influence of Christianity, which everywhere has ameliorated the lot of woman and the captive, operated more feebly and slowly in Spain than elsewhere, on account of the invasion of the Moors, who not only re-introduced the slavery of Arabia and Africa, but being prohibited by the Koran from making bondsmen of Mahomedans, derived their supplies from Christian sources. The Gotho-Spaniard retaliated on the 'infidel hound,' and both parties assumed an absolute right over the persons of their prisoners, inasmuch as they had spared their lives when at their disposal. Wholesale massacres only ceased when it was found more profitable to use or sell men, than to kill them: the usages of chivalry also, by sanctioning ransom, a source of prize-money to victors, encouraged mercy to a prostrate foe, and in general a more humane treatment of captives. It was to ransom that Du Guesclin, a prisoner in Spain of the Black Prince, owed his liberty; and thus Cervantes was redeemed from his captivity at Algiers.

At the final overthrow of the Moors the condition of the Morisco population in Spain was scarcely better than that of the Helots of Sparta, or the Fellahs of Egypt under the Mamelukes. The Castilians, too idle to work themselves, and too proud to wait upon each other, made use of aliens, who, as in the East, often rose to confidential situations. Such were the favourite attendants and pages—the very humble and obedient servants-of-all-work,

all-work, whose satisfied masters lavished on them the affectionate diminutives *mi todito, mi todita*, 'my all and everything;' for this, as we formerly suggested, is the true etymon of *Toadeater*, that abundant and inexhaustible race which never will be found in houses where the unsavoury variety of frog forms a standing dish. The less agreeable offices of servitude were performed by certain classes of sturdy bipeds, male and female, to whom, as under the 'Stripes,' the rank and privileges of man and woman were denied. They consisted of heretics and other 'dogs,' white and black; the latter epithet, *negro*, being the generic one, whence our term for that poor nigger on whom iron is again, it seems, to do its worst. The blood of Jews and infidels, it must be remembered, is supposed by Spanish heralds and Sangrados to be black, whilst that of their noble masters is red or blue.

The Spaniards, in default of Africans, made 'drudges' of those English whom the chance of war or breach of treaties threw into their clutches; and they kept no faith with Lutherans: their captives were ground to death by toil when poor, and burnt as heretics when rich: length of faithful service seldom conciliated the hard task-master, who frequently offered up his worn-out slave to the holy tribunal. The cases detailed in Hackluyt (i. 469, ii. 486, iii. 477) lift up the curtain of the habitual atrocities perpetrated on protestant prisoners; nor, in truth, was the treatment much better which Englishmen met with, even when Romanists and serving under Philip.\* These enormities were perfectly well known here, and greatly enhance our countrymen's mercy, good faith, and forbearance at Cadiz in the hour of victory.

Philip II., undeterred by the fate of the Armada, prepared for another invasion of the Protestant isle; then it was that Elizabeth, by transferring attack from the coasts of Kent to those of Andalusia, revealed to the world the secret of England's strength and of Spain's weakness. Many accounts of this 'honourable voyage to Cadiz' exist, written by eye-witnesses, which Southey has condensed into his very picturesque 'Naval History.' (iv. p. 44.) There exists also—although this accomplished Castilian scholar did not know it—a detailed relation by a Cadiz monk, the Padre Geronimo de la Concepcion, whose version of English numbers, facts, and motives, deprives sundry ingenious writers of Madrid and Paris of the credit of having perfected the historical romance.

The armada of Elizabeth was neither called the invincible, nor laden with the iron and unchristian spirit of her dark rival; it sailed under her lofty proclamation, that 'no malice of revenge,

\* See particularly 'The Estate of the English Fugitives under the King of Spain.'—London: John Drawater, 1593.



nor quittance of injury, nor desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of lucre, hath bred the resolution of our now set-out army, but a heedful care and wary watch that no neglect of foes nor over-surety of harme might breed danger to us or glory to them.\* All slaughter of the old, young, and unresisting was forbidden, and every respect ordered to be shown to women and priests; a fact which could not be denied even by Dr. Lingard, the raker up of every 'scandal about Queen Elizabeth.' According to Padre Gerouimo, 'The heretics before sailing offered up a sacrifice of honor and cruelty; imagining that they could conciliate the elements, they put three Jesuit priests to death by most unheard-of martyr torments. Oh ferocious condition of heresy! the pagans before battle appeased their idols with the blood of animals; but to make a holocaust to the Deity, could only have been devised by the savage hatred of a Lutheran!' But Lingard prudently omits this startling incident.

The armament which sailed from Plymouth, June 1st, reached Cadiz on the 20th. 'Lord God!' says Dr. Marbeck, 'what a sudden rejoicing there was through the whole navy; it was the rapture of Nelson at the sight of the enemy's fleet; *venit, vidit, vicit*; the Spanish galleys, huge bodies without a soul, were in less than four hours either burnt, taken, or put to flight—for, quoth the Padre, 'the English gups were so good and their powder so strong.' Essex landed instantly with 3000 men, and having despatched half towards the Isla, where the rich merchant-ships were moored, advanced rapidly, for he preferred danger and honour to base lucre, over heavy and burning sands to Cadiz, before whose walls 700 fresh cavalry and 500 infantry were drawn up. 'Those fellows,' exclaimed De Vere, 'if charged at once, will show us the way into the town;' which they did 'with farre swifter legges than manly courage,' says Dr. Marbeck, 'being wonderfully dismayed and astonished at the unexpected manner of the Englishmen's kinde of such fierce and resolute fight.' The corregidor was the first to set an example of *saurez qui peut*, flying to the castle to his beads and confessor: thus, says the good monk, 'the city was left without a chief and the army without a leader'—[*cosas de España*]'—'but what resistance could be expected,' adds he, 'from 300 raw recruits opposed to 6000 English veterans?' Dr. Marbeck, however, estimated the Spanish garrison at 4000 at least in number. 'And now proclamation was made that no Englishman should offer violence to

\* See Hackluyt, i. 607 (edition 1598), for the Journal of Dr. Marbeck, physician to the Admiral; and Churchill, *Collection of Voyages*, iii, 169 (3rd edition, 1745), for that of Sir William Monson. The Spanish book is entitled 'Emperio de le Oibe, Cadiz ilustrada.' Folio. Amsterdam, 1690.

any religious person, or to any woman or child, and the generalls sent away boates, barges, and pinnaces first with the ladies and the religious; the women were suffered by the generalls to weare so much apparell as they were able to beare upon them, and all their jewells, and because none of them should be spoyled by our ruder souldiers and marriners, the Lordes generalls themselves stood at the water gates and saw their safe embarking.\* Thus, says the Padre, 'they were protected from the insolence of the infernal heretics:' and he also confesses that those females who remained concealed—no doubt from a fear of the cloven feet with which their confessors had embellished the Lutherans—were comforted by the English officers who visited them, with 'the greatest respect, ceremony, and courtesy.'

One hundred and fifty hostages were now selected from the principal male personages as security for a ransom, which the Spaniards had promised to pay and did not; and these were equally well used, the priests especially, for whom even clean linen was provided, '*ropa limpia con todo el regalo posible*,' to the astonishment of our worthy woollen-clad monk, guiltless himself of all the heresies of soap. The hostages, continues he, 'were taken to Porchemua (Portsmouth) and thence to Grinuchi and Gerechtic by Gualteral'—meaning to Greenwich and Westminster by Sir *Walter Raleigh*. Meanwhile our mercy to a fallen foe wrought no change in the practices of the orthodox Spaniards; those Lutherans who from drunkenness fell into their hands were knocked on the head; one cellarman in the wine districts, in the environs of Cadiz having thus, says the Padre, butchered eight at one time; others who straggled, or 'were left sicke upon the way, as many were, were found pitifully mangled, some with their hands chopped off:—some had their nostrills split, and others were killed.' (*Stow*, p. 777.) Twenty-seven, says the good Father, were caught at one fell swoop and sent back to their comrades minus noses, arms, and ears.

The author of the ballad assumed that his readers were acquainted with these facts, as being of recent occurrence and general notoriety. So the bards of old, dealing with realities, rushed into their subject, and brought their actors on to the scene without introduction: the salient incidents were alone selected, sketched in with bold relief, and their progress dramatically worked out to the catastrophe; then the curtain was dropt as abruptly as it had been raised. Thus in the present ballad we are neither informed when and where the events took place, nor who were the principal characters;—and consequently, as seven

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\* *Stow*, p. 774. Lond. Folio edition, 1632.

cities in Greece disputed the honour of having given birth to Homer; some half-dozen counties in England have claimed, each for her own special honour, the hero of this song. The pretensions of Devonshire are boldly maintained, but seemingly rather of a general nature, merely founded on the number of her gallant children, the Raleighs, Cliffords, Bucks, Giffords, Carews, &c., who were foremost in Essex's enterprise; though, taking into account the fascination of manner and intellectual cultivation of the present rising gentry of our Hesperia, it cannot be thought improbable that one of their forefathers should have been this irresistible lady-killer. Staffordshire comes forward with Sir Richard Leveson of Trentham, who certainly distinguished himself greatly—performed the 'first handsell of importance,' by taking three ships on the voyage out—and was knighted at Cadiz by Essex, in reward for his brilliant conduct.\* Cheshire claims the hero in her Sir Urias Legh of *Adlington*: King, in his 'Vale Royall' (p. 91, ed. 1656), describing this mansion, states that its then owner 'was in his youth much addicted to the wars, and fetched his knighthood from that worthy and famous surprising of Cadiz by the renowned Robert, Earl of Essex, the remembrance whereof is yet fresh in Spain.' Specific evidence, however, being wanting in these cases, we pass on to Wiltshire, whose candidate is Sir John Popham, a true soldier of ancient lineage and high valour, who likewise received his spurs on the field of victory. His ancestral mansion of Littlecot exists; our readers will remember the note in *Rokeby*, describing the Darell tragedy and mysterious child-birth and murder; and 'the long gallery hung with portraits in Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century;' among which one is traditionally held to be that of 'the Spanish Ladye.' A necklace which she is said to have given to Sir John Popham has passed, we believe, into the Sandwich family.

Lincolnshire challenges the palm with a similar tradition, backed also by a portrait and jewel. 'Non nostrum est tantas componere lites;' we greatly apprehend that more than one Spanish Ladye fell in love with more than one English officer,—an inference which an old Peninsular campaigner, often consulted by our critical corps, assures us is far from illogical. We incline, however, on the whole to think that it was from the fens of Lincolnshire that this bright exhalation of knighthood

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\* Essex, prodigal of honour, as of everything else, knighted on this occasion some fifty gentlemen, and thereby depreciated the value of a title of which his mistress was so chary: derisive ballads were made, p.

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Wales,  
And a laird of the north country;  
But a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,  
Will buy them out all three.

arose to bewilder a ladye of the sunny south, in the person of John, the eldest son, of Charles Bolle of Haugh, near Alford, a gentleman of good descent. Born in 1560, he married Elizabeth Waters; about 1595, as his son and heir Charles came of age in 1616. The pedigree, with authentic portraits, inscriptions, monuments, &c., is given by Archdeacon Cayley Illingworth.\* John was knighted by Elizabeth herself for his gallantry at Cadiz; he died in 1606, aged 46, and is buried in Haugh Church: the effigies of himself and his wife on the tomb offer interesting examples of the costume of the period; the armed and exemplary husband kneeling before his prolific spouse, while three sons and four daughters, their lawful issue, are grouped dutifully in the background. The Archdeacon devotes some pages to the knight's prowess and performances beyond the seas, where, says he, 'the attachment of a Spanish lady was such that it became the subject of an old ballad, written about this period;' adding that after his departure from Cadiz,

'She sent, as presents to his wife, a profusion of jewels and other valuables, amongst which was her portrait drawn in green, a beautiful tapestry-bed wrought in gold by her own hands, and several casks full of plate, money, and other treasure; some of which articles are still in possession of the family, though her picture was unfortunately, and by accident, disposed of about half a century ago (A.D. 1760). This portrait being drawn in green, gave occasion to her being called in the neighbourhood of Thorpe Hall, "the Green Lady;" where to this day there is a traditionary superstition among the vulgar, that Thorpe Hall was haunted by the green lady, who used nightly to take her seat in a particular tree near the mansion; and that during the life of his son, Sir Charles Bolle, a knife and fork were always laid for her, if she chose to make her appearance.'—p. 55.

This conclusion is quite in accordance with the strict rules of Spanish tragedy; such precisely was the polite invitation which the veritable Don Juan offered to the ghost of the Comendador, as an *amende honorable* for having killed him and seduced his daughter. For the rest, Lincolnshire tradition is altogether silent in regard to the feelings of Sir John's legitimate wife, in whose bosom these nocturnal visits of this verdant Gadi-tana, coupled with her regular *couvert* at supper, must, it is to be feared, have excited some twinges of the tormenting monster who, according to honest Iago, 'is green-eyed, and makes the meat on which it feeds.' Green, the colour of jealousy, and unpopular in England, is applied, it may be observed, to the Spanish eye female as a delicate compliment: the expression '*ojos verdes*' occurs for ever in amorous sonnets in the

\* A topographical account of the parish of Scampton, 4to. London. 1810.

flattering sense of our black and blue. It would seem, that in torrid, tawny Spain, anything verdurous is rare and refreshing to the eyes and in them; the Peninsular pastoral poets paint their rivers—*rios verdes*—as green as we should do the sea or the meadows. This, our colour of a forsaken one, was not therefore selected by the ladye because appropriate to her desolate condition, but because it was all the fashion in 1596. 'One would not sure look frightful when one's left.' Cervantes, who was at Seville during the siege, in his *Espanola Inglesa*, a novel founded on the supposed abduction of a maiden of Cadiz by an English knight, presents his heroine to Queen Elizabeth—a decent judge of dress—arrayed in a '*sayo verde*;' he descants on her Spanish costume with all the detail of the ladye's maid; and the Thorpe Hall portrait, had it been preserved, would no doubt have corroborated his description. We are persuaded that this predilection for *green* is to be traced to its being the sacred colour of the Moslem, and that only permitted to be worn by the highly-honoured descendants of the prophet.

Having now performed our part of Prologus, by putting the reader in possession of the argument and *dramatis personæ*, poet and artist must do the rest, with an occasional interference from us, as Chorus, to explain, comment, and may be, moralise. The ballad opens thus:

'Will you hear of a Spanish ladye,  
How she wooed an Englishman?  
Garments gay, as rich as may be,  
Decked with jewels, she had on;  
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.  
As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lie;  
Cupid's bands did tye them faster,  
By the lyking of an eye.  
In his courteous company was all her joy,  
'To favour him in nothing she was coy.'

Lady Dalmeny, naturally interested in all that tends to elevate her sex, has chosen a hero who offers to an absent wife the homage of unswerving fidelity, and a heroine who exhibits all the sweetest attributes of woman, affection and devotion, self-respect and self-sacrifice. Placing herself in the situation of the Lincolnshire dame, the fair artist's fancy must needs revolt at any expression of favour diverted even for a moment from the legitimate monopolizer of wedded love. A woman's heart, when once bestowed, is too full, too fenced around, to permit the least open chink, the smallest vacant corner for another occupant. Her  
love,

love, as it is given without reservation, demands an entire reciprocity; like the ambition of Caesar, it must have all or nothing; even the shadow of a rival cannot be endured. There is no generosity, no partition in her love—grand and noble from its very exclusiveness and want of toleration, which—as in religion occasionally, and in politics usually—is but indifference under a specious mask. The whole interest of this ballad to a woman turns on the actual spotlessness of the knight's fidelity: in this would consist the sole triumph dear to her tenderness and her pride, and not in the eventual sacrifice of a competitor. Thus marital constancy and maiden love are the emphatic points. The first stanza demonstrates that the lady takes the initiative, and she throughout is—what any lady who does take the initiative ought to be—active, pressing, and ardent. She can refuse no favour to *him* whose society constitutes *her* sole happiness; he, on the other hand, is passionless, full of plausible pretext, 'courtous' as Sir Charles Grandison, and even at Cadiz cold as an icicle. Nothing infers the least mutual understanding, except the use of the plural tense in 'Cupid's hands did bind *them* faster: ' but this reading, as it is not borne out by the context, may fairly be rejected, and the singular, *her*, may be substituted, *nostro periculo*—for the knight was neither a prisoner of war nor of love; and Lady Dalmem's plate shows that she has rejected the accusative plural with the decision of a Poison. She has placed the handsome pair in a saloon in the captive maiden's mansion, which is richly furnished in the Louis XIV. style; the banquet is concluded, and the carved table is decked with a dessert rich and rare, where grapes and pine-apples are mingled with costly goblets, which doubtless contained good sherry sack, and luscious Pajarete, fit for the lips of Venus herself, who starves where Ceres and Bacchus are not in waiting; nor are the arms of the urchin god wanting, since a guitar, happily introduced, indicates Spain and serenades, the food for love. The lady, whose raven-hair is well-matched to a dark eye, leans pensively towards her adored one; her gaze bent on air, with a look prescient of unrequited affection. The melancholy which broods over her high dama brow and chiselled features is characteristic of the woman of Spain; it is the habitual expression of love and devotion, the pivots of her existence and feelings, which, intensely serious in themselves, inspire beholders first with pity, and soon with regard. She is too unsophisticated a child of nature, too sincere to be a coquette. She is too proud to court the admiration of those to whom she is indifferent; her tranquil reposed look all but resents as impertinent the homage offered by an unprivileged worshipper. For him alone, the happy captor of her heart, is reserved her smile,

which lights up her wan countenance, as the sun does an April morn.

In every one of these designs the 'Spanish Ladye' is excellently given—there is exquisite beauty of feature, symmetry of form, and tenderness coupled with spirit in the whole bearing. To delineate the victor was less easy. The rejection of a damsel's love has something ungallant in itself, and is repugnant to chivalrous romance, of which conjugal constancy is not so often the staple as could be desired; nay, ballad-mongers consider the interest to end before even the marriage settlements are engrossed—

'And when the ring and clergyman are ready,  
One hears no more of gentleman or lady.'

This hero, then, receives with most passive hand the taper fingers which the heroine has given him with her heart. He also gazes on vacancy—no doubt, with thoughts which wander far away to his respected wife, or are filled with regret that his captive should have set her affections on one by whom they never could be returned. But it might have been better to give him somewhat of a more martial, manly, and matured character, since the air of distraction necessary to express these conflicting emotions and reflections conveys, in a pretty stripling, with little beard on his chin, and less intellect in his face, an idea that he is thinking only of his dress, or himself, or indeed on nothing. In short, in a third edition—for we believe there has already been a second one—we would suggest that this amiable captain may as well be promoted to his majority,

The next scene is from these stanzas:—

'But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned,  
None to do them injury;  
Then spoke this ladye mild, "full woe is me;  
Oh let me still sustain this kind captivity!"  
'Gallant captain, show some pity  
To a ladye in distresse;  
Leave me not within the city,  
For to dye in heavinesse.  
Thou hast set this present day my bodye free,  
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

A downcast page has brought the official order to Captain Bolle, who, seated at his ease in a chair, shows it to the ladye; she, with dishevelled hair, kneels clinging to his arm, her eyes, love's orators, upraised to him, while tears, big and heavy as thunder-drops, rain down her pale cheek. The young officer seems neither distressed at her position, painful to fair maiden,

maiden, at whose feet man should rather bow, nor pleased at the intelligence of freedom which he imparts to his beauteous captive. In fact, the hero, as here designed, is scarcely more interesting to us than the Milord Oswald, on whom Corinne set her affections; but the learned blue, Mad. de Staël, was subject to be enamoured of an ass—like Titania, her eyelids streaked by Oberon's flower: whereas old Homer knew better, and having praised the mere beauty of his Nircus, never alludes to him again. This warrior's features are delicate, his form round and soft; his bones are marrowless; no Michael-Angelesque muscle starts from his long drawers, which seem padded by the hosier who makes legs for female Don Giovannis at the Adelphi. In the 'Spanish Armada,' where, reversing this ballad, Tilburina loves her captive enemy, her Don Juan is at least 'a something between Abelard and old Blucher.' Our 'beardless boy and cockered silken wanton' is fitter to enact the part of Fridolin; he is cast in the mould of those 'gentle males' drawn by Angelica Kaufmann, whom Peter Pindar cautioned that lovely and loving royal academician not to marry. Fielding says that ladies seldom succeed in depicting the character of man, because the delicacy of their sex cannot comprehend the coarser temperament of the lords of the creation; and there is truth in this—but we believe also that in fact they seldom minutely examine the points of manly beauty. Certain it is that physical beauty is by no means a *sine quâ non* for the attainment of their warmest affections. Mr. John Wilkes, of sinister memory, offered to wager his success against the handsomest dandy, provided he was allowed the first half-hour's audience; and even a serpent seduced Eve, because he was more subtle than any beast of the field. Yet among our female authors Mrs. Jameson is almost the only one who openly upholds our view of the question (see several excellent passages in her 'Romance of Biography'); and even men in their poems and romances are silly enough to dwell far too much on the comeliness of their amorous heroes; indeed we hardly remember one recent novel in which this is not the case, except that very remarkable work entitled 'Albert Lunel.' Whether it was written by a man or a woman we do not pretend to say; but we admired nothing in it more than the bold truth with which it divides the most triumphant successes in love between a rather hard-featured and grisly, but most eloquent and dexterous 'statesman and savant' (vol. i. p. 18), and another equally fascinating elder, 'somewhat brusque but sufficiently high-bred,' who is introduced to us as the most active law-lord in the parliament of Languedoc. This author evidently agrees with Theodore Hook, who laid it down as a rule that 'if ever a woman looks at a man turned



of forty, it is for the man himself and not for his wig.' Contrast is a most piquant element of attraction between the sexes; the timid, weak, confiding maiden clings to an intellectual strong protector, as the vine does to the elm; and he rejoices in his sweet burden, which, without his support, would fall and languish. A 'popinjay perfumed like a milliner,' and a masculine virago, are weeds to be plucked out of the bowers of Venus and Hymen.

The third illustration is happily conceived and elegantly designed. The English victors ride triumphantly through the streets of Cadiz, 'all plumed like ostriches that wing the wind;' the Spanish women clamber to the house-tops and arcades, unable to resist the pomp of glorious war; but no Hidalgo witnesses the humiliation of his country. The ladye, placed alone in a balcony, looks down 'like a heroine of Goldoni' on her beloved one, who turns his head towards her, which his companions refrain through delicacy from doing. The dialogue, begun in the preceding extract, is now carried on:—

- ' *Knight.*       How should thou, fair ladye, love me,  
                      Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?  
          Thy fair words make me suspect thee,  
                      Serpents lye where flowers grow.
- ' *Ladye.*       All the harm I wish to thee, most courtcous knight,  
                      God grant the same upon my head may fully light!  
                      Blessed be the time and season  
                      That ye came on Spanish ground,  
                      If our foes ye may be termed,  
                      Gentle foes we have you found.  
                      With our city ye have won our hearts, each one.  
                      Then to your country bear away that is your own.'

Bolle desires, by these apparently harsh allusions, to induce her to relinquish a hopeless passion; but she, like poor Juliet, cherishes her only love sprung from her only hate. He is surprised how she could adore him, her country's foe, by whose presence every natural feeling was wounded; power humbled, wealth despoiled, and heresy triumphant. Tilburina was also smitten with her Whiskerandos, 'either from his being the last man in the world that she ought to fall in love with, or for any other good female reason;' yet who, as Phœbe argues, ever loved well that loved not at first sight? Cupid may be purblind, but his truest votaries have an eagle-glance and rush to conclusions; an instantaneous adoration of an object for its own dear self is at least exempt from cold good-match-making calculations and prudential references to consols. There is in man and woman a secret electricity which attracts congenial bodies and repels those which are contrary;

trary ; hence the satisfactory sensations of being in sympathetic communication with a pretty woman, and the misery experienced by non-conductors.

Precisely that reaction now took place in favour of our countrymen, handsome and gentle as brave, which an accurate historian and a profound searcher of the human heart and national manners imagined to have happened in Spain more than a century afterwards :—

‘ Lorsqu’on nous dit, que les mêmes sauvages qui étaient venus par l’air d’une île inconnue nous prendre Gibraltar, venaient assiéger Barcelone, nous commençâmes par faire des neuvaines à la Ste. Vierge ; ce qui est assurément la meilleure manière de se défendre. Ce peuple s’appelle d’un nom qu’il est difficile de prononcer, car c’est *English*. Notre révérend père inquisiteur prêcha contre ces brigands ; il nous assura que les *English* avaient des queues de singes, des pattes d’ours, et des têtes de perroquets ; que de plus ils étaient notoirement hérétiques ; que la Sainte Vierge ne pardonnait jamais aux hérétiques, et que par conséquent ils seraient tous infailliblement exterminés, surtout s’ils se présentaient devant le Montjoui. A peine avait-il fini son sermon que nous apprîmes que le Montjoui était pris d’assaut.’

A masculine invader bearing the felicitous name of *Jenni* is, however, taken prisoner, and the Catalan ladies, curious to see ‘ l’animal *English* et hérétique,’ peep into his retirement, and finding ‘ le visage d’Adonis sur le corps d’un jeune Hercule,’ fall desperately in love with him :—‘ Santiago ! est-ce ainsi que sont faits les hérétiques ? ch ! qu’on nous a trompés ! ’ \*

Many things may occur in the loves of Spain which offend the sensitive delicacy of English and higher notions ; in that land of the sun an undercurrent of the Asiatic view and treatment of women still flows deeply. There is little tender in the Spanish character, even in the softer affections ; the physical predominates over the spiritual, and the fierce, fiery, and passionate prevails, rather than the gentle, the quiet, and affectionate. But Lady Dalmeny does well to adhere to the ideal—or rather to the English conception of the Elizabethan minstrel.

Her knight and lady converse readily together, for mutual ignorance of language never impedes lovers in romance. Let us return to the dialogue :—

‘ *Knight.* Rest you still, most gallant ladye,  
Rest you still, and weep no more ;  
Of fair lovers there are plenty,  
Spain does yield you wondrous store.

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\* Consult. also, ‘ A discovery and playne declaration of sundry subtil practices of the holy inquisition of Spayne.’ 4to. B. L. London. Thos. Day, 1568 ; or ‘ A full, ample, and punctuall discovery of the barbarous, bloody, and inhumane proceedings of the Spanishe inquisition.’ 4to. London. John Bellamy. 1625.

‘ *Ladye.*

'*Ladye*. Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,  
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;

I am lovely, young, and tender,

Love is likewise my desert.

Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest,

The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.'

The compliment to English husbands is just. Great Britain is the purgatory of horses and the paradise of wives. The knight's advice to the ladye is likewise in accordance with the Spanish receipt given by Lope de Vega:—

'En cosas de amor no hay otro remedio,

Que tomar un otro o poner tierra por medio:—

which may be Englished:—

'For love nishaps there is no cure,

But a fresh lover—or a tour.'

Our melancholy Burton also approves of change of scene and object. He considers the first remedy in desperate love cases to be the separation of the parties; and that failing, the last, their marriage. The fire is either extinguished for want of fuel, or the fuel is burnt out by the fire. The amatory ethics of poets, dramatists, and military men are, however, lax and chameleon like; they march out to the tune of 'The maid we've left behind us,' and, as Proteus says,

'So the remembrance of a former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.'

It is still true, as the gallant Bolle observed, that lovers are more plentiful in torrid Spain than blackberries, but they are much improved since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and, since the French invasion, it is not thought *bon ton* to be jealous; that rude Othello passion prevails only among the uncivilized lower orders, who light their tender flame at the torch of the furies, and sue for damages with their knives.

In Lady Dalmeny's illustration, the Spanish ladye reclines in the arms of the knight, who now, booted, spurred, and certain of going, like Æneas, lavishes a cold caress on his Dido; a courtesy, by the bye, for which there is no authority in the ballad. On a Dutch carved chair in the background is seated another lady, whose hands are clasped and hair dishevelled; either she represents the heroine herself before she had obtained the aforesaid consolation, or she is the confidante—

'A virgin always on her maid relies'—

and if so, her simple 'white linen' dress is quite in accordance with the rules of Spanish tragedy. A flower drooping in a goblet  
is

is an emblem of hopes cut off in the bud. The apartment of Versailles splendour contrasts with the sombre feelings of its pretty mistress.

Lady Dalmeny, in her artistic commentary, has simply looked to the words of the ballad, which convey no information in respect to localities, period, or costume. Nor was it to be expected that she should disfigure her boudoir with parchment-clad tomes, sallower than Spaniards, or dim her eyes by poring over black-letter chronicles, which is the duty and delight of antiquarian critics. Hers, in consequence, is not a strict restoration, like a Shakspeare tragedy by Mr. Macready, or a melodrama by Mr. Puff, in which minute attention is paid to dress and stage properties, to 'Queen Elizabeth's horse and side saddle.' She has got up her *tableaux* after the style of a fancy ball, where what is becoming, is the principal consideration—no matter if it be conventional. Nor is her ladyship without high authority for the liberty thus assumed. The old masters, indifferent to the cut of coats and patterns of upholstery, painted for all time, not for a season. Portraiture of man and a realization of subject engrossed their thoughts, and especially in Spain, where Murillo clothed his prodigal sons and Roman senators in cloaks à la Philip IV., not omitting Toledan rapiers and mustachios. We, therefore, do not remark these things with any purpose of censure. Certainly the grapes in June, although anachronisms in a hot houseless land, are Anacreontic; and the *fauteuils* so well drawn, are from models more likely to be found at Chevening or Dalmeny Park than in any saloon of Cadiz in the age of Elizabeth or Isabel II. Spanish men, however oriental, have never adopted lounging ottoman habits, and at that period Spanish women sat only on cushions on the ground, like the inmates of a Moorish harem. The Bourbon dynasty and chairs came in together in 1700. Rococo gilding and pretension, part and parcel of *Le Grand Monarque*, have nothing in common either with the solid sterling English characteristics of the age of Elizabeth, the empress of the seas, or with the palatial and ecclesiastical magnificence of Spain, then in the apogee of the fine arts, of which Philip II., whatever may have been his faults, was a true judge and a most generous patron. Cadiz was then a city of ivory, rising fair as Amphitrite from the blue sea. The natives delighted to call this dwelling-place of princely merchants, *la taza de plata*, the vessel of silver, the jewel of Bætica itself. It presented an unique combination of Moorish arch and Saracenic decoration, of Gothic fret-work intermingled with the Arabesque and classical of the *cinqe cento*, then shining forth in the pomp and manhood of the *renaissance*, when fine art was breathed over the whole of human existence, gilding all on which it lighted.

A critical

A critical artist about to *illustrate* this age of Cellini and Titian may refer to the engraved works of the Museo and Armeria of Madrid;\*—but above all to the rich volume designed by Titian himself, in which the then fashions of England and Spain are given in every possible variety. Our own public and private galleries abound in authentic portraits of the latter part of the sixteenth century, in which those of real actors in this famous siege of Cadiz exist, from Howard, Essex, Raleigh, down to the probable hero of this very ballad, Sir John Bolle, which, painted by Zuccaro, is preserved at Ravensfield Park, Yorkshire, in the house of his descendant, Mr. Bopville. It represents a true soldier, with a quiet, determined look. His hair is scanty and closely cut, his brow both broad and lofty, the face long, glance mild and thoughtful, nose aquiline, beard thick and square; he is dressed in a tight surtout, embroidered at the cuff and collar; and he grasps his toledo as a man who knows the use thereof, while the *locum-tenens* before us seems puzzled with his, like a Lincolnshire Deputy Lieutenant at his first levee.

Lady Dalmeny, doubtless with a view of exhibiting graceful folds and undulating forms, the lines of beauty, has clad her heroine in a *robe décolletée de gros de Naples*, with lace trimmings à la Maradan. Her round and graceful arms, her bosom of snow, which, like Sappho's, conceals a volcano, would have been a rich treat to the tanning sun and greedy mosquitoes of Cadiz, and such as assuredly they never had in 1596 nor since. The women of Spain, whether from church compulsion, from modesty, or from regard to complexion, have, since the earliest periods, been singularly draped over:—or perhaps they have always been aware that mystery heightens interest.

In the days of Bolle the whole person of a hero-worshipping Andalusian, when she emerged from the shady paternal court, was covered by a garment which ascended to the chin and descended to the wrist and heel, while a long mantle like a Moorish haik was thrown over the head. To this day, at Tarifa, near Cadiz, the beauties, when out of doors, show no part of their face, except one eye, which shines from its sable background like the star of Venus;—nor are any of them permitted to enter a church except veiled and in a black dress. The in-door costume of 1596 resembled a riding habit; made of stiff and embroidered brocade, it was buttoned in front to the neck, which was encircled with a ruff, a *sine quâ non* to both sexes. The foot, a seat of honour, was never seen; that of a Queen of Spain could only be alluded to in the nice periphrasis of a lord of the bedchamber.

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\* 'Coleccion lithographica, &c.' Folio. Madrid, 1826. 'La Armeria real de Madrid,' Folio. Paris, 1838. For a notice of this fine work see Quar. Rev., cxxiii. 89.

In their rooms, females sat on the ground, as they do now when at church, with their feet tucked under their draperies. When they walked abroad (to the confessor or elscwhither) they were cased up in highly-raised clogs or pattens, called *chapines pattines*. Now-a-days the Spanish foot female, nay ankle, neither of them the largest in the world, may be a trifle less concealed.

The dialogue that has been interrupted by these digressions on dress, which the better part of our readers will readily pardon, is continued at the next page. The Englishman raises new objections, which are dexterously met and rebutted:—

‘ *Knight*. It wold be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence;  
English soldiers never carry  
Anie such without offence.

‘ *Lady*. I ’le quickly change myself if it be so,  
And like a page I ’le follow thee where’er thou go.

‘ *Knight*. I have neither gold nor silver,  
To maintain thee in this case;  
And to travel is great charges,  
As you know, in every place.

‘ *Lady*. My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,  
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.’

In the illustration the heroine is supposed to have assumed the garb of an attendant stripling, and, bending under heavy lance and fatigue, follows her mounted lord, who, as in another fine old English ballad, does not condescend to notice her:—

‘ If you will my footpage bee, Ellen,  
As you do tell to me,  
Then you must cut your gowne of green  
An inch above your knee.  
Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,  
Ran barefoot by his side;  
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,  
To say, Ellen, will you ride?’

This is sad to see and read. Here are reversed the duties of manhood and chivalry, whose pride is the service of fair lady, whose *Ich dien* is a motto for a king’s heir. But light are the golden links of Cupid, the only bonds which captives fasten on themselves, the only chains which those who wear them desire to be more tightly riveted. ‘All hail,’ says the Spanish ballad, ‘to him who first forged love-chains, and good luck to him who added to their weight’ (Duran, iii. 144).

‘ Bien haya quien hizo cadenas de amor,  
Bien haya quien hizo cadenicas, cadenas!’

The romancero abounds with instances of devoted maidens who, disguised as pages, follow their lords through weal and woe, inseparable as the shadow which pursues the substance. The classical Spaniard Seneca has placed pretty nearly the sentiments of Lady Dalmeny's lovely creation in the mouth of his Phædra (*Hippol.* ii. 611) :—

‘ Me vel sororem, Hippolite, vel famulam voca :  
*Famulamque potius, omne servitium feram ;*  
 Non si per ignes ire et infesta agmina,  
 Cunctor paratis ensibus pectus dare ;  
 Te nunc jubere, me decet jussa exequi.’

This feeling pervades all ages and ranks, and descends from courts to humble life : witness the pretty ballad of *La Moza Gallega* (Duran, iii. 167), where the maid of the inn entreats the handsome stranger to allow her to follow him as his page—‘ *Lleva me contigo, servirte he de gracia.*’

Our Ladye not only volunteers to serve her Knight without reward, but offers to defray all his charges with her jewels and concealed gold. To hide treasure is an inveterate habit of the Spaniard, who likens his country and self to a *tesoro escondido*—a talent buried in a napkin. As in the East, where credit, confidence, and bankers are scarce, robbery and wars, foreign and domestic, frequent, this is the only safe mode of deposit, and such things actually took place at the siege of Cadiz. One instance must suffice :—‘ The citizens (says the worthy Padre) committed to the care of the dead what the living could not defend, and buried their gold and jewels under corpses.’ Their secret was betrayed by a French boy, nor have his countrymen ever forgotten the hint : the troops of Buonaparte prowled like ghouls among the Spanish graves ; they disturbed the dead, and either plundered the mouldering remains of the tokens left there by affection, or unplumbed the coffins to make missiles against the living.

At the sixth page the plot of the ballad thickens, and the revelation of the untoward fact in the Fens prepares us for the tragical catastrophe :—

‘ *Knight.* On the seas are many dangers,  
 Many storms do there arise,  
 Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
 And force teares from watery eyes.

‘ *Ladye.* Well in troth I shall endure extremie,  
 For I cold find in heart to lose my life for thee.

‘ *Knight.* Courteous Ladye, leave this fancy :  
 Here comes all that breeds this strife ;  
 I in England have already  
 A sweet woman to my wife.

I will

I will not falsify my vow for gold or gain,  
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.'

Lady Dalmeny's illustration, though beautiful as any of the rest, does not here meet our views: for it sets forth the actual embarkation of the Ladye, who is apparently welcomed by the Knight into a boat meant to convey them to a galley in the offing. She is supposed to be still ignorant of the existence of 'the married woman,' and ready to trust herself to the waves, the winds, and the stranger. Her passion has effectually subdued the regrets that fill the real Spanish ballads of the hostages taken from Cadiz on this occasion—such as (Duran, iii. 118.) 'Oh God of my land, deliver me from England, which is no place for me!'—

'Ay! Dios de mi tierra! saques me de aqui!  
Ay! que Inglaterra no es para mi!'

Anchors heaving, blue peters hoisting, true lovers departing, are indeed interesting in the Downs, and tempting to marine painters and poets; but the pictorial licence before us is scarcely admissible, seeing that it represents not what befel the Spanish Ladye, but only the vision of her many woefully disappointed dreams; and, in short, the scene, in the elegant drawing, can in nowise be reconciled with the ballad's authentic delineation of the conduct, under difficult circumstances, of this model of English husbands—who certainly mounted his boat as well as his galley quite by himself, leaving the pretty Maid of Cadiz to cry adieu and wave her lily hand from the shore—as became his regard for domestic ties and duties. It may be asked, indeed, why he did not name his marriage at first, and thus effectually put an end to the Ladye's solicitations; but what then would have become of the ballad—its progressive interest and affecting termination? Nay, little anticipating the fervour of Southern passion, he might have thought to put her off by raising ordinary obstacles, and appealing to her reason, to which, by the way, few Icelanders in love often listen. Be this as it may, the real Bolle remained true to his own wife as the dial is to the sun, although the ruling orb shone in another hemisphere. She was his polar star, by which he steered through perils of breakers and black eyes. He never forgot her last injunctions: 'Go where glory waits thee, but oh! remember me.'

The conduct of the Spanish beauty rises at every step: she gently replies to a communication fatal to all her hopes—

'*Ladye.* Oh how happy is that woman  
That enjoys so true a friend!  
Many happy days God send her!  
Of my suit I make an end;

On my knees I pardon crave for mine offence,

Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend



Commend me to thy lovely lady,  
 Bear to her this chain of gold,  
 And these bracelets as a token,  
 Grieving that I was so bold :  
 All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,  
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for mee.

I will spend my dayes in prayer,  
 Love and all his laws defye ;  
 In a nunnery I will shroud me,  
 Far from any companye ;  
 But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,  
 To pray for thee and for thy love, I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain,  
 Farewell too my heart's content ;  
 Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
 Though to thee my heart was bent :  
 Joy and true prosperitie goe still with thee !

' *Knight.* The like fall ever to thy share, fair Ladye.'

These stanzas, full of pathos and noble female character, could not fail to inspire our artist: she represents the heroine taking off her golden chain, with downcast eyes, which no longer venture to regard one who never could be her own. The Knight, earnest pity in his expression, holds in his hands a casket, while two Murillo-like cherubs hovering above bring the portrait of his absent wife to confirm and commend his constancy. The light hair and brilliant complexion of the Saxon spouse contrast with the dark daughter of Spain, and Lady Dalmeny's conception and execution are equally happy and poetical. The damsel's instantaneous cessation of importunity when the fatal obstacle was revealed, proves how honourable was her love, which, superior to every other difficulty, gave way at once to self-respect. Her ardent and candid affection was quite compatible with delicacy: thus Juliet and Miranda, patterns of their sex, loved at first sight their beauteous enemies, and listening unhesitatingly to the dictates of nature, flew like young doves to their mates. A simple, uneducated people truly appreciate love: the veil of the sanctuary has not been withdrawn from their frank and fresh hearts by learned physiologies and profligate novels, in which every feeling is anatomized and stuck up for dangerous study. Mysterious indeed is the modesty of the virgin, where a blush, the confession of guiltiness, ever mantles the quickest on the cheek of the most spotless innocence.

The English officer's acceptance of the jewels, which must be inferred from his making no objection in the ballad, and from Archdeacon Illingworth's investigations, is not satisfactory. Tested gold

gold and orient pearl should be showered by lover true on ladye fair: her gracious gifts are smiles. Such other tokens as these, offered by one who had loved even in a dream, could only suggest unpleasing ideas when presented to a wife by a husband on his return from a somewhat lengthened expedition. The true delicacy of Walter Scott, and his deeper knowledge of woman's heart, prompted him to avoid this false position in his *Ivanhoe*, where many incidents run parallel with this ballad: a difference of country and creed, a hopeless love for an engaged deliverer, a gift of jewels to a more fortunate rival, and the unhappy donor's farewell to the world. Rebecca never reveals her tale, nor is Rowena's confidence in her husband shaken, or her jealous pride offended, by a shadow of suspicion attached to the presents which are given to herself by the fair Jewess, who, as a woman, knew how to deal with one of her own sex.

The volume concludes with the nunnery. The forlorn sister, no longer decked in robes of price, kneels alone before the Virgin *de los desamparados*—the sole refuge in Spain of the unhappy, the deserted, and *unprotected*. Yearnings for the unspeakable solace of solitude, and a deep faith in the soothing power of religion, have, through many an age, filled the cloisters of Spain with the noblest and best of both sexes—alike eager, when the vanity of vanities has been found out, to fly from the tumult, glare, drought, and disappointment, as to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Those, however, who have abandoned the world when its pleasures have palled, and its hopes are exhausted—who have thought to atone for the sins of strong youth and manhood by offering the dregs of existence on the altar—can never excite that pity which this poor maiden of Cadiz must always inspire. ‘Bitter alike is it,’ said Anacreon, ‘to love and not to love, but bitterest of all is to love without return.’ her life was set on one cast, and her chance was hard. Gifted with a heart as warm as her spirit was pure, endowed with every capability of inspiring and tasting happiness—all, from no fault of her own, has proved a blank. He is gone to another's arms, and, as he departs, every link of her chain lengthens and becomes heavier to wear. Alas for those who are left behind, with no change of scene, no new events to distract old sorrows! to them there is no escape from sites infected with grief, and haunted with dreams of visionary happiness, and a waking reality of present misery. To such there is no comfort save prayer—no rest but in the grave. Her offence was involuntary; her atonement was the veil: and she that loved and wept much, was forgiven. The name of the Spanish Ladye is unknown—her tokens are scattered—her portrait, if anywhere, in some dark garret of Wardour Street—her  
very

very tale is nowhere more forgotten than in her own home; and she owes this memorial, and these flowers scattered on her cenotaph, to the graceful piety of a noble daughter of her captor's land :—

'So peaceful rests without a stone, a name,  
What once had beauty, title, wealth, and fame.  
By foreign hands thy humble grave's adorned,  
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.'

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ART. IV.—*Socratis Scholastici Ecclesiasticæ Historiæ Libri septem ex recensione Henrici Valesii. Oxonii. 1845.*

WE are indebted to the University press of Oxford for the reprint of this important contribution to ecclesiastical history. Socrates is justly entitled to a high estimation. Pursuing the narrative from the period with which Eusebius had closed, he especially applies himself to the varied fortunes of the Church of Constantinople. In that city he had been born and educated, and subsequently followed the legal profession, and was thus peculiarly qualified to record the events of which the capital had been the scene. It is not, however, our purpose to touch, in this article, on his ecclesiastical details, but to avail ourselves of detached facts which he presents in illustration of the domestic condition of the seat of the eastern empire. We do not wish to encroach on the province of the historian, whether secular or religious, but to present our readers with some sketches of the private life of Constantinople, such as it was in the first century of their capital and the fourth of the Christian era. That city abounds in matter of the deepest interest to all who speculate in the history of man; but few are aware of that domestic training and character of her citizens which hastened the ruin of the Eastern Church and Empire. Many circumstances on which we most desire information must be deduced rather from hints and allusions than from distinct statements, and we often have to pick from the venerable rebukes of the ancient pulpit orator and scriptural commentator, or from petty prohibitions in the Imperial Code, what we cannot collect from historians, who are either too concise, like Socrates, or too verbose and unphilosophical, like Eusebius.

The foundation of Byzantium is assigned to the third year of the 30th Olympiad, 657 B.C. Megara and Argos had the good fortune to share in the work, and long received all filial reverence from their illustrious colony. It subsequently fell into the hands of Darius, the Ionians, and Xerxes, and reclaimed its dubious freedom or dependence by the siege sustained from Pausanias and the Lacedæmonians. But perhaps he rendered a  
more

more important service by the increased population which he drew within its walls, and which entitled him to the designation of its second founder. In the rapid transfer of the supremacy from the Spartans to the Athenians, and from the Athenians to the Spartans, Byzantium apparently followed the tide of conquest, but really availed itself of the opportunity to vindicate its liberty. Those surpassing advantages of position which have attracted the cupidity of modern rulers could not escape the acute eye of Philip of Macedon. But Demosthenes was on the watch; and the liberation of the citizens from the siege which Philip waged against them was one of the proudest feats of which the great orator could boast.\* In due time the Byzantines yielded to the Roman yoke, and in return for their aid in the Mithridatic war, obtained the free usage of their ancient laws. Their gratitude and splendour drew forth the admiration of Cicero. '*Urbem Byzantiorum huic imperio fidelissimam fuisse, refertissimam atque ornatissimam signis, quis ignorat?*'†

The fame of the city continued unimpaired till the reign of Severus (A.D. 193), when it unfortunately sided with his rival Pescennius Niger; the result was the overthrow of the buildings, the privation of civic rights, and subjection for a time to the neighbouring town of Perinthus. At length the wrath of the conqueror yielded to compassion, or a wiser policy, and he commenced the repair of its ruins in the hope that it might still serve as a bulwark against the barbarians of Asia; yet the wrong of which he had repented did not deter Gallienus and his soldiers (A.D. 260) from inflicting even more cruel injuries; and these were consummated by the loss of 6000 citizens in the siege which it endured from Constantine himself (A.D. 323) when pursuing Licinius. Here was the close of trouble and subjection. In the very next year the city was preferred to be the future capital, and rapidly prepared for this high destination. But whatever were the natural advantages of the spot, and however skilfully Constantine laboured to improve and embellish his selected centre of government, there was an inherent degradation of morals in the inhabitants which threatened to develop in proportion with their increase. Their bravery had been proved in a long succession of wars, yet they had been always notorious for sensual vice and debauchery: the authority of the legislature had been impaired by this degeneracy of manners, and the pleasure of the citizens served as their most valid law. We are sorry not to have it in our power to dwell on these facts more minutely;—but must hasten to our proposed sketches, and enable our readers to form some judgment how far the Byzantines had improved, when at

\* Demost. *De Coronâ*, xxvii.

† *De Provinciis Consularibus*, iii. iv.  
the

the end of the fourth century they occupied the capital of Christendom,

In the present state of society, female life and character are sure indications of the domestic condition of a people; and this holds good with respect to the Constantinopolitans. The city was essentially Greek, and exhibited Grecian influence to a very preponderating degree;—yet the depreciation of females which prevailed in the *Historical* age of Greece was not transmitted to this great descendant of the Grecian race; in fact, not being properly an European principle, it never took root among the Romans; it could not co-exist with Christianity; and the influences of Christianity and of Rome were amalgamated in this new compound of Grecian civilization. Accordingly women have found a conspicuous place in the literature of the time. Our readers shall judge how far the portraiture is satisfactory; but we must premise that while our chief informant, St. Chrysostom, cannot surely be false, much of humble excellence might have escaped an eye that was ever scrutinizing the follies of the great; while his own pages show that there were individuals within his personal acquaintance who deserved even his highest commendation.

The personal charms of the ladies are described far more copiously than their mental gifts; indeed the latter seem to have been in general overlaid by the care bestowed on their outward adornments. Our readers will recollect how decidedly Aristotle\* tells us that *size* (μέγεθος) is one of the virtues of a woman; but this was not less a virtue in the times of which we are treating; and Gregory Nazianzen† forcibly rebukes a kinsman who depreciated his wife only because she was too small. This important particular being assumed, more specific claims were requisite for admission among the *belles* of the metropolis. The eyes must be full, dark, liquid, and rolling—the nose straight and exquisitely chiselled, with nostrils perfectly proportioned; the teeth of beautiful arrangement‡. Thus much was required from Nature; Art too was called upon. Painting the face and dyeing the eyes with stibium (ὑπογερρῇ ὀφθαλμῶν) were appliances that few women could resist. It required the utmost tact to induce one's wife to relinquish them. Should she be so addicted, says

\* Rhetoric, lib. i. 5.

† Greg. Nazianzen, epist. 155, edit. Morel, 1690.

‡ Chrysost. 1 Epist. ad Timotheum, cap. i. homil. 1. It is uncertain whether the *Families* on the Epistles to Timothy were delivered at Antioch or Constantinople. For our purpose the question is immaterial, as the general character of his discourses is similar at both places. The moral condition of these great cities was almost identical, and there is, perhaps, no matter of censure charged upon the one which is not also alleged against the other. Our quotations are all from the Paris reprint of the Benedictine edition, 1831—10.

Chrysostom,\* 'do not terrify her; do not threaten her; be persuasive and insinuating. Talk at her by reflecting on neighbours who do the same; tell her she appears less lovely when thus tampered with. Ask her if she wishes to look young, and assure her *this* is the quickest way to look old. Then finally come down upon her with the warnings of Scripture. You may speak once and again, and she is invincible; but never desist; be always amiable and bland, but still persevere. It is worth putting every engine into motion; if you succeed you will no more see lips stained with vermilion, a mouth like that of a bear reeking with gore, nor eyebrows blackened as from a sooty kettle, nor cheeks plastered like whited sepulchres.' Such is the Saint's exhortation. It shows that the dames of the eastern empire could at least make their independence recognised, and affords a striking contrast to the degraded state of their successors in modern times. It is curious too to remark how, under every change of circumstance, the fashion of painting the eyes has prevailed in these regions; and, indeed, with habits in many respects so dissimilar, their delicacy and pampered imbecility would have rendered them fit inhabitants of the hareem. Their early training was deplorably defective. Till the period of a very premature marriage, they lived in the deepest seclusion, and we scarcely discern a vestige of mental education. 'Whence comes it,' says Chrysostom,† 'that the sex is so effeminate, but from their method of rearing? it is the result of their seclusion, their idleness, their baths, their unguents, the infinity of their perfumes, and their downy couches.' A watch was set upon their chambers;‡ the approach even of relations was almost forbidden. It is to be feared that in childhood they rarely attended the worship of the Church; by boys§ we know it was commonly neglected. But no precautions could avail to prevent the bride from catching distant glances at her intended partner;—occasionally, from some lofty window, she peered after the unknown master of her happiness. This however was a felicity of which he seldom partook; the courtship was conducted on his behalf; he was too much intent upon the hippodrome to give himself to such business-like transactions. The affair was in the hands of his father and mother—and innumerable matchmakers ||—*προμνήστριαι* *πολλαὶ καὶ νυμφαγωγοὶ πολλοὶ*. The contract was properly made in the presence of ten¶ witnesses; and by a singular provision, if a wife\*\* brought a large dowry, the husband was expected to meet it with a certain amount, which, in the event of her early death,

\* Chrysost. in Matthæum, homil. xxx. tom. vii. 401.

† In Hebræos, homil. xxix. tom. xii. 392.

§ Idem in Psalmum xlviii. tom. v. 620.

¶ Codex Theol., lib. iii. tit. vii. tom. i. 280.

\*\* Chrysost., tom. iii. 261, *quales ducendæ uxores*,

† Chrysost., tom. iii. 235.

Idem, tom. iii. 381.

might be claimed by her relations,—a plausible method of preventing mercenary marriages, as many would fear to make shipwreck of their all on so uncertain a contingency.

The religious ceremony was performed a day before the civil contract. A bishop or priest joined the hands of the parties and pronounced a blessing; but at home,\* not in the presence of the Church. Unquestionably the proceedings of the following day could not have harmonized with any ecclesiastical rite. Our readers need only call to mind the nuptial festivities of pagan Greece, and they have a picture of those of Christian Constantinople. The seclusion of the bride for her whole previous life was frustrated in an hour. She came forth from her father's door in all the disfigurements of paint; and she who had scarcely known that a world existed, was first received into it by hosts of drunken and lascivious men—refuse slaves, vagabonds, prostitutes. The procession to the house of the bridegroom, always late in the evening, was attended by innumerable lamps and torches, and the bride was paraded through the agora to the sound of flutes and cymbals. Singers and dancers from the theatre were hired for the occasion. Every licence was given to the drunken revellers around, and her ears were accosted by songs of the foulest indecency and scurrility.† The marriage of a wealthy couple afforded something like a saturnalia to the reprobate idlers of the town. The 'happy couple' were 'at home' for a week after the ceremony. At this interesting epoch paint was not the only adventitious ornament in which the young lady appeared; she was arrayed in finery ransacked from all her friends. One furnished a dress, another a jewel, and a third some costly article of furniture. But at last the week expired, restitution must be made, and her youthful heart was to prove whether it could sustain the shock of such a separation. 'The bride will not take it to heart bitterly,' says Chrysostom, 'if she be kindly treated;‡ which looks as if honeymoons had sometimes been speedily overclouded. But in truth what she had gained was more than sufficient to compensate for the borrowed splendour which she lost. She had passed from the imprisoned seclusion of her youth to a freedom out of doors, and an authority at home, such as modern high life could scarcely exceed.

Her most becoming position was when she appeared in all the dignity of the housewife (*ἐν τῷ οἴκῳ*), with her maids in silence spinning at her side; but this is an exhibition of rare occurrence; far more frequently she is in tumult indoors or fashionable dissipation abroad. In one of her troubles she shared

\* Codex Theod., lib. iii. tit. vii., Gothofred's note.

† Chrysost. iv. 626.

‡ Ibid., xi. 176.

abundantly with modern mistresses; her servants were an everlasting grievance; and in the fourth century, the troops of them retained by the wealthy inhabitants of Constantinople seem to us almost incredible. It was natural that an inexperienced bride should be charmed by the multitude of her maidens, but she little knew what it entailed. As they were *property*, their bodily ailments were matter of ceaseless solicitude; but this would have been tolerable, and even things worse than this—the daily vexation in watching over the idle, controlling the mischievous, appeasing the quarrelsome, and correcting countless misdemeanours.\* Something still graver remains, and in such a swarm it was sure to occur; at least one would be beautiful. The husband might be truly faithful, but who could brook such a collision: here was the embarrassment of wealth; she must have multitudes of attendants, and it redounded to her fame that they should be handsome. In such a case it is not difficult to foresee the lengths to which unrestrained power and petulance might prompt her. Hear Chrysostom commenting on Ephesians,† chap. iv. v. 31, ‘Let all clamour be put away.’ ‘Above all things,’ says he, ‘let women hear this, for it treats of their habitual practice. When they are exasperated with their damsels the whole house re-echoes to the cry, and should the house adjoin the street, every passenger overhears the screaming mistress and the shrieking maid: “What can be the matter?” bursts from every mouth. “It is Mrs. So and So beating her maid.”’ (‘*Ἡ δεινὰ φησὶ, τὴν δούλην τύπτει τὴν αὐτῆς.*’) What,’ continues the preacher, ‘may she not beat her? I say not that, for she ought; but not continually, nor immoderately, nor for household trifles, nor for negligent service merely. But if she injures her own soul, then all men will approve and none condemn the beating.—Yes, if she will not improve, correct her with a rod and blows. And what am I to do if she paints?—Forbid it. What, if she is given to drinking, talking, and scandal?—Why, how many ladies are the same! But many a mistress is so savage as to scourge till one whole day cannot efface the stripes; and when the unhappy woman next appears in the bath, all this cruelty is disclosed. Now she is threatened with the dungeon; now assailed with ten thousand oaths and maledictions (*μυρία λοιδορησάμενη*); first she is a witch, and then a street-walker, and next a —: for in her foaming passion a mistress withholds no word of insult. She strips her and binds her to the bed-post, summons her children to the spectacle, and bids her dotard spouse act the part of executioner. Ought these things to happen in the

\* Chrysost. De Virginitate, tom. i. 395.

† In Epist. ad Ephes., cap. iv. homil. xv. tom. xi. 129.



houses of Christians? Why,' he concludes, 'why are you all ( $\pi\alpha\sigma\omega\iota$ ) blushing, or rather not all, but such as feel it applicable to themselves?' We fear that this picture is not much over coloured; the law had interposed to control the unlimited power of life and death, which masters could formerly exercise, but it had done nothing to repress such scenes as these. Constantine had published two edicts on the treatment of slaves, the first specifies the instrument of punishment which may be used with impunity by the master even though to death—namely, rods and whips; the second provides more explicitly for this event, and declares that the death of the slave is not to be attributed to unjustifiable usage when inflicted by these means, because the master must be supposed to intend his reformation.\*

These troops of females might be convenient at home, but abroad fashion required a retinue of eunuchs. The number of these unhappy creatures is inconceivable. Their character shall be given in the words of St Basil. 'Eunuchs are a dishonourable and abandoned race, neither men nor women, yet devoted to women, envious, mean, passionate, gluttonous, avaricious, cruel, inconstant, illiberal, grasping, insatiable, furious, and envious, }—yet they were as indispensable as the tall footmen of Grosvenor-square. 'In liveries decked with gold,' says Chrysostom, 'they must be in attendance on the mules of their mistress,' and once on the mules he sketches some scenes which have perhaps been paralleled elsewhere, even in modern days of Christianity. 'The husband has despatched the mules elsewhere—forthwith ensues peevishness—a quiver, a sullen fit, or perhaps she herself had forgot the engagements of the morning and carelessly let them go—not the less all the day long she is devoured with vexation. And besides, these same mules may turn lame, and both of them too, and they must be sent out to grass, and that year after year, and for weeks at a time.' She thought it an interminable age while she sat at home, as though she were in prison ( $\delta\epsilon\delta\epsilon\mu\epsilon\nu\eta$ ) and mused over the infinity of shopping for her children and herself, which awaited her liberation ( $\chi\rho\epsilon\iota\alpha\varsigma\ \kappa\alpha\lambda\upsilon\sigma\tau\epsilon\varsigma\ \alpha\nu\chi\eta\kappa\alpha\iota\varsigma$ ). She could not go out, though as the preacher rejoins, 'it would have been better to have walked than to have sulked at home—or why were feet given us?' But no—'she did not like to be jostled by the host of her acquaintance, that might excite a blush,' and he abruptly closes the debate by retorting that there might be far better reasons for her blushing at home.† Thrice happy was she, who

\* Codex Theod., lib. ix. tit. iii.

† Basilus *Epist.* cxi. tom. iii. 298, edit. Benedict, secunda, Paris, 1539.

† Chrysost. in Psal. iii. alviii. tom. v. 677.

yoked white mules to her carriage; even the empress could not be more fortunate. The harness\* must be all in keeping with a gilded collar and trappings of silver tissue. Exulting in such an equipage, she enjoyed no ride so much as that which conveyed her to the jeweller's. Her gems incessantly required to be reset; but the diffidence that forbade her walking through the streets happily subsided on entering his shop.† A ring or brooch might be stolen, if left in his hands, so she would sit and chat with him till the process was finished. His shop was the most sumptuous in the city—he was at once the goldsmith and the banker, as in the London of our own old dramatists.‡

Balls, marriages, and processions claimed indisputable possession of jewels, curls, and cosmetics; but nowhere was vanity so salient as where its empire was most resisted. Happen what might, the Thracian *belle* would parade all the resources of her toilette to church. Chrysostom might thunder through both her ears, but how could she attend while they were weighed down by pendants falling to her neck? 'Yes'—he exclaims, 'in one tip of her little ear § she will suspend a ring that might have paid for the food of ten thousand poor Christians!' She set forth, studded with gems, while her robe stood stiff with golden embroidery. Her waist || was *nimum lubricus aspicere*, and the fold of her mantle seemed set by the sylphs for conquest—(περιεργὴν ἀναβολὴν τοῦ φάρους, τοῦ χιτωνίσκου, ζωνὴν περιεργοτέραν,��ποδήματα ἀπληρτισμένα). Let the ill-natured preacher declaim as he list, 'I like it,' is her conclusive reply, 'and my heart swells while all admire;' and so at last the matrons were too strong for Chrysostom. This was sufficiently vexatious, but what if the like folly infected the *Virgins of the Church*, the Παρθέναι? And were the Virgins ever seen with golden ornaments or braided hair? 'No,' says the Saint, 'but they have become cunning in their simplicity; and this is worse and worse.'¶ It appears certain that they were not the forerunners of the *Sœurs de la Charité*: though it has been sometimes maliciously supposed that the mischievous spirits of this world dart temptation from the primness of a quakeress's bonnet, and fledge an arrow from the quiet folds of her tuckers, who, in these days, has impeached the singleness of heart in the poor *Sœur*, or doubted her deadness to the world's beguilements?

\* Chrysost. in Joannem, homil. xii. tom. viii. 77; et tom. iii. 212.

† In Psalmum xlviii. tom. v. 620.

‡ Sozomen, lib. vii. cap. iv., with Valesius's note.

§ Chrysost. in Matthæum, homil. lxxxix. tom. vii. 915.

|| In Epist. ad Timoth., cap. ii. homil. viii. tom. xi. 661.

¶ These Παρθέναι were, no doubt, the virgins called Ecclesiastical by Sozomen, viii. 23. Their names were inscribed in the roll of the church, but according to Bingham (book vii. chap. iv. sect. 1) they lived privately in their father's house, and had their maintenance from him, or, in cases of necessity, from the church.

But it was not so of old; the *virgins* had a garb; and Chrysostom roundly charges them with many a furtive design in assuming it. 'Their gown (χιτῶν) is of the deepest grey (σφοδρά κυανός): they are very short-waisted, and the girdle just below the breast performs its office with the closest assiduity (πολλῆς ἀκριβείας). Who can deny that it is more seductive than all the gaiety of silks? Then there are the shoes, refulgent with blacking (μέλαν), nicely acuminate to a point, the copy of no mortal foot, but of the beau idéal of the painter's art. Who can withdraw from that face which has never known paint, but glistens with perpetual soap? (ἀπονιπτῆς μετὰ πολλῆς τῆς ἀκριβείας καὶ τῆς σχολῆς). A veil whiter than the face hangs partially before it, and this again is contrasted with the black robe, in which she appears abroad, its hood just covering the summit of her head. But who shall decide the object of that veil, for from beneath it her eyes are seen to wander in ten thousand movements? Then the gloves cling so smoothly to the hands, that they look like another integument of nature; and last of all,' says the saintly preacher, 'are countless artful graces of carriage and deportment, such as entrance every eye, even though a dame all golden be riding by her side.'

Thus adorned, the fair of Constantinople pressed their way through the narrow streets to the fashionable preacher—or the fashionable doctrine. Their arrival, however, was not effected till they had been beset by many a victim of squalid want and disease. The portico of the church, by ancient custom and prescription, was thronged by objects of every variety of misery; nor had these sufferers flocked to the imperial city in ignorance of its artifices. Hideous as was their appearance, they could be courtly beggars. They implored the disdainful lady by the eyes of her son or daughter, or absent husband, or still more undeniably, by her own loveliness. 'Then the heart leaps, the colour glows, and the hand makes its offerings to CHARITY.\* Whether or no their supplications moved her, at any rate she withdrew her glove,† which was embroidered with gold, to dip her delicate fingers in the fountain that played before the church.‡

But for all this intrusion of vanity the church was not responsible. Every decorous arrangement was enforced, and truths were told, and rebukes administered, such as no modern audience could endure. Females were placed apart, generally on an elevation or gallery above the men, in the intention of preserving a more entire separation; but it was applied to the purposes

\* Chrysost., tom. iii. 345. Habentes eundem Spiritum.

† Idem in Psalmum, xlviii. tom. v. 616.

‡ Idem in Joannem, homil. lxxiv. tom. viii. 496.

of a more prominent display. In fact, the behaviour of both sexes in divine worship was most disgraceful. Our services among the most illiterate of our people contrast infinitely to their advantage with the court churches of the ancient metropolis. It is the just and frequent subject of invective at Antioch and Constantinople. 'The order of a household shames the disorder of the Church.' 'Here are the tumult and confusion of an inn, the laughter and hubbub of the bath and the agora.' The dress of many women exposed them to the worst suspicions, and Chrysostom declares his belief that no place was more available for assignations.\* Matters of trade were canvassed more freely than in the market. 'Yes; if you would abuse and be abused, talk of your families, your country, or your armies; go not to the courts or the doctors' shops (ιατρείον). Here you will obtain the truest intelligence; this is the exchange of all nations.' When the discourse was uninteresting, and, at any rate, during the prayers, the congregation sat and chatted; and sharp and witty repartees (αστρέιον τι) were circulated with success. Above all, we are told, this was the behaviour of the women. 'Here,' says Chrysostom, 'they show neither awe nor reserve: here *they* laugh always.†

It seems, then, that attendance at church was very much regarded as a matter of *fashion*: and with such degraded notions of worship it was natural that the preacher should be the all-important object of regard. If Chrysostom was to preach, there was sure to be a throng—always provided that there was no conflicting exhibition at the hippodrome—but if the audience assembled to hear him and he did not preach—if he had what is technically called 'a supply,' the whole church was convulsed. It was a compliment commonly paid to strange clergymen to request them to take part in the service where they happened to be sojourning. In compliance with this courteous custom Chrysostom called one day on 'our brother from Galatia,' a bishop, a man of graceful and hoary antiquity (λαμπράν πολιάν). Instantly the audience discharged upon him a volley of screams. They were famished for Chrysostom, 'for the tongue that cut, and lashed, and stung, and tortured them, like a child that has been whipped, and yet runs after his mother, and will not keep aloof, but weeping and whining still trails at her side.' On such occasions a tumult might ensue from withstanding the popular voice, and, no wonder that 'the brother from Galatia' was forced to descend. ‡

\* Idem in Epist. 1 ad Corinth., homil. xxxvi. tom. x. 398.

† Chrysost. in Epist. ad Hebræos, chap. ix. homil. xv. tom. xii. 223.

‡ Chrysost. homil., in illud, Pater meus usque modo operatur, etc., tom. xii. 528.

The excitable and giddy Greeks were as eager to express their admiration when the 'great preacher' moved them. He came, as he says, oftentimes with a rod, but it was the rod of an enchanter, and bursts of acclamation impeded his discourse. Very simply and affectingly he describes the effect of such applause. For the moment he felt as other men would feel (*ἀνθρώπινον τι πάσχω*). He exulted, and his spirits were buoyant within him; but when he reached the episcopal residence he reflected that the benefit of the discourse had evaporated in plaudits, and disappointment and lamentation were his solitary reward.\* Gentle and heretic indifferently hastened to hear him of the Golden Mouth. Whether led by curiosity or the desire of instruction, he captivated all, and vanquished the reason when unable to subdue the heart. The excessive throng compelled him to deviate from the usual practice of preaching from the steps of the altar. He was to be seen, worn, attenuated, and fallow,† *sitting* in the reader's desk, nearly in the centre of the church, while the people with open mouth caught up his words, insatiably longing for more, and pressed and crushed each other to imbibe more closely the spell of his eloquence.

The concourse being often such as we have described, it is not surprising that many withdrew lightened of their jewels. There was a certain class‡ of women who made it their business to purloin such articles from the church and the bath. The immense crowd rendered the recovery of property hopeless, and awful was the sequel of church-going. Slave-girls were scourged, and waiting-men confounded, and police and prisons in incessant requisition.§

The naming of the child was often an occasion of the most absurd superstition. The pious custom of antiquity, which had designed him for future piety by imposing the name of some saint or martyr, was nearly obsolete. It was customary|| to have a number of lamps lighted, and labelled with names acceptable to the parental ear. The infant was named after the lamp which longest protracted its light, this being deemed an omen of longevity. Then it was furnished with a multitude of charms and fascinations. Amulets, and bells, and crimson threads were put into its hand, whereas Chrysostom would admit the symbol of the cross as the only defence. The power of the evil eye and the appliances of witchcraft were anxiously counteracted. Nurses and maids took the mud out of the bath, and with their fingers besmeared it over the fore-

\* Chrysost. in Acta Apostolorum, homil. xxx. tom. ix. 263.

† Sozomen, lib. viii. cap. v.

‡ Chrysost., De Virginitate, tom. i. 391.

§ Chrysost. in Matthæum, homil. lxxxix., tom. viii. 945, 946.

|| Chrysost. in Epist. I ad Corinth., homil. xii. tom. x. 125.

head of the child. This was deemed of potent efficacy. Another equally favoured (*μεγάλης φυλακής*) was the use of texts from the Gospels, suspended like the Roman *bullæ* from the neck.\* But with all this precaution against visionary dangers, those which were real and momentous were disregarded. Children were surrounded by troops of servants of the vilest character; and so familiarised to songs which Chrysostom, anticipating Southey, terms *Satanic*. Parents were too ignorant of Scripture to be capable of imparting it to their children. Many of them did not know of the existence of such a book as the Acts of the Apostles.† The father deemed his duty fulfilled when he had provided his son with a *pedagogus*, who was intrusted with the charge of him at home, and attended him to the school: but this person was too often engaged without any consideration of the important trust committed to him. Boys frequented the public spectacles, but their attendance at church was never enforced: when it occurred it was accidental, or dictated by curiosity. They were gaily dressed, and early indulged in that master vanity of shoes, of which we shall see more when we come to their manhood. Oftentimes they appeared in showy robes, and with an abundance of golden ornaments and bracelets. School-life, *i. e.* at a day-school, began very soon, even before the fifth year. As soon as spelling and reading were achieved, the instruction seems to have been chiefly derived from the recitation of passages of approved authors, with a special regard to a proper enunciation and declamation. Boys commonly attended these day-schools till towards their fifteenth year.‡ and here, in addition to their grammar learning, they received the rudiments of geometry, with writing and arithmetic. From that age, something of a professional or university education commenced; and youths of wealth and family passed through a very extensive *curriculum*. For example, Nazianzen tells us that he and his friend St. Basil, having finished their earlier studies, repaired first to Cæsarea in Palestine, which he calls a 'metropolis of literature;' then went through a course at Constantinople.§ 'the capital of the East, renowned for the most consummate sophists and philosophers;' and finally distinguished themselves in the schools of Athens.

When we speak of the academic course of any city of antiquity, our readers must not expect to find it the counterpart of that in our old English universities. These are not lecture-rooms or theatres for disputation and display. Their main design is not to

\* Chrysost. in *populum Antiochenum*, homil. xix. tom. ii. 232.

† Chrysost. in *Acta Apostolorum*, tom. ix. p. 1.

‡ Codex Theodosianus, lib. ii. tit. viii., with Gothofred's note.

§ Gregory Nazian. *Orat. Vicesimo, eis βασιλειαν Επισκοπον*, tom. i. p. 325, Morel, 1690.

impart a certain amount of cleverness and mental furniture; but they are alike the copy and the mould of English character: they aspire to form the whole man; to take living stones out of the quarry of human nature, and fashion and chisel them into the symmetry of their own beautiful erections. This is the aim of our venerated universities; they would concentrate the hereditary influences of English life on each successive generation of our youth, and perpetuate that depth of moral and national feeling which, in spite of all sinister efforts, will, we hope, continue to distinguish us. At Constantinople, as in most foreign countries now, and in Scotland, a number of lecture-rooms formed the whole visible establishment. A rescript, dated A.D. 425, informs us of the whole *matériel* of the institution. The number and immunities of professors having been already partially defined by Constantine, Theodosius in this edict assigns them various auditoria or exedrae, such as we may call lecture-rooms. In imitation of the Roman Capitol with its numerous porticos, where poets of old recited their compositions, he establishes his academy in the capitol of Constantinople. Here stood eight porticos, and contiguous to them were the exedrae, large buildings, usually admitting a free current of air, and the walls decorated with the embellishments of the dramatic muse. The only furniture consisted of seats and a rostrum for the lecturer. They nearly resembled the chapter-houses of our cathedrals, which are attached to the sides of the cloisters just as the exedrae to the porticos. One such exedra was *appropriated* to each professor; the reason assigned being, that neither pupils nor masters may raise disturbances against each other (*sibi invicem obstrepere*), nor the confusion of tongues divert their minds from study. Till the year A.D. 425 there were only six professors of the three faculties, grammar, rhetoric, and law. Of these, two were confined to the grammatical studies of the Greek and one to the Latin language, two professors were employed in rhetoric or sophistry, and one in law. This establishment, however, being totally insufficient for so popular a resort, many private teachers of repute were attended by large numbers of pupils at their own apartments, or even in public places. But the practice was open to grave objections. The irregulars were generally pagans, and likely to exercise a very injurious influence on their youthful auditors. To counteract this evil, Theodosius confined the irregular teachers to private work; and largely increased the number of the public professors. The requisite qualifications of a professor were, under his edict, a blameless moral character, experience in teaching, facility of address, a flowing eloquence, and *subtlety of interpretation!* But by whom were these diversified claims

claims to be examined? Who had the honour or misfortune to sit in judgment on the various candidates? The wording of the law seems to intimate that the examination as well as the appointment took place in the senate, a case in which we might sympathize equally with candidates and judges. We question whether the literati of a later age would willingly submit their merits to an assembly far more illustrious than the senate of Theodosius. How appalling would be the embarrassments of an aspirant in jurisprudence who had all the ex-chancellors of England and Ireland to debate and decide on his deserts! Or where could a misbegotten sophist flee to hide himself, with the Archbishop of Dublin on one side of him, and the Bishop of St. David's on the other? Gothofredus\* is so touched with pity for the peril of their situation, that he proposes a correction of the text to facilitate their escape. He supposes the merits of candidates were examined by the body of professors, and that the senate only approved of the recommendation which these had given. However this may have been, candidates and critics seem to have been very fairly matched, and many an aspirant was approved at Constantinople, on whom an indignant 'non habilis' would have been pronounced in England.

The number was now raised to thirty-one. Of these, the Latin language and eloquence engrossed ten grammarians and three orators, while the same number of grammarians and five sophists illustrated the Greek.† 'But since we would not have our noble youth trained exclusively in these attainments, we associate with the above-mentioned masters more profound teachers of science and learning.' 'The provision is most scanty,—'Let one professor explore the arcana of philosophy, and two reveal the formulæ of law.' The duties of most of these teachers are easily intelligible, but the precise functions of the sophist, orator, or professed rhetorical disputant, cannot be so clearly assigned. Endless volubility and infinite assumption had distinguished the race from the days of Plato; but we may well ask what was its object or profit in matters of education? A training under such masters could not but be most detrimental to the young. We may discern its effects in some whose talents and sensibility might have been expected to offer the best resistance. No where is it more apparent, or more to be deplored, than in the case of Gregory Nazianzen. He had received the best education that three illustrious universities could afford. But while imbibing much that was beneficial, he did not escape the rhetorical excesses of the time, and thus impairs the effect of that endearing tenderness of feeling which is

\* Codex Theod., lib. vi. tit. xxi. i., with the note.

† Codex Theod., lib. xiv. tit. ix. 3.



his great charm. Such being the result with men of real genius, it is easy to guess how intolerable the evil must have become in the case of feeble spirits. The spurious homilies attached to the Benedictine edition of St. Chrysostom, give abundant testimony to the miserable degradation of the public taste.

It was the misfortune of the time that the more abstruse and invigorating studies were held in disrepute or suspicion. Thus Gregory tells us that St. Basil, while at Athens, studied "arithmetic, astronomy, and geometry so far as not to be confounded by the empty pretences of their professors, but rejected every thing beyond, as being useless to the disciples of Christianity. In short, he was not less worthy of admiration for his neglect of some branches than for his cultivation of others."\* These studies had, indeed, become so subservient to the purposes of Astrology and Divination that their proper office was overlooked, and while pursuing them, a Christian was perpetually in danger of deviating to forbidden ground.

The logic of Aristotle might in a measure have supplied their place, as a process of mental training, had it not been too frequently perverted to a method of chicane. It was communicated to ordinary students through a variety of systems and compendia. Of one such work Themistius was the author, and from his statement it appears that such dilutions were indispensable. He tells us that though the deeper writings of the great philosopher were everywhere to be had, they were generally unintelligible, and that his meaning seemed intrenched within more fortifications than the palace at Ecbatana.† In ethical studies, which had not yet ceased to be a branch of education, he shared the empire with Plato; but the flowing eloquence of the latter rendered him the more popular authority.

Legal instruction was no where better than at Constantinople, excepting at the celebrated Berytus. A youth intended for the law would have received but a deficient education who had not taken them in succession. In the same way, a residence at Alexandria was requisite to perfect a medical student. Indeed, whatever were the actual amount of knowledge imparted, there was no lack of time or labour, or journeying, to procure it. At court one of the readiest methods to promotion was a thorough acquaintance with the Latin language and literature,‡ and this was accordingly a subject of much parental anxiety. A son intended for public life

\* Gregory Nazianz, *Orat. Vices.*, p. 333, and still more observably in the case of Casarius the physician, *Orat. Decima*, p. 163, Moeil.

† Themistius, *Orat. xxvi.*, where he refers to the well known account of Herodotus, lib. i. cap. 98.

‡ Chrysostom. *adversus oppugnatōres Vitæ Monasticæ*, tom. i. 103.

would therefore be despatched on an early visit to the university of Rome. In the century of which we are treating, its system had been revised by the Emperor Valentinian (A.D. 376), and his edict throws much light on the general course of academical life at the time. The student was required to bring with him a letter of introduction from the governor of his province stating his birthplace, parentage and rank. On his arrival this letter was presented to the Master of the Census, a police magistrate, under the *Præfectus Urbis*, who exercised something of a proctorial authority. In his presence the youth *professed* or announced, the course of study which he intended to pursue. His lodgings, or place of residence, must be signified to the same authority, 'that his diligent attention to his studies might be readily ascertained.' The same inspection extended to his general habits and associations, particularly that he did not too much frequent public amusements or disorderly parties. A resolute offender 'whose conduct proved unworthy of the liberal arts,' was subject to very summary treatment: he is to be 'publicly whipped,' put on board ship, and dismissed to his friends. This will remind the reader of the ancient discipline in our own universities, and, as in the latter case, the age of the undergraduates accounts for the corporal punishment. The fifteenth year was commonly the period of matriculation alike in the East and the West, and the twentieth closed the course. Should the student delay returning home at this time, the præfect of the city was responsible for dismissing him. The same officer was to see that his subordinates instituted an examination monthly into the conduct of the youths, and the reports were to be transmitted to the Emperor at the end of each year, 'that We may ascertain,' as the Edict says, 'the respective merits and pursuits of the pupils, and whether they can be made available for Our service.'\*

While Rome had her peculiar claims as being the capital of the Latin world, and the fountain of Latin literature, Athens retained unimpaired the distinction of ancient repute. Thither all nations congregated, from Gaul to Armenia. In such a motley assemblage discipline was of difficult enforcement. Sedateness had never been the characteristic of the Grecian race, and we can readily believe that the streets of Athens vindicated too often their *classical* licentiousness. A thoroughly undergraduate scene has been preserved to us, where we should scarcely look for it, in Gregory Nazianzen's beautiful oration on St Basil. The same attained at other universities had preceded Basil, and his arrival

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\* Codex Theodosianus, lib. xiv. tit. 12. 1, with Gothofred's note.

at Athens was hailed with the highest expectation. Hence for him, and almost for him alone, the usual opening of *Freshman* life assuaged. Gregory says that he relates it as an *ἡδυσμα* narrative. For ourselves, we doubt whether it may not excite to thoughts of pensiveness rather than of amusement, as we recall the vivid scenes of youthful eagerness and merriment which long ages have consigned to the paralyzing stillness of death.

Most of the youth of the university, says Gregory, were mad after the sophists (*σοφιστομάχουσιν*); not only the mean and low-born, but some even of its noblest scholars. 'The spectators of a race could not be more anxious for a favourite charioteer, than they for the popularity of their respective professors.' The Freshman had been accustomed to discipline and subordination at Constantinople: there he and his master set peaceably to work—but awful was the reverse when he landed at the Piræus. With portmanteaus and carpet-bags (*στρωματόδεσμοι*) in attendance behind, he threaded his way towards the renowned Athens. And lucky was he who found some friend or fellow-countryman there to receive and protect him. If not, he was hurried away, *volens volens*, by some bustling irresistible 'touter' for the sophists. 'This was a creature endeared to the professor by countless profitable, wheedling artifices, and teeming with sophistic bait (*περιττος τὰ σοφιστικά*). But to whatever 'touter' he yielded, he must stand the usual ordeal among the already established 'men of Athens.' He would be accosted by an inheritor of the true *Ἀττικὸν βλέπος*—that concrete of impudence—with some crafty enigma; and while hopelessly floundering after a solution, he was overwhelmed by troops of undergraduates thickening around; 'then came multitudinous questions pelting upon him, some vastly impertinent, others a little like logic, but all designed to try his mettle.' The new comer, having at length been badgered to satiety, was conducted in triumph through the agora, and so to the bath. In double file they accompanied him to the door, shouting and leaping like so many Bacchanals. Here he was ordered to stop, on pretence that the doors were bolted, when a terrific thumping and battery commenced. At length the door gave way, and his admission was the symbol of his being a duly qualified member of the great academy of the world. Such was undergraduate initiation to all save St. Basil—whose already brilliant fame had procured him an exemption from the ruder portions of the ceremonial.

The fatal attachment to merely oratorical display perverted the whole course of education: sterling knowledge was not its object, but skill in captious or florid discourse; hence youths of celebrity,  
even

even though grave as Basil, were always liable to interruption in their pursuits by teasing and frivolous argumentation.\* Athens contained many influences which worked injuriously on young minds; and we can readily believe Gregory when he says that it was very hostile to early piety. All the resources of Grecian art had filled the city with idols, and the susceptibility for such objects produced countless admirers and worshippers; yet it is gratifying to find that he and Basil were far from being the only youths who were deeply imbued with higher principles. There was a society such as he could designate as 'most temperate, peaceable, and profitable,' united not by the ties of family, or country, but by the great reality of the Christian life, congenial dispositions, and the charms of ennobling study. The severance of such warm friendships and academic pleasures is a trial of frequent recurrence, yet rarely has it been described with more simple beauty than in the language of St. Gregory:—'The day of our departure and all the circumstances of departure arrived—the farewell words, the attendance to our ship, the last messages, the lamentations, embraces, tears. Nothing is so painful as for friends to be severed from Athens and each other (*τεμνεσθαι*). Our companions and some of the professors surrounded us, and entreated that we would desist from our design: with Basil it was ineffectual, for he departed; while I, who felt cut asunder by the separation, speedily followed him.' Here, then, closed the period of academic study: the world could add nothing further to the cultivation of Athens; there were no foreign languages to be acquired, no foreign countries to be visited, rich in primeval art and historic fame. To that generation Greece and Rome were still living worlds: no lapse of time, no crash of nations, had as yet severed their identity; what was not theirs was an outcast from the gifts of civilization, and beyond the limits of an enlightened curiosity.

The more promising and fortunate youth were yearly demanded for the service of the state. They were drafted off into innumerable public functions, but under few of the conditions that would qualify their hearts and minds for the proper discharge of them. It is not for us to enter on a field that belongs more properly to the great historian of the era. We only touch on the bye-scenes of life, not on its political development; but even in these bye-scenes we can never lose sight of emperors and their edicts. Were our reader to turn over the Theodosian Code, and see how it brings home the imperial authority even to the meanest tradesman in the vast extent of the empire, we are persuaded he would instinctively revert with thankfulness to our humble citizens of England, secure in the wide inviolability of their prescriptive rights. Nothing was too great or too small to come within its

coercive

coercive or patronizing appointments, Lieutenants of provinces and lords of the bedchamber, doctors, architects, millers, and ten thousand more, all too *en famille*—with their wives and children—had their appropriate niche in the imperial repository. Nobles we relinquish to the historian, but a few notices of the middle classes may not be unacceptable.

We will begin with the medical profession, as it is that of which we can speak most honourably. It is gratifying to perceive that the estimation of the Physician had been advancing for some centuries. The privileges which he enjoyed under the Greek empire were indeed little more than had been conferred on him by Augustus, but in the lapse of time they had gained increased confirmation and effect. Some peculiar exemptions marked the sense entertained of the importance and dignity of the *Ἱατροποιῶται*, the theoretical teachers and lecturers of the healing art. Among the active practitioners first stand the *Ἀρχιῆτροι* or *Arch-healers*: of whom those employed immediately about the court were not infrequently rewarded with a title of nobility—*Comites primi ordinis*. They were even honoured with senatorial dignity, and that without any of the burdens usually attendant on it; nay, the government of provinces was in some cases deemed compatible with their vocation.\* Others, also termed *Ἀρχιῆτροι*, watched over the health of the different sections of the city. One such doctor was attached to each division of the capital. The election was made by his coadjutors, but must be confirmed by the emperor. A salary was paid by the prefect of the city, in order that there might be no excuse for neglect of the poor. There is an odd provision, too, that in their general practice these public officers shall only receive such fees as the convalescent deem merited, not those which patients offer during the alarm of their sickness. The system of guinea in hand had not, it seems, been introduced.

A very pleasing sketch of medical character in the fourth century is delivered to us by Gregory Nazianzen,† in his Oration in memory of his brother Cæsarius. In common with other medical students of his time, he had received his professional education at Alexandria, and under circumstances of advantage such as we fear our students too often forego. ‘Alexandria,’ says Gregory, ‘seemed what it was, and is, a great manufactory of education. And here, what point of merit can I omit in my brother’s career? Who was more faithful to his instructors—who more beloved by his equals—who more averse from the friendship and association

\* *Codex Theodos.*, lib. xiii. tit. iii. cap. iv.

† *Greg. Nazianz.*, *Orat.* x. p. 163, Morel.

of the vicious. In so vast a city individuals were lost in the throng; yet his virtues gained the admiration of all ranks. While profoundly investigating the whole theory of his art, he yet acquainted himself most accurately with each of its practical branches.\* But beside all this, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy engaged his attention, 'so far,' says Gregory, 'as was profitable;' where it will be observed that he refers, as in the case of St. Basil, to the perversion of these sciences to astrological quackeries. Ancient education, however deficient in depth and solidity, attempted at least to bring every variety of knowledge to the aid of him who undertook any one of the great professions. Lucian scarcely caricatures the spirit of his age when he announces that an accomplished dancer must possess all the arts and sciences save logic, and history at least from Chaos down to Cleopatra.† Vitruvius is hardly more merciful in his demands on the youthful architect: he, too, must be master of all that art, and science, and history can unfold; but withal, he must profit by a nice compound of moral philosophy, where the *utile* and *honestum* are to be blended after the best principles of Paley; and finally law, physics, and astronomy must lend their aid to the completion of this architectural scaffold.‡ But we have digressed from Cæsarius, whose patients, no doubt, set most estimation on his unrivalled diagnosis. On the completion of their education, and by a happy concurrence, he from Alexandria, and Gregory from Athens, arrived at the same time in Constantinople: Here his skill and reputation speedily raised him to a noble marriage and the senatorial dignity. The senate interposed its influence with Constantius, that so valuable a person might be retained in the city; but affection for his aged and absent parents induced him for a season to quit its brilliant prospects. After some interval he returned, but the wealth which he had now acquired rendered the profits of his profession immaterial, and he exercised it henceforth gratuitously. From the expressions employed, we may suppose that he did not confine himself to the practice of his art, but farther communicated it by lecture. Named one of the Archiatri of the palace, he exhibited what is to us the strange conjunction of a court physician and a high political functionary. But in the midst of his honours, and of an heretical or apostate court, the purity of his Christian profession remained unsullied. With him, Julian changed his tone of sarcasm and authority, while vainly attempting to embarrass his faith by all the artifices of logic. At last, in an emotion of feeling to which his

\* Lucian, *De Saltatione*, tom. v. p. 146, edit. Bipont

† Vitruvius, lib. i. cap. vi.

sardonic nature was rarely stirred, he exclaimed, in respect to the parentage and brotherhood of Cæsarius and Gregory, 'O happy father! O unhappy sons!' After the death of Julian the fortunate doctor was nominated to the quæstorship of Bithynia; and still higher stations might have been his, had his life been prolonged. On the whole it is clear that the medical profession had attained a far higher estimation than in the earlier periods of classical history. Its position seems to have been nearly what it is at this day in England. The main difference consisted in its eligibility for civil offices, which we deem incompatible with the prosecution of so laborious a vocation. Yet methods of cure were sometimes resorted to by the faculty which we presume its modern representatives would not desire to revive. Chrysostom tells us that such as had to deal with refractory patients beguiled them to their nauseous drugs by frequent kisses! \* What is worse, incantations were muttered over the fever or the sore, and amulets affixed to the disordered member.† Absurd as we deem such expedients, they were too grave a matter for ridicule in the fourth century, when sufferers were importunate, friends urged their efficacy, and eloquent preachers assailed them, not as child's play, but as the unlawful machinery of Satan. The same invalid, it appears, would request the prayers of the congregation on Sunday, as among ourselves, and during the week have recourse to the silliest tricks of the old superstition.

As the legal calling diverged into every office of government, and mingled in all the dealings of mankind, it was even provided that the academical training for it should be considerably longer than for other professions. Elsewhere, the ordinary course, as we have seen, closed on a student's attaining his twentieth year, but it was not supposed that any one could have imbibed all the learning of Berytus till five more years had supervened.‡ This same Berytus, the Beyrout of Commodore Napier, and the metropolis of ancient law, was only a provincial town, and so far subordinate to Tyre, the capital of the district of Phœnice. It abounded not only in law, but also in merchandize, as innumerable traders were attracted thither by the same and plenty of the Tyrian purple. Still more ominously it had been the favourite scene of gladiatorial shows.§ Strange—that incipient law should so early have steeled itself to cruelty and death, and rehearsed its destined functions amongst the pains and callousness of mankind. Constantine desired to soften the legal heart, even from its cradle,

\* Chrysost. ad Pop. Antioch, homil. iii. tom. ii. p. 50.

† Idem. Adversus Judæos, homil. viii. tom. i. 838.

‡ Codex Theodos., lib. xi. tit. i. xix. Gothofred's note. § Idem, lib. xv. tit. xii. and

and hence his celebrated edict against such exhibitions was first promulgated at Berytus. That decree was not to be slighted, and henceforth the humanized *Templars* could only solace their hours of leisure with the circus and the theatre. Under such numerous patronage, these resorts soon obtained high celebrity in the Syrian world. But the students of Berytus minded other things as well as their Epsom and Taglioni. An old writer calls it a city 'valde delitiosa,' and says that in its lecture-rooms all the *causes célèbres* of the Roman world were revived and elucidated with the happiest skill and effect. Hence learned practitioners were despatched to act as assessors to the rulers of provinces, and this was one of the main employments into which the innumerable advocates were draughted: for these rulers, like some governors of our foreign settlements, were taken indiscriminately from any preceding station, and being ignorant of the law which they were called to administer, would have been helpless but for the directing subordinate at their elbow. Natives of the province were incapable of the office, and Berytus was the copious source whence all these rills of law were derived.

In A.D. 333 Constantine issued the following proclamation:— 'We need a great number of architects, and we have them not; therefore, let your Sublimity (the Ruler of the Province of Africa) excite to the study youths about eighteen years of age, who have tasted a liberal education.' The date of this edict indicates the earnestness with which Constantine watched over his rising capital, and provided for its equipment with every professional advantage. The inducements which it offers are, that 'they and their parents shall be exempt from the burdens to which they are otherwise liable, and a competent salary shall be given to their teachers.'\* This was followed by enactments, from himself and Constantius, granting *personal* immunities to every class of engineers, surveyors, builders, and mechanics. As the works of the city were in progress for many years, and must have employed a very numerous population, important effects could not fail to result on the morals and habits of the place.

The classes on whom we have made these cursory notes constituted a large proportion of the middle ranks of the lay community. It would be interesting if we could discriminate the varieties of character which distinguished them from those born to wealth and high rank; but it is rather to be feared that they were ever aiming at an assimilation not worthy of attainment, seldom attained, and implying a miserable fret of temper—the standing curse of

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\* Codex Theodos., lib. xiii. tit. iv. i. ii. iii., with Gothofred's notes.



mean ambition. There have been days when the great middle class of England lived within the simplicity for which Providence designed it; 'et propria pelle quievit'; but may we not apprehend among ourselves what occurred at Constantinople, the arrival of a period when such acquiescence will be exchanged for an universal mimicry of wealth and nobility?

— 'Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru  
Non minus ignotos generosis.'

2. But we must consider for a moment the case of a young citizen just returned from his university education, and starting in life in that great metropolis. What shall he do first? 'Marry,' says St. Chrysostom. 'Heaven forbid!' ejaculate the fathers and mothers of England. But the saint, in the state of that age, had many weighty arguments to urge for his advice. 'As soon as your son has grown up, before he enters the army or any other profession, take measures for his marriage. If he sees that you mean speedily to provide him with a wife, he may remain within the bounds of morality; but if he finds you bent on waiting till he can maintain a handsome establishment, he despairs of marriage and virtue. He must wait, you reply, till he has gained a standing in life, and becomes known! And so you have no regard for his spiritual welfare, but consign it to destruction in your pitiable subjection to the tyranny of wealth.\* We will not touch on the moral suggestions of the saint; but the fact is, that early marriages and redundant population were not among the anxieties with which the economists of those days had to contend. So far from a numerous family being dreaded, it was still encouraged by the favour of the old Roman laws. Constantine had given them his sanction by a decree, A.D. 324,† by which a father of five children was exempted from all personal service to the state, provided he would give one of his sons in its behalf. Next came Julian with a wonderful law, which will defy the Malthusians of all generations. Let a man be father to thirteen, and then farewell to trouble. 'No more shall he be summoned to the Cæria: let him henceforth enjoy the most honourable repose (honoratissima quiete donetur).‡ This law throws Gothofredus into violent indignation: 'Why should the begetting of thirteen children secure to any man this halcyon tranquillity?' Constantine had been most anxious to have his capital frequented. He summoned senators from Rome, and if we may attach a specific sense to Eusebius's vague expression, he drained other cities in its behalf: 'dedicatur pœne omnium urbium nuditate.' And yet its

\* Chrysost. in Epist. 1 ad Thessal., cap. iv. homil. v. Idem, in Matthæum, homil. lix. tom. vii. 680.

† Codex Theodos., lib. xii. tit. xvii. l.

‡ Idem, lib. xii. tit. i. sec. lv.

population never became considerable when compared with the old Rome, or London, or even Paris. By far the larger part of the inhabitants were Christians, and these were not estimated by St. Chrysostom at more than one hundred thousand.\* No wonder then that even the emperors who patronised the rising system of monastic seclusion, perceived the prudence of encouraging those who remained in the active world, to attend to the cares of marriage and offspring.

But let us hear the great preacher on parents who were willing that their sons should marry. 'You are not anxious,' says Chrysostom, 'for the virtue of your son, but for his wealth. Yet beware! Even without a dowry women abound with pride, and are prone to vain glory; but with such an accession, how are they to be borne? The object of marriage is not to fill our houses with war and battle (*πολεμου και μεχης*)—and yet how many, after contracting rich alliances, have daily quarrels over their table! Your own servants too indulge in very free remarks on the fortunes of master and mistress:—"Look at him; he was a beggar once, with scarcely a rag to cover him; he and his parents were the scum of the earth; my mistress has all the money." Though you hear this, it does not affect you, because you have not the soul of a gentleman. I (concludes the primate) would rather be a pauper ten thousand times over than be enriched by a wife.' A few other remarks too are of general application. 'Husband and wife must not be quick in suspecting each other.' 'It is very true that he spends all the day with his friends, and only comes home at a late hour [*qu.* an early one!]; if she be wise, she will not notice it; but if she does, he must not resent her complaints.' Again, 'Husband and wife should by no means intrude on each other's province in the management of the servants. She must have the whole sway of the maids, and he of the men.'† But sometimes untoward scenes would occur, against which it was difficult to provide.‡ The saint gives us this specimen of a curtain-lecture—one worthy of Mrs. Caudle:—"Look at neighbour So and So!"—(*ὁ δεινὰ ταπεινὸς καὶ ἐκ ταπεινῶν*)—he is a low fellow, and his parents were nobodies. But he is ready for any thing, and bustles about the world, and has made his fortune. That is the reason that his wife is covered with gold, and drives white mules to her carriage, and goes where she likes, with neat handmaidens, and troops of eunuchs in her train. And you, you coward, you poltroon, *ἄναρδε καὶ δειλὲ*, you sleepy hunks, you crouch in your cell—oh! unhappy woman that I am!" 'A wife,' says the saint, 'should not

\* Chrysostom, in Acta Apostolorum, homil. xi. tom. 3. 108.

† Quales ducendæ sint Uxores, iii. tom. iii. 261.

‡ Idem, in Epist. ad Ephes., cap. v. homil. xx. tom. xi. 173.

speak thus; yet if she persists, her husband must not beat her, but smooth her down, considering that she is rather flustered.'

With these and many other Archiepiscopal precepts for his guidance, a young man might think of marrying. The next difficulty to be got over respects a house. A residence fit for a gentleman must not stand in a row. It must be a *rus in urbe*—furnished with a peristyle or cloister, with a fountain playing in the midst, and the area should be planted with delicate shrubs and flowers waving in the wind. Here and there, too, the eye must be attracted by vistas terminating in some rich monument of ancient art.\* In a respectable house, the lofty chambers must be supported by pillars and pilasters, dazzling with gilded capitals, the walls inlaid with marble, the floors variegated with tessellated pavements. But we need not dwell on such things—for it does not appear that as to them there was much difference between Constantinople and the elder seats of Greek and Roman luxury. The display of gold and silver seems, however, to have been quite enormous, and one application of the precious metals stirs especially the wrath of St. Chrysostom. 'This is the fashion of the silver *ἀμίδες*, which we may suppose he could not inspect the shops in the Agora without being aware of, and on which he descants with a freedom to modern ears somewhat astounding:—'I see that you are aghast at my reproof, and aghast you ought to be. It is indecency, and inhumanity, and barbarity. I fear that in the process of their madness, women will become monsters. Yes, if it were not for shame, they would have their hair, their lips, their eyebrows of gold. Alas, that they cannot imitate the king of Persia's beard, and have such an appendage decked with gold leaf. I tell you, if you persist in such conduct, I will drive you from the sacred threshold.'†—To ascend a little from these delicate minutiae—the few that were book fanciers prided themselves on the fine texture of the paper,‡ the beauty of the letters, and the golden illuminations. The happy invention of illustrated bibles and prayer-books must be ascribed to Constantinople.

Though their rooms were crammed with objects of show and *virtu*, the gentry were not addicted to much private gaiety. Their passion was for the circus and the hippodrome, and a showy ride through the agora. Indeed, company at home must have been a very dull affair when the younger branches were

\* A long list of statues at Constantinople has been collected by Heyne in the eleventh volume of the 'Commentationes Gottingenses,' p. 3, but it gives little more than the names.

† Chrysost. in Epist. ad Coloss., cap. iii. homil. vii. tom. xi. 435.

‡ Chrysost. in Joannem, homil. xxxii. tom. viii. p. 216.

wholly excluded from it, and the elder had few of those accomplishments that sweeten modern society; the ladies neither sang nor played, and the days had long passed away since music was indispensable in the education of a Grecian gentleman. It is doubtless on this account that we hear little of private entertainments, except in the shape of dinners—and here, no doubt, was an ample field, on which, with unbroken leisure, long purses, and inventive genius, they expatiated without restraint. The Byzantines of an elder day had fed like gluttons; all that they ate was steeped in wormwood, or smelled of salt water and garlic. According to Diphilus,\* they devoured such quantities of young tunnies, that their whole frame well nigh became glutinous, and it was thought that they would have been absorbed in mucilage. In the same days of barbarity they had been given to tipple at taverns, and had even corrupted their neighbours, the blind but temperate Chalcedonians, till they were transformed into a city of drunkards. But intellect at length marched to the East; and though the Constantinopolitans might have retained to the last a secret fondness for the tavern and its hostess, it was but the ‘*Veteris vestigia flammæ*,’ smouldering among the very embers of the populace. The upper classes were luxurious.—shamefully so, but not so much from grossness of appetite as from a passion for display. We have not room at present for particulars of their *deipnosophism*: but the Editors of *Athenæus*, and of the *Roman Satirists*, have not drawn on the fathers of the Greek Church as they ought to have done.

Was there any resemblance between the *Amphitryon* who took his fashionable promenade in the porticoes of the baths of *Zenippus*, and him who is listless at Cheltenham or earnest in Pall Mall? Our readers will reply in the negative if they look only on the outer man. The fashion as well as the material of his clothing defies comparison with ours. When the weather was hot, he would not venture out but in silks; if wet and dirty, he did not appear at all, except in his carriage, in which he sat rather in the style of a newly-elected Lord Mayor than like a private gentleman. They did not like the word—and yet very much exemplified the thing which their forefathers called—*βαναυσία*. ‘The moneyed man,’ says *Chrysostom*, ‘knits his brow, and sits forward in the carriage, and seems to touch the clouds in his transported fancy. When mounted on horseback, troops of lictors clear his way through the agora, as though he would put all the street to flight. No wolf or lion is so unsocial; he will haunt with his kind, but the rich disciple makes a desert before him.’ A master

\* *Apud Athenæum*, lib. iv. cap. ix. tom. ii. p. 21, Schweighaenser.

could no more appear in public without his slaves than a lady without her mules.\* If he put his head out of doors he would be jeered back again, unless his retinue supported him: A gilded bridle† hung on his horse's neck, a gilded livery bodized the servants; his own attire was all golden, even to the girdle and the shoes. This matter of shoes must not be too cursorily despatched; of all matters of display it was what an ancient beau could least readily surrender; indeed, it was a taste indigenous in the Grecian character,‡ and such as philosophers and archbishops assailed with equal impotency. It had captivated the subtlest of politicians§ and the profoundest of savants. Aristotle was not less studious of his shoes than his wig; and why should a fine gentleman of the fourth century be truculently criticised?

No, Chrysostom should have spared the shoes, but forbearance was not his attribute. Imagine our venerated Diocesan thus haranguing from the Chapel Royal. We say it not to raise merriment at one so eminent as Chrysostom, but to draw attention to the altered forms of the world. 'Come, then, let us sift the matter and see its enormity. When you sew on your shoes those silken threads which you ought not even to weave into your mantles, what ridicule does it not deserve? Ships are built, towers and steersmen collected, sails unfurled, and ocean furrowed; wife, children, country are abandoned, and the soul of the merchant hazarded to the waves—and all that you may get these silken threads and beautify that upper leather! How can he have heavenly ideas who is nice about the texture of the silk, the delicacy of its colour, the ivy tint which results from the due disposition of the threads? No, his soul is for ever in the mire, while he goes on tiptoe through the agora. He begets to himself sorrow and despair, lest in winter he slip into the mud, and in summer shuffle in the dust. Oh! my friend, how canst thou be so troubled about thy shoes?—Learn their true utility. Shoes were designed for trampling on the filth and unseemliness of the pavement; if this will not suffice thee, take them up and hang them round thy neck, or stick them on thy head.'||

They were as superstitious as Dr. Johnson about setting the right foot foremost, and also the right shoe. 'That wretch of a slave when he put on my shoes gave me the left one first—Heaven avert mischief—and when I came out of doors I put the left foot first! Here is misfortune brewing; and when I got into

\* Chrysost. in Joannem, lxxx. tom. viii. 514, 515.

† Idem in Psalmum, xlviii. tom. v. 627.

‡ See Plato's Phædo, cap. ix., cum notis Stallbaum.

§ See Athenæus, lib. xii. cap. xlvii.

|| Chrysost. in Mattheum, homil. xlix. tom. vii. 571:

the street my right eye winked—I shall pay for it with my tears—besides, a donkey brayed, a cook crew, somebody sneezed; and the first person I saw had only one eye and was lame. But, worst of all, I met one of the religious sisterhood (*παρθεναί*)—there is nothing coming in to-day. I wish I had met a frailest sister (*πόρνη*); then, indeed, would gain betide me, and I should make cent. per cent.' 'I see,' cries the preacher, 'how you crouch for shame, and beat your foreheads, and creep into the earth; but be ye not ashamed at my words; but at your own deeds.' To avert these dangers of the road, you bind your head and feet with charms and amulets, and the names of rivers, and the great Alexander's brazen coins! Ye who are the disciples of the Cross seek your preservation from the likeness of a Gentile king!'<sup>\*</sup>

The construction of the carriage was an indication of the rank of its possessor. Theodosius adopted this matter among his imperial cares. He directs † that the *Honorati*, i.e. functionaries on the expiration of their office, whether civil or military, shall in general continue to use the carriage proper to their station—the two-horsed *Carruca*—within the city—sacratissimi nominis—the name of Constantine. It was probably one with four wheels, and covered—a modern improvement on the ancient Rheda. Those who were ostentatiously disposed made it as conspicuous as possible by its height; yet it was but an ineffectual attempt to distend it to the honours and dimensions of the Carpentum. This was a distinction with which all ex-ministers must dispense. It was confined to the emperor and a few of the highest actual dignitaries of office. That of Constantine was covered with gold and radiant with gems, and inferior ones were inlaid with gold and silver. Being of a very grand and towering aspect, it was considered too clating for women; no head but that of the empress was strong enough to bear it, and she was equal to four horses along with it—a privilege inadmissible for any other class of carriage in the streets of Constantinople.

And for what all this limitless profusion of display? The emperors had already learned to seclude themselves for the most part in more than Asiatic pomp, nor did they offer the attractions and emulation of what moderns call a court. The opulent were extravagant for the mere sake of show; and it is one of the unfortunate attendants on despotic governments that the wealth of their nobility is not applied as an instrument of power or influence, but absorbed in mere ostentation. Where there is no subdivision of power this becomes the only channel that great wealth finds for its

<sup>\*</sup> Chrysost. ad Illuminandos Catechesis, iii. tom. ii. 287; and in Epist. ad Ephes., cap. iv. homil. xii. tom. xi. 108.

† Codex Theod., lib. xiv. tit. xii. lex i.

disbursement: or if the disposition prompt to more exciting pursuits, a resource is found at the race-course or the gaming-table. To the latter it does not appear that the Constantinopolitans were particularly addicted. Dice and drafts might be found in most houses, but rather to beguile the time than from the genuine love of gambling.\* They preferred sitting in the agora, that paradise of ancient Greeks, in the tranquil enjoyment of their delicious climate, and in such conversation as the day afforded. The duties of the bath, to be sure, cost some time; those vulgar persons who had none of their own were obliged to go out in search of it—but they hastened home immediately afterwards and enjoyed its full effects by some hours of tranquil repose. Indeed this pursuit must have consumed a good part of the day, for all persons, not in the station of a bishop, reckoned two baths per diem an allowable gratification. Even Sisinius, the Novatian or *Puritan* bishop, rebuked the cavil that he indulged in it too much by stating that he limited himself to twice only.†

Gibbon has told us enough about the Byzantine Hippodromists and their furious passions. It is thus that Greg. Nazianzen compares them with the auditors of the sophists: ‘The attendants at the circus are not more earnest than they. There men leap and shout, and cast dust into the sky; while on their seats they drive the chariot, they beat the air, they ply their quivering fingers like a lash, to turn their horses from side to side, though really incapable of anything. And who are they that act thus? The poor and the destitute—men who have not provision for a day.’ Poverty, business, and duty were alike arrested by the surpassing claims of the hippodrome. ‘Thither,’ says Chrysostom,‡ ‘the whole city removes; and dwellings and agora are evacuated for the frantic exhibition. Not the hippodrome only, but houses, garrets, roofs, and hanging hills are all preoccupied. No infirmity represses the insatiable passion, but aged men, in dishonour of their hoariness, rush thither more impetuously than youths in their prime. When attending our churches they grow sick, and weary, and listless; they complain there is no room, that they are suffocated, and the like; but in the hippodrome they bear to be trampled on and pushed and squeezed with intolerable violence; yes, in the midst of ten thousand worse annoyances they luxuriate as though upon a grassy lawn.’ It had no roof—apparently not even an awning; yet when the rain was driving in torrents and the wind beating in their faces, or the sun blazing over their heads, they stood in the same wild eagerness the greater part of the day,

\* Chrysost. in Joannem, homil. xxxii. tom. viii. p. 217.

† Sozomen, lib. viii. cap. i.

‡ Chrysost., De Anna, serm. iv. tom. iv. 846.

careless of its inclemency or the long journey which many had made to reach the spot. But even this was aggravated by the season at which the celebration occurred; it was not enough to violate the solemnity of Lent—even the sacred day of our Lord's Crucifixion was profaned by this madness. 'Is it to be borne, is it to be endured?' cries the impassioned preacher—'Some have left our assemblies to-day and been so frantic as to fill the whole city with shouting and uproar and laughter—that laughter that shall be turned into mourning. In the interior of my house I heard the shout break forth, and suffered more anguish than the storm-tossed mariner—more terribly did this tempest light on me, while nobles were applauding from high places, and the populace urging the drivers from below. This, in the city of Apostles, the city which boasts of St. Andrew for its doctor,—this, in a multitude of Christ's disciples,—this on the day when your Lord was crucified for the world, when such a victim was bleeding and Paradise was opening, and the curse was ceasing, and sin was vanishing, and the interminable war was being pacified, and reconciliation was in progress between God and man, and all things were resuming their original brightness!' That nothing might be wanting to complete the impiety, the next day was diversified by theatrical shows; a transition from the smoke to the fire, and to a gulf still deeper than before. You see the actresses come forth with gold embroidered robes, with effeminate and wanton step, and meretricious songs and equivocal expressions, and you press forward and imbibe it all!\*' So ended the Lent of Constantinople A.D. 399. Easter Sunday was ushered in by fresh entertainments at the hippodrome—but it was a fatal occasion; an officer in the service of the Prætor, whose house was already decked for his marriage on the following day, participated in the games; the rival charioteers overtook him before he could escape, and in a moment his head and limbs were dissevered from the body. In the midst of wailing women the mutilated corpse was conveyed to the newly prepared abode, and the agora resounded with lamentations.

Equal in public estimation with the hippodrome was the theatre; but it was not appropriated exclusively to dramatic entertainments: musicians, wrestlers, even orators, enjoyed it as the field of their exhibition.† In the proper office of the theatre there is reason to suppose that the national taste had totally degenerated: they still spoke the language and possessed the works of its highest masters, but the faculty for enjoying them was gone. The stage was usurped by gaudy courtesans, who occasionally,

\* Chrysost., *Contra Ludos et Theatra*, tom. vi. 315. Idem in *Illud*, *Pater meus*, tom. xii. 529.

† Chrysost., in *Joannem*, homil. i. tom. viii. pp. 1, 2.



however, varied the seduction by appearing in *puris naturalibus*; the plays and songs were worthy of the actresses; they turned on nothing but illicit intrigues, and a favourite catastrophe was *hanging*. The orchestra presented every variety of juggler. Constantine had abolished the gladiatorial shows, and the Venatio had not thriven equally when its sanguinary rival was withdrawn, the wild beasts were retained, but less admired, though imperial edicts still provided for the supply of the faithful city. The jungles of the Euphrates were still drained of their inhabitants to replenish the dens and amphitheatres of the empire, but the altered disposition of the citizens was evinced even in the treatment of their animals, and tame lions had become more acceptable than wild ones. Formerly the numerous cities on their route had been seriously aggrieved by the expenditure required for their transmission. Three or four months had been spent in a single halt, but this was limited by the younger Theodosius who forbade them being detained more than a week in one place.

The Agora fills many an angry page of St Chrysostom. Nothing was respectable that had not figured on this Grande Place. It was a hole-and-corner business that did not appear in the Agora. There the idlers sunned, or cooled, or rested themselves, and scanned with equal complacency the marriage procession of one friend, and the funeral grandeur of another; an exhibition of tumblers or jugglers, or the march of a criminal attended by myriads of rabble to the place of execution. The loungers had much amusement from the placards, among which those about runaway slaves appear to have been the most numerous. But vary what might, there was one most offensive object which the agora could always exhibit—at least whenever St Chrysostom had occasion to pass through it. This was a troop of heretics. ‘You shall not fail to descry them, strung in knots here and there, in close discourse, full of malice and machination, very smooth-tongued yet with knitted brows. Besides, they are invincibly yellow-visaged (*πύξιμον ἔχουσι τὸ χρομαί*): they inherit it from their unhappy leader (Eunomius), and all the drugs of the pharmacopœia could not reduce them to a salutary hue.’ §

We must now close our portfolio. We hope we have taxed it sufficiently to satisfy our lay readers that some amusement as well as instruction may be gathered from the Byzantine fathers.

\* Chrysost in Epist. 1 ad Thessal., cap. iv, homil. vi tom. xi 538.

† Codex Theod., lib. xv tit. xi lex li., with Gothofred's note.

‡ Chrysost., tom. ii, p. 931, Dr Drosuk, Mastyrri.

§ Philostorgius, Historia Ecclesiastica, tom. iii. 524, Valesius.

- ART. V.—1. *On the Means of rendering more efficient the Education of the People: a Letter to the Lord Bishop of St. David's.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D. London, 1816, 8th Edition.
2. *Minutes of Committee of Council of Education.* 1840-1, 1814.
3. *Education of the Poor in England and Europe.* By Joseph Kay. London, 1816.
4. *A Letter to the Rev. W. F. Hook.* By the Rev. Richard Burgess. London, 1816.
5. *Speech of W. Ewart, Esq., M.P., on moving Resolutions in favour of Education, July 17, 1816.*
6. *Letter to J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Esq., upon Dr. Hook's Plan for the Education of the People.* By the Rev. W. Harness. (Not published.)

ALL things have their time. In the present abeyance—in this disruption, or confusion at least, of parties, some of those great social questions which involve the national character—we go further, but in no spirit of gloomy vaticination—the national existence, may meet with more calm and dispassionate discussion. In the manifesto of the new Minister the state of public education has been placed in the front rank, as one of the primary considerations which must occupy his Government. The rapidity with which the Letter of Dr. Hook has circulated through the country, its stunning effect on some, who had supposed that the whole weight of Dr. Hook's authority was on their own side, but who retain nevertheless the most profound confidence in his honesty of purpose; the unexpected satisfaction of others, who, like ourselves, had long since arrived, through less experience it may be, and with less sacrifice of opinion, at the same point; the general excitement which this pamphlet has produced in all quarters—announce the inevitable reopening of the whole question in all its momentous bearings. The debate must be renewed, and renewed with even increasing earnestness, though, we trust, on each side with more candour and less violence. We must prepare ourselves for the whole array of educational statistics from Prussia, and Holland, and France, and the United States; our own desks will be one wilderness of pamphlets (they have already begun to teem around us); members of parliament will have to groan under the weight of petitions and counterpetitions, which will be heaped up in ponderous slumber on the more capacious tables of both Houses.

We disguise not the difficulty of the question; it is one which nothing but monarchical or democratic despotism has as yet brought to an issue. In all countries under constitutional government it keeps up, if not an open feud, at least a deep murmur of resistance, which only wants strength to come to direct collision. In France, indeed,

indeed, it is the higher, the secondary education, which is the chief subject of fierce dispute between the Ultra-montane Churchmen and the University; but even as to the humblest village schools there is a constant feud on the same principle. In Belgium the education of the people has already been the rock on which more than one ministry has suffered shipwreck. Here, as the principles of difference are so much more profoundly rooted in the better as well as the worse part of our nature; where our jealousies are grounded, or at least appear to be grounded, on strong religious convictions; where so many of us are committed in the strife, and have persuaded ourselves, by our terror of that misused and misunderstood word—expediency—that it would be a dereliction of all truth, honour, consistency, faith, even of charity, to yield one foot of our ground; where few stand alone, but almost all have the countenance and support of some powerful sect or body, which it were cowardice and social treason to abandon—here it might seem utterly hopeless to interpose in a tranquil, moderating tone, or to think we can avoid that fate which usually attends those who, at the wrong time, attempt the work of reconciliation, to be repudiated with equal indignation by the adverse parties. Yet, besides our strong faith in the good sense of the English people, we imagine that we hear the faint as yet, but deepening, augury of better things. There seems to be such a gradual, and even unconscious approximation in men of such opposite sentiments; we begin to understand each other so much better; the wise and moderate, and even the zealous on all sides, seem to have gathered so much experience; points which appeared of such vital importance, have been so quietly and easily dropped; the practice of education has so much changed, tacitly and by common consent, in the best regulated schools; there has appeared, on examination, so much unanimity in the desire to give a religious education to the people,\* yet so much more difficulty than was at first supposed, as to what is the best and most effective manner of teaching religion to children; there has grown up so sober and wide-spread a conviction, that reading religious lessons and learning by heart religious formularies does not necessarily either impart religious knowledge, or infuse religious habits, or foster religious feelings—that we cannot but think that, in regard to this infinitely momentous question, any bold but tempe-

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\* 'Their Lordships are strongly of opinion that no plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinate to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion.' This axiom, contained in the first instructions issued by the Committee of Privy Council to its inspectors (August, 1840), and acted upon, we are persuaded, with equal sincerity by that Committee under all its successive presidents, was of course overlooked, or viewed with mistrust, in the first access of alarm and suspicion at the formation of a new Lay Board of Education,

rate Administration will find far less obstinate prejudice to encounter, be watched with less suspicion, and command much more general respect, if not cordial co-operation, than heretofore. At all events, we avow ourselves to shrink from the fearful responsibility of arresting the course of national education under any auspices; we will deliver our souls from this awful weight; and we solemnly remind every one—Tory, or Conservative, or Whig, or Radical; Economist or Anti-Economist—Churchman or Dissenter—that if by any one act, by any one vote in Parliament, by any suffrage on the hustings, by any rash language in public journals, by any inconsiderate petition, by any party, or class, or rank, or sectarian jealousy—they *unnecessarily* impede any government whatever in the amicable advancement of this work; if they act otherwise than under the most grave, deliberate, well-advised, and dispassionate convictions; if they are not prepared to make the most generous self-sacrifice of all which is not Christian principle—not what passion may dignify by that sacred name, but what asserts and proves itself to the enlightened conscience as such;—if it be not Christianity in its vital, absolute essence which is at stake—then they are guilty of imperilling the life of the nation without due cause—at least, of not doing their bounden endeavour to avert that death of anarchy and ruin which may await, if we be not wise in time, this most glorious, this most wonderful people of England.

Yet are we no Utopians in the effects of education. We expect no universal lull of human passion; we dream not of habits of prudence, temperance, social order, pervading, with the most perfect machinery of public instruction, the whole mass of the community. We do not imagine that those refining and humanizing influences, which are so partially effective on the higher orders, will be of talismanic power, and soothe to unbroken slumber the more excitable energies of the lower. Men pass through Eton and Westminster, and Rugby, and even Oxford and Cambridge—men of the best families, and whose parents have lavished on their training as much wealth as would maintain schools for hundreds of poor children—and yet come forth (we speak not of those strange anomalies and eccentricities of character found in all orders, and to be provided against by no rule) hide-bound in impenetrable ignorance, having acquired no language but their own, and that imperfectly; their knowledge of natural history confined to that of the horse and the dog—useful knowledge enough in its way, and not without advantage in sharpening the faculties, but yet a miserable stock for an English gentleman; their knowledge of their own history and that of other countries, even of the history of their religion,

not

not so extensive perhaps as that of a well-taught national-school child. And the pains which have been taken with their moral and social, have been seemingly as utterly wasted as those bestowed on their intellectual, culture. Those who talk or write too magnificently about the transmuting power of education, its infallible cure for all social and political diseases, are as injudicious and as injurious to their own cause as those who question its beneficial power, and its inestimable blessings to those who will receive it; its undeniable effect as a corrective and a palliative of many social evils; as a sedative against political disquiet; as a privilege, from which it is envious malignity to exclude any class of our fellow men; as a right, which it is not for us to withhold because it may be abused by some, or neglected by others. The best popular education will not bring up all mankind to one level, (God forbid that it should!) A flat intellectual plain, like that to which the Jesuit system aspired to raise, and had well-nigh succeeded in raising, the higher education of Europe, above which no genius was allowed to aspire, no bold inquiry to soar, no daring poetry to wing its flight, would be, if it were possible, so fatal to the true mental life of the country, that we had almost as willingly grovel on in our present low and stagnant condition. The object of sound popular education is far more humble, and more practicable; to make good, prudent, domestic, religious citizens; labourers worthy of, but contented with, their hire; artisans provident as well as skilful; conscious that they have minds to cultivate, moral beings to discipline, souls to save, not merely appetites to gratify, and sensual passions to glut, and bodies to consign to a premature, perhaps, and self-dug grave. It will keep down, it will overlay no natural, no heaven-born genius; it will leave quite difficulty enough to strengthen, and sharpen, and nerve, by constant adverse and depressing influences, the minds of those great discoverers and teachers of mankind who have from time to time forced their way from the lowest social and intellectual state. But it will disseminate the common treasures of human knowledge more equably—more extensively. It will disqualify for no station, even the humblest in life, but enable those who are destined for it by Him in whom are the issues of life, to fill every station with greater fitness, with more content, more self-respect, more inward satisfaction. Education may, in numberless instances, fail to awaken or to quicken intelligence;—in some it may quicken intelligence beyond its own control; it may on the one hand be baffled by obstinate sluggishness, on the other stimulate to a diseased activity; here it may seem to be without effect, there to promote speculative infidelity; but an uneducated people is not the less a reproach and a danger to a civilized and Christian community,

community, the direct cause of wretchedness, which it is unchristian, wickedness not to attempt to relieve; the source of poverty, discontent, waste, disorder, mutiny, if not fierce rebellion, against which the wise statesman dares not close his eyes.

It is some advantage in this late stage of the long controversy that we can now gather up and meditate on the wise words which it has called forth, while the follies and personalities, the irrelevant arguments and idle sophistries, the froth and the fermentation of the debate, have utterly melted away.

“It seems to me, too,” wrote one of the earliest advocates of popular education, “that we are guilty of great inconsistency as to the ends and objects of education. How industriously have not its most able and zealous champions been continually instilling into the mind of the people that education is the way to advancement; that “knowledge is power,” that a man cannot “better himself without some learning!” And then we complain, or we fear, that education will set them above their station, disgust them with labour, make them ambitious, envious, dissipated. We must reap as we sow: we set before their eyes objects the most tempting to the desires of uncultivated men; we urge them to the acquirement of knowledge, by holding out the hope that knowledge will enable them to grasp these objects. If their minds are corrupted by the nature of the aim, and embittered by the failure, which *must* be the lot of the mass, who is to blame?”

“If instead of nurturing expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and turning the mind on a track which must lead to a sense of continual disappointment, and then of wrong, we were to hold out to our humbler friends, the appropriate and attainable, nay, unfulfilling ends of a *good* education; the gentle and kindly sympathies; the sense of self-respect, and of the respect of fellow men; the free exercise of the intellectual faculties; the gratification of a curiosity that “grows by what it feeds on,” and yet finds food for ever; the power of regulating the habits and business of life, so as to extract the greatest possible portion of comfort out of small means; the refining and tranquillising enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art, and the kindred perception of the beauty and utility of virtue; the strengthening consciousness of duty fulfilled; and, to crown all, “the peace which passeth all understanding;”—if we directed their aspirations this way, it is probable that we should not have to complain of being disappointed, nor they of being deceived. Who can say that wealth can purchase better things than these? And who can say that they are not within the reach of every man of sound body and mind, who, by labour not destructive of either, can procure for himself and his family, food, clothing, and habitation?” — *Mrs. Austen's Preface to Cousin*, pp. xvi. xvii. (London, 1834.)

Dr. Hook, in his vigorous and homely way, has touched on the argument, which appeals to our justice and to our Christian sympathies, rather than to our mere political and social fears:—

“They [the Clergy] have, God be praised, preached down effectually that  
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heresy of which I remember the prevalence, according to which even good men were induced to suppose that the all-wise God had given to man an immortal mind, capable of great things, without the intention, with respect to a large portion of the human race, that it should be exercised. That ungodly selfishness is now exploded, by which the upper classes of society were induced to suppose that mental pleasures were a luxury reserved for their exclusive enjoyment, although they were often forced to adopt the dog-in-the-manger system, and neither taste of those pleasures themselves nor permit them to others. Whatever may add to the innocent enjoyments of our poorer brethren, we are bound by common feelings of charity to procure for them if possible; and this duty becomes the more important when the object in view is to call them from the world of sense without, by opening to them the world of thought within, and by adopting those means which cannot fail to soften, refine, and humanize the character.'—*Letter*, p. 5.

Thus, again, writes Mr. Baptist Noel—and it is designedly that we bring together men of such different religious views:—

'While education is not meant to raise the working classes above their condition, it may greatly multiply the comforts which they enjoy in it. It may preserve them from exchanging light, clean, and cheerful cottages for comfortless cellars; it may give them better clothes, better food, and better health; it may deck their windows with finer flowers; spread cleaner linen on their tables, and adorn their dwellings with more convenient furniture. While it may enable a few, by superior attainments, to fill higher situations with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their employers, it may enable many to turn to account the advantages of their humbler situations. It may teach them how to gain and how to spend; it may secure to them employment, and save them from waste; it may hinder them from sinking into abject poverty,—or should they, by the force of adverse circumstances, be brought into trouble, it may so multiply their intellectual resources, and nerve them with so firm a courage, as may enable them again to rise above it. By increasing and elevating their domestic affections, it may invest their homes with an undecaying charm; by inspiring them with a thirst for knowledge, it may provide rational and ennobling amusements for their hours of leisure; and by both these additions to their spiritual existence may rescue some from spending their evenings idly in mere vanity of thought, and others from resorting to the public house for the pleasure of talking obscenity and scandal, if not sedition, amidst the fumes of gin and the rous of drunken associates. Good principles, good sense, and good manners—the fruits of education—may give them the honest satisfaction derived from the respect of all their neighbours. By its aid they may learn to think so soundly, and to weigh evidence with so much acuteness, that the wild doctrines of a licentious infidelity may shock their understandings as well as revolt their hearts. And thus placed beyond the reach both of superstition and profanity, they may be led to seek and enjoy, through faith in Christ, the favour and blessing of God. Education may thus raise the character of their enjoyments through life, and

and teach them, in the well-grounded hope of happiness beyond the grave, to meet death with tranquillity.'—*Report of Committee of Council on Education*, 1840-1, pp. 167, 8.

Dr. Hook no doubt is right. That aristocratic, or rather oligarchic, self-appropriation of all the advantages and pleasures of knowledge to which he alludes, is utterly exploded in the real born and intellectual aristocracy of the land. If it lingers anywhere, it is amongst the ill-educated vulgar, just above those over whom they would maintain their artificial superiority. But it is rather as an unimpeachable authority on facts than for opinions that we would appeal to Dr. Hook: the great thing is to have the results of his personal experience in his peculiar position as the chief clergyman in one of the metropolitan cities of manufacture, and of his opportunities of intercourse, which he cultivates, it is said, with generous sympathy and friendliness, with the neighbouring clergy, who have to struggle with even more difficult and, as far as the world is concerned, more cheerless and unrewarded duties; whose lot is cast in the Tartar villages which spring up and spread, like exhalations, in the neighbourhood of all the great centres of manufacturing industry. It has been said by one of the opponents of Dr. Hook, 'I think I see in your declaration of principles that your benevolence and commiseration for the uneducated masses around you have overthrown your churchmanship.' That would indeed have been but spurious churchmanship—we might be disposed to give it a harder name—which had sealed the heart against those influences which, if churchmanship produces and fosters not, how presumes it to usurp an appellation derived from the church of Christ? And is this opponent, active and estimable as he may be, quite so sure that it is his *Christianity* which refuses to yield one point, though the temporal and eternal destiny of thousands upon thousands growing up in utter ignorance, or worse than ignorance, with the wildness of the savage and the vices of civilization, is at stake? Surely these concessions extorted by Dr. Hook's benevolence from Dr. Hook's severe churchmanship, in his position, in the teeth of all those among his former friends and admirers who may not possess such an extent of melancholy knowledge, or such overpowering sympathies with intellectual and spiritual distress, are irresistible evidence, unless we can refute it by testimony as strong and as impartial, to the magnitude of the evil. If Dr. Hook's Speech delivered some years ago in London, in which he asserted with as much boldness of language as dialectical resource and skill, the right, the duty, and the power of the Church to conduct exclusively the education of the people, were arranged in parallel columns with his Letter of 1846, it would only add weight to his present arguments.



arguments. What some may call lofty principles, others obstinate prejudices, in either case are equally inflexible. A bigot, of all human beings, is least liable to change. If it has wrought this miraculous conversion, the benevolence of Dr. Hook must have received some powerful impulse; there must have been a strong and irresistible appeal to his commiseration: it cannot have been without full inquiry, grave consideration, a long and violent struggle, that churchmanship like his has been lowered to such concession. We decline to enter into the statistics of the question; we decline because we do not think that positive data have been attained, or are attainable. We pause not to inquire whether one in six of the whole population, as Dr. Hook suggests, or one in ten, ought to attend the school. All this must vary infinitely, especially in England, from the uncertain proportion of those who can afford to pay for a higher education, the age at which they enter, and the time at which they leave the school, with countless other circumstances which must be constantly disturbing an accurate average. We examine not whether the Reports of the National Society are modestly accurate, or boastfully sanguine; whether ten, or twenty, or even fifty thousand children, more or less, may be benefited by their active exertions; whether schools supposed to be full are really so; whether the treasurer (of whom Dr. Hook writes not quite with the full respect which he deserves) may have allowed his enthusiasm to prevail over his cooler northern prudence. All this is beside the question. We rest on the broad fact asserted by Dr. Hook—and denied, as far as we can discover, by none who are competent to bear testimony,—a fact confirmed by every document accessible to us\*—and the general result of all the statistics of education, making ample allowance for the rapid extension of the last few years. The fact is this, that there are even now multitudes of our fellow-subjects in a state of ignorance, perilous in every sense to themselves and to us, and for whose education there is no adequate provision; other multitudes, whose education is far below that which is required by the rising intelligence of the age;—education of which much of the power is wasted by its misdirection, and which has

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\* We quote from the Minutes of the Council of Education for 1844. 'The following numbers are, I believe, correct as to the state of daily Church education in several of them:—Oldham, 1 in 150 of the whole population; Manchester, 1 in 63½; Rochdale, 1 in 169 (an infant school lately established, average attendance about 100); Bolton, 1 in 91; Blackburn, 1 in 56½; Wigan, 1 in 41; Hull, 1 in 33; Liverpool, 1 in 23.'—*Mr. Watkins's Report*, p. 272. Add the daily schools maintained by the Dissenters, which, while their Sunday schools are very large, are, in comparison, small and few, and the exertions made since that Report; and what is the result? Compare Mr. Mosely's Report on the connexion of ignorance in these districts with political turbulence (p. 522).

not, therefore, the true effect of education—to impart effective and influential religious knowledge, to form industrial and provident habits, cheerful dispositions, to awaken at once and extend the faculties, to train up good men, loyal subjects, and rational Christians.\*

Moreover, in all this question it behoves us not merely to look around us with searching and unaverted eyes, but to look onward with the prescience which requires no gift of prophecy, but only the employment of calm and sober reason. If our existing educational power could by any possible exertion cope with the present wants of the country, will it expand of itself with our growing necessities? Here is a population in vast masses—a population (though we sincerely believe that many of the wealthier manufacturers are becoming, some from interest, some from higher motives, sensible of the claims of their artisans on their parental care) without the salutary control of a resident wealthy class, or of a resident clergy, except perhaps some single devoted, over-worked, ill-paid, and therefore to a certain degree inefficient curate;—and this population is still spreading in regular circles, as it were, from its centres, and tending constantly to outstrip more and more the most lavish and provident care for its improvement. Even in the happiest valleys, where the factory mingles not unpicturesquely with the beauties of nature, and does not absolutely cloud the pure rushing stream with its foul lees; where the kindness of the master is seen in the cottages, with their rose-red gardens, in the neater dress of the workmen, and still more in their cheerful and contented countenances—even there so rapid is the growth of human beings,

‘That panting love toils after it in vain.’

And these are but the Oases in the wilderness of our manufacturing world; a wilderness which is still spreading with as much regularity, and with as silent and irresistible advance, as the sands of the adjacent desert are said to do on the cultivated soil of

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\* Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, seems to stand almost alone in his denial of this deficiency; but while, on the one hand, he has shown some remarkable errors in Dr. Hook's calculations, he has made some large admissions on the other side. We are right, he admits, in educating pauper children at the public expense: why not, then, children to prevent them from becoming paupers? The ability, the temper, the firm, fair, and argumentative tone of Mr. Baines's letters (addressed to Lord John Russell), and something, let us add, of genuine English spirit, the spirit of a man born from the English people, and still one of them, command our respect. But with Mr. Baines, the aversion to an Establishment amounts to a passionate jealousy; his reliance on the voluntary principle, to a passionate devotion. We cannot be expected to sympathise in these feelings: but Mr. Baines, it is clear, by no means represents the general views or opinions of the influential body to which he belongs; his arguments and his statistics are disclaimed by such men as Dr. Vaughan, and others of equal name and authority.

Egypt.\* The probability—may we not write the certainty?—is that the fatal cycle will continue to revolve with more intense force and rapidity—speculation, prosperity, over-production, glut, distress. But at every point of that cycle—from the wildest intoxication of exuberant wages, down to the darkest recklessness of despair—the same results are still being worked out. Year after year either a rapid immigration is taking place, or the wretched and impoverished race is spawning as it were in the prolificness of wretchedness. Year after year, crowded neighbourhoods become more crowded, moors are studded over with villages, villages condense into towns, towns compress their multiplying denizens into deeper cellars and more airless alleys: and year after year those who are thus forced as it were into existence, or those whose parents have enlisted, in the hopes of better pay, in this standing army of labour, have put no check upon their increase. They are still growing up from swarms of neglected, and either idle or over-worked children, into hordes of thoughtless, ignorant, too often depraved and godless men. Ignorance and misery reproduce each other by as imperious and irrepealable a law of nature as the thistle-down the thistle, as physical famine the physical epidemic.

We doubt not, as we have acknowledged, and rejoice to repeat our acknowledgment, that with not a few of the great manufacturers there is a constant and systematic endeavour to provide, as well by the cultivation of better habits as by general liberality, against these dangers and these reverses. Mr. Horner could point us out establishments where the little republics are regulated with the noblest and most sagacious generosity; where it is the study to enlighten the minds, to improve the moral habits, to elevate the social condition of the factory labourers; where the active producers of the wealth are considered fairly entitled to some proportion in its advantages, and are held to be a solemn trust from that God who has blessed the worldly advancement of the man of millions. But speculation to be generous must be successful; it must be tolerably secure in its opulence before it can, or at least before in ordinary cases it will permit itself to indulge in

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\* In the statistics of education there is usually a vital error. We compare the number of the schools with the amount of the population, and forget that it is the equal distribution of the means of education according to the wants of the people which is the main question. There is of necessity a great evil in the generous competition of the Church and the dissenting bodies in this good work. In some places, in some parishes in the same large town (and those of course the richest), there is an accumulation of means beyond the local wants. Several large schools, where one would be sufficient, are vying with each other for pupils; while, in other places, even in poorer districts immediately adjacent, everything is wanting, means to found or to support, and proper persons to superintend, or to assist the clergyman in the support and superintendence of the school.

these luxuries of benevolence. Gratitude for service profitable as well as long and faithful, must have incurred that debt. He who lives hardly and precariously himself will, in most cases, be a hard master. Recklessness in our own concerns produces recklessness as to others. All this ought fairly to be considered in justice to the first creators of our manufacturing wealth, against whom it has now become the custom to declaim in speech, in novel, in poem, and, we suspect, in sermon; whom 'Young England' denounces as the authors of all political evil; and a certain school of theology as having surrendered the whole realm to the undivided kingdom of Mammon. Our mediævalists look back with fond regret to the times when the convent bell swung over leagues of bleak moor, with the few roads in a state of romantic insecurity, and when the few and scattered inhabitants crowded for their dole, which was bestowed upon them out of the wealth of provinces by those whom our coarse ancestors described as the fat abbot and his lazy monks, but who are now described as lordly indeed, yet most holy and venerable dignitaries. Voices of more calmness had been raised from time to time against the neglect with which these masses of human beings were allowed to accumulate, without any provision for their social, moral, or religious improvement. Our own pages have had their share in this unheeded service—in them the venerated Southey, more especially, had done his best to rouse general reflection—and seemingly in vain. Yet when we calmly consider the subject, which is now become a matter of history, we can hardly wonder at the present state of things. The rapidity was even more amazing than the extent of its growth. Of this its effect on the finances of the country, on the general rise of prices throughout the war, is the surest gauge, the best confirmation. So utterly unprepared were even those whose position might command the best materials for judging; so far beyond all official calculation was this endless development of the national wealth, that Mr. Pitt, during the war of the revolution, when the national debt amounted to about 300,000,000*l.*, thought he saw his way to another loan of 20,000,000*l.*, but beyond that his most sanguine vaticinations dared not proceed: many members of his cabinet lived to see that debt above 800,000,000*l.* Nor can it be doubted that this was owing almost entirely to this amazing extension of our manufacturing system. The whole, then, was one vast experiment; it was speculation expanding as it advanced in such a manner as to absorb all thought, to dazzle and bewilder and engross the whole minds of the creators and lords of this practical philosopher's stone. They might well think that it was a general race for wealth, in which all concerned would necessarily come in for their share.

Aladdin

Aladdin might almost as well have been expected gravely to philosophise on the nature of the spirits who ministered to his lamp, or Fortunatus of those who filled his purse, as the Arkwrights, and, even later, the Marshalls, to look much beyond the immediate management of their Antæan and Briarean-handed concerns. Wages at first of course rose with wealth; the intelligence of the master manufacturer extended itself among those of his artisans with whom he came chiefly into communication; and where intelligence was at such a price, where, at all events, practical knowledge might every day reap such abundant harvests, it might be supposed that the parents would both be able and willing to secure for their children the blessings and rewards of some kind at least of education. It was not till the second stage, of overstretched adventures and crushing failures, of overloaded and falling markets, of periods of crying distress and maddened riots, of machinery improved almost by magic ingenuity, and superseding in one branch or another the labour of man—of the perilous discovery that in many processes the cheaper labour of women, and still more of children, was not less effective, in some cases more advantageous, than that of full-grown men; it was not till then that the manufacturers themselves, and, we believe, foremost among them the late Sir Robert Peel, awoke to the sense of the terrible power which had been called into existence.

The State, in the meantime, involved in the great continental war, had enough to do to maintain order at home. He must indeed have been a bold and far-sighted minister who in 1812 would have predicted the necessity that is now before our eyes, or ventured to devote large sums of public money in anticipation of the dangers which might be incurred in 1850 by the want of education in the manufacturing districts.

The Church was just recovered from its conflict with Jacobin irreligion; it had been awakened by that peril, but it was a defensive argumentative strength which it was then called upon to put forth. That intellectual strife occupied its whole thought; while in the remote parts of the land this moral evil, against which it took no aggressive measures, was growing up with such unexampled rapidity.

It so happened, too, that where the growth of the population was the most rapid, the Church was the poorest in her pecuniary resources. With some few splendid exceptions, the livings in the north, especially those in the towns, were poor vicarages; and around an indigent, unprepared, and, as we must acknowledge, not over-active clergy—some, of course, from age and having been bred in a different school of clerical duty, utterly disqualified for this

this sudden and strange emergency—came swarming up this dragon seed of busy, active, and by no means, in the mass, unintelligent parishioners. The small church, which had in the former day gathered its scattered worshippers from leagues around, if the new parishioners had been ever so well disposed, could not have contained a hundredth part of them within its walls. Church building, and the division of parishes, which is now become, though by no means an easy, yet a common and familiar proceeding, was then a slow, difficult, from legal impediments almost an impracticable one. The present indefatigable Bishop of Chester had some time ago consecrated his two hundredth new church :—a blessed change!—yet let us hear what is going on even now—and we may picture to ourselves the state of things thirty or forty years ago. We extract from the Report to the Committee of Education on the mining districts :—

‘The parishes are extensive, and the great tithes are not often in the hands of the incumbents. On the *winning* of a colliery a large population is suddenly located in a district where they may very probably be some miles distant from the church; the pastor of which may find his charge increased within a few months by some thousands; the families being brought into the parish by carts to the number of 500 in a day. The Church is almost unavoidably slow in her operations; it requires considerable exertion to raise a consecrated place for worship within three years; but in this time the people must in a great measure have formed their habits, and such as are disposed to listen to teachers will have found them for themselves. An instance was pointed out to me where, in a few weeks, a population of 3000 had risen up at the distance of three miles from the parish church, the incumbent having to provide additional spiritual superintendence and the means of locomotion out of an income of 75*l.* per annum!!’

Again, ‘That more is not done for the education of the poorer classes, is assuredly not attributable, as far as I may be allowed to form a judgment in such a matter, to the supineness of the pastors. In one which I personally visited, the income of which is 300*l.* per annum, there is a population of about 30,000 souls. The present vicar has held it for ten years; during that time two additional churches have been built, and whereas when he came there were only two services in the parish during the week, there are now ten. One national school, capable of holding 450 children, was opened last year, and subscriptions are now being collected for another, which is to hold 300 more.’—pp. 143-145.

The Dissenters, especially the Methodists, less trammelled in their movements, and then in all their primitive ardour and zeal, rushed in on every side to fill the breach; the wilder and more desolate the region, the more inviting it would seem to their rude, it might be, but kindly enthusiasm: they were above ground

ground and under ground. No Churchman can deny that in many districts by them alone the wavering light of Christianity was kept alive. It would, for this reason alone, be as ungracious and ungrateful as it would be unjust and impolitic to withhold from the descendants of those who may have been thus attached to the Methodist body by the dearest bonds,—the bonds of grateful recollection for their first rescue from unheeded, unrebuked infidelity,—a full share in any grants from public funds for education. Even if in many cases it be but an imperfect, a superstitious Christianity, which these missionaries have introduced, the best way to raise men's Christianity is to enlighten their minds. That which is coarse and vulgar, irreverently familiar, the language of human passion misapplied to sacred things, will slowly refine itself away by every step with which the general mind is softened, purified, unsensualised.

Nor are our agricultural parishes to be altogether overlooked in this great national question. In many such districts, undoubtedly, the means of providing education, through the clergy, and by private benevolence, may be quite adequate to the highest demand. But where the clergyman stands alone, among rude and uneducated, perhaps at the present time disheartened and resentful farmers; where there is still that jealousy of knowledge, lest the labourer should be too wise—wiser than his master; we suspect that there will still be found ample space for the friendly interposition of the State. We know not what improvements may have taken place in our eastern counties since the report of Mr. Tremenhoe, in the volume issued by the Committee of Privy Council, 1840-1841. In some of the later reports concerning other counties, and indeed of the very districts visited by Mr. Tremenhoe, the prospect seems to have brightened, and with considerable rapidity. Where the labour of the child, if he is doomed to labour during the week, is under the bright sun and in the fresh air of heaven, the Sunday-school, however inadequate as the sole source of instruction, does not enforce the same unnatural confinement as in the large towns; it may not therefore be liable to the same objections. Yet in the clamour of our more crowded manufacturing provinces, we must not forget those who are equally suffering, though perhaps they raise no cry of distress. If intelligence be more than ever requisite in agricultural pursuits—if the surly, untaught, undisciplined boor, though less dangerous, is no less a burthen to the social system than the more turbulent and godless artisan: if comfort, happiness, virtue, equally depend in the cottage on the hill side or by the pure streamlet, on sober industry, habits of providence, domestic kindliness, as in the smoky garret or deep cellar of the town; if we have

have to rescue our agricultural poor from the effects of social changes, almost entirely to their disadvantage, the transformation of the farm servant into the day labourer, the abuses of our game laws, the yet lamentable mischiefs of our poor laws, we must look to the rising generation, and not to the rising generation of rustic labourers alone. Something must be done: some spirit must be kindled and quickened, which will knit again the broken ties of mutual interest and kindness, and raise the labourer to something more than a machine from which so much work must be extorted for the smallest wages, while he on his part thinks everything lawful by which he may repay the community for his begrudged and insufficient subsistence with as little industry as he may, and as much extortion from the parish funds as his wit, sharp in this alone, can contrive.

How, then—we entreat every sober and dispassionate Englishman to inquire—is this great and growing deficiency in the educational means of the country to be supplied? Can less than legislative enactment secure adequate funds, enforce and maintain a large, comprehensive, yet flexible system, which will adapt itself to growing or to shifting exigencies? Can it be less than a national work? Will private benevolence supply, not some sudden and glorious burst of heaven-aspiring waters, which, having caught the light of heaven, descends in genial dews; but a deep, and permanent, and perpetual stream, to irrigate the whole land?

Undoubtedly vast and honourable exertions have been made. The subscription raised by the National Society, and that in a comparatively limited period, for the wants of the manufacturing and mining districts alone, amounted to 150,000*l*. But it cannot be disguised that this subscription was raised under circumstances which combined other and very stirring motives with those of pure Christian benevolence. It was a strong combined Conservative measure, singularly well-timed by the Treasurer of the National Society, at a moment of hope and national confidence. Suspicions, we ask not now whether justly or unjustly grounded, had long been disseminated of designs hostile to the Church. By some it was thought politically prudent, while others regarded it as a Christian duty, to frustrate some mysterious apprehended measure for the assumption of the whole education of the land by one party, and that supposed not the most friendly to the Establishment. But now, with the Conservative party broken and disheartened—with one great section anticipating the all but ruin of the landed interest, falling rents, encumbered estates, undiminished burthens, dwindling incomes—while the heads of another lie under the suspicion of adopting the policy of those now in power as to (*inter alia*) all educational questions,—their Committee



mittee of the Privy Council adhering to the same rules, the Irish Education openly espoused, and, more than this, what have been called the 'godless colleges' founded in Ireland:—under such circumstances, can we hope for a consecutive succession of these outpours of charity, so as to keep up that fund to the demands which multiply upon it; so as even to maintain the machinery which it has set in motion; to keep the schools in activity which it has built; to retain the masters, whom it has trained, in its service by proper stipends?

But is this, or any sum which the Church can raise, in the remotest degree adequate to the public exigencies? We are not so prodigal as Dr. Hook, and hesitate, we acknowledge, to call upon the bishops to throw their whole revenues into the educational fund. Hear the Vicar of Leeds:—

'If the Church has a right to demand protection from the State, the State has an equal right to demand of the Church that, with her ample endowments, she should make provision for her wants without seeking grants from the public funds, which are raised by the taxation of all the people. I think that our colonial bishops ought to be supported, not merely by private subscriptions, but by the more wealthy bishops at home: but, be this as it may, we have certainly no right to make a demand for such a purpose upon the State. And if the Church of England claims a right to the exclusive education of the people, it becomes her duty to seek to supply the deficiency of the funds required, by appropriating her property to this purpose. Our bishops are, on this principle, bound to go down to the House of Lords and seek powers from the legislature to sell their estates, and their example should be followed by the more opulent of the inferior clergy. The help of the laity would be then sufficient. It would be better for the Church to have a pauperised hierarchy than an uneducated people; and never could the hierarchy be more respectable than when pauperised in such a cause.'—p. 39.

We confess, indeed, that we wish that the bishops had not so carefully provided, by a separate act, that no part of the episcopal revenues should be devoted to any but episcopal uses. The multiplication of episcopal sees we hold to be a most desirable measure—AFTER the multiplication of adequately remunerated clergymen in all the great towns and country villages, at least in the manufacturing districts. One episcopal endowment of 5000*l.* a-year would maintain ten rectors in the most indigent and populous towns in the kingdom; and till we hear of some one bishop (we could name many of the working clergy, overwrought in the prime of life by over-excitement and anxiety, and failing through premature old age)—of some devoted prelate, not allowed to pass away by a dignified decline of life—we must suggest the prior claim of the people to a more numerous body of the clergy, and of that clergy to a reward more worthy of their exertions. The general

neral mendicancy of the hierarchy, as well as of the rest of the clergy, we should agree with Dr. Hook; could not be embraced in a better cause; yet, in good truth, we cannot but think, as has been suggested by a clever writer on another point, that something of the spirit of his uncle Theodore must have crossed the thought, and kindled up the countenance of Dr. Hook, when he penned that sentence.

To return, however, to our anxious inquiry—Can the Church, by any new appeal to her sons at large—by any amount of that miserable system of charitable mendicancy, described with so much spirit and truth by Dr. Hook, so humiliating, so disheartening, so harassing to the individual—can she so hope to supply not merely the actual but the yearly increasing demands? What has she to provide? The erection and maintenance of schools in all the desolate places of the land; and the power of following, as it were, the population with schools into whatever quarters it may spread; the Normal Instruction of Schoolmasters (that which it has so well begun, but on a scale altogether inadequate to the demands of the country, at Stanley-grove, Battersea, York, Chester, Salisbury) in sufficient numbers to keep up a constant succession of competent instructors on demand; and, finally, that without which the two former are but an idle waste either of private benevolence or public expenditure, an adequate remuneration for men to whom so important and sacred a charge is entrusted—a remuneration which will maintain the respectability of their position, keep them from losing their influence through embarrassment or debt (a case too common either from improvident or unavoidable expenditure), and, above all, prevent them from being drawn aside to easier and more lucrative occupations, which are constantly bidding for steady and well-instructed men, for men precisely of the class and character best suited for teachers in schools for the poor. But of this more hereafter.

Let us calmly consider, that it is not now an abstract speculative question as to who *ought* to be empowered to educate the poor, but who *can* be? It is past the time for the lofty ideal, so ingeniously wrought out by Mr. Maurice in his Lectures on Education, which floats before the imagination of Mr. Derwent Coleridge, and which has animated some young laymen to devote almost their whole time, with such generous diligence, to the improvement and extension of Church education. Does the most enthusiastic, having at all studied the question, suppose that, *unassisted*, the Church can achieve this great work? Or does any man who sincerely venerates the Church, sincerely believe also that real Church education will not be befriended rather than impeded

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by secular education—or education but to a certain extent impregnated with religion, which is all that the State can offer?

Can Dissent accomplish that which the Church is obliged to leave undone? Dissent may multiply its Sunday-schools; but an education of Sunday-schools will not fill up the void. Of the resources of the Dissenters, of their educational statistics, we have no clear information; and, as it appears, among the most respectable and best informed Dissenters, there is the greatest difference of opinion as to the extent of their powers. We have read with great care and interest the able and, it should seem, honest Report of Mr. Joseph Fletcher on sixty-three British schools, aided by public grants. Of these, one—that of Carlisle—was, in its origin at least, a Church school; that at Morpeth is an ancient endowed school; seven are now only open as Sunday-schools; one is extinct. Among the most flourishing seem to be those in Bolton and in Warrington, towns in which Church education is conducted with remarkable zeal and success. Mr. Fletcher dwells with proper satisfaction on the liberal efforts made in many instances for the erection of schools. ‘We have every 150*l.*—the average of the sums granted by Government—calling forth 400*l.*—the average of the sums subscribed locally. But,’ he adds, ‘the proper maintenance of the school is the real difficulty.’ The penurious and unsatisfactory character of nearly the whole statement, on this head, as compared with the liberality of the expenditure in buildings, is very remarkable. In truth the masters are miserably underpaid; they are unprovided with proper assistance. ‘Some there are who pursue their labours in a missionary spirit; nearly all are men of serious character and sincere devotion to their duties; but without greater encouragement from the friends and promoters of the schools generally, the teachers must be more than human if they are found universally equal to that amount of exertion which is required to fill their several little realms throughout with a truly active and healthful life.’—*Report of Committee of Council, 1844, pp. 471, 2.*

Such, by their own showing, are their own resources and prospects. We need not dwell on their recent demonstrations as to the great question now in hand. If we looked on Dissent with a pure and perfect hostility; if we were of those stern and inflexible Churchmen who consider any one out of our pale who dares to<sup>2</sup> teach the simplest elements of Christian truth, in the most ignorant and neglected quarter of the land, as a sinful usurper of the exclusive privileges of the clergy—as a Korah, to be swallowed up by fire—or an Uzzah, to be palsied by the indignant Ark which he had impiously dared to touch; if we had no commiseration for those who have maintained the principles of hereditary dissent, or  
those

those who have joined the Meeting because there they have felt the first real yearnings for spiritual truth;—then, indeed, we should behold with complacent satisfaction the Dissenters of England setting themselves in array against the education of the people—at once belying all their lofty boasts of superior liberality, and condemning themselves—as preferring the narrow interests of Sectarianism to the propagation of a more general and enlightened Christianity. Even Mr. Baines, we think, with all his ingenuity and eloquence, will hardly furnish them with a plea which will avail at the bar of sound and dispassionate reason, of British patriotism, of Evangelic charity, or even of public opinion.

We write as avowed members of the Church of England. We will not disguise our deep conviction that the promotion of education is the interest as well as the duty of all wise Churchmen. The advancement of the people in knowledge and intelligence will be, as all Christians must hope and believe, their advancement in sound religion; and as we conscientiously believe sound religion to be most purely and generally taught in the Established Church, so we think that by this fair and legitimate means, especially if she at once boldly and generously embark in the cause of popular education, the Church will gain infinitely in strength. If we are wrong, so much the worse for the Church; it would be impossible to imagine a more valid argument against her whole system, her authority, as well as her practice. If she is worsted in an appeal to the enlightenment and cultivated good sense of her people, she is tried and found wanting. Let us remember that the Church of England is in fact such an appeal to the intelligence of mankind. She professes to dispense with the high imaginative and sensuous excitements of one form of Christian faith; with the passionate and, what she considers, unspiritual agitations of the animal spirits, the emotionalism, if we may so speak, of the other. With that part of an *uneducated* people which still admits her *authority*, she may maintain her ground; but with an uneducated people where that authority has been disturbed, or has never been acknowledged, must she not strive in vain against either extreme, and be least successful where opposed by the strongest and worst fanaticism?

With Dr. Hook, we repudiate the attempt to trepan the children of Dissenters into the Church through national schools. Such is neither the aim, nor the desire, nor, we are assured, the general result of the more liberal practice of those managers of national schools, who refuse to close their doors on the children of Dissenters. We shall suggest some further reasons for our preference of the more liberal course on these points; but, in the first place, we greatly question the effect of attendance on a mixed school in changing

changing the belief of the scholars. We have been informed, and on the highest authority, that in all the Irish education schools there has not been a single instance of conversion from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism, or of Roman Catholicism to Protestantism, *through the schools*. No such complaint undoubtedly has been made to the ruling powers, and such complaints, we feel sure, would travel fast enough on the electric telegraph of Irish religious jealousy, if they had any ground. But, secondly, the tranquillity with which Dr. Hook assumes that in his narrower interpretation of the terms of union with the National Society (*Letter*, pp. 54-57) he alone maintains Church principles, while archdeacons and bishops—even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself—are sacrificing on the altar of that goddess of reason, Expediency, would be amusing, if it did not tend to give offence, and so to damage his cause. Dr. Hook would do better to answer the grave and well-weighed arguments of Archdeacon Hare, instead of dismissing them with this cool assumption of exclusive principle.

But we gladly return to points on which we agree with the vicar of Leeds.

Sooner or later, popular education must be an affair of the State;—of the State, not merely as making grants to different societies, and demanding the right of inspection over schools which receive such grants; but as establishing some system administered by an efficient and responsible board (a department, if it shall seem most convenient, of the Privy Council), for providing masters to work on some well-matured plans, with books under a proper supervision, and paid, at least in great part, by the State, or by compulsory and equal local assessments. The schoolmaster must become a public functionary, duly qualified for his office, and under due control. We would not alarm our new Chancellor of the Exchequer with a peremptory and immediate demand, according to Dr. Hook's calculation, of upwards of eight millions for the erection of schools, and 1,141,571*l.* from annual grants or local taxation. The State Education may well condescend to be at first supplementary; let it content itself with at first organising its schools where those of the Church and of Dissent are notoriously and confessedly inadequate—with no encroaching rivalry upon schools which are even tolerably managed; and even under these restrictions it will find, we are persuaded, ample scope, without collision with any actual establishment, fairly to test its beneficial operation; while its gradual introduction (and gradual it must be, for it has not only its schools to build, but a far more slow and tedious operation, its masters to select and train) will certainly be more convenient for the finances of the country.

Now before we inquire into the terms on which the State should offer

offer education to the people, or the nature of the education to be given in the State Schools, we are desirous of repeating our strong conviction, that—however clamorous the argumentative opposition to such measures, however the machinery of petitioning, which is now brought to such perfection, may at first work against the government which shall deliberately take its stand on broad and generous principles, and be above the cowardice of shrinking from the enforcement of those principles—even the religious obstacles, were but the work once actually begun in a fair, conciliatory, and equitable spirit, would be far less than is apprehended on all sides. The State—the public, of which the State is the representative—must take a lofty ground. With the most respectful and grateful confidence in the exertions of the Church—with the most frank and cordial admission of the rights and of the services of the Dissenters—the State must deliberately determine no longer to look on, and, while the two parties are disputing whether the people shall be brought up as churchmen or dissenters, leave them, in vast and accumulating numbers, heathens, or worse than heathens.

We are persuaded that there is a great fallacy in this common statement, which divides the people of England, with reference to the great question before us, into churchmen and dissenters: we doubt whether these parties,—we mean the establishment and the organised dissenting communities, including the Wesleyan methodists,—speak the full voice of the nation, especially of the lower orders of the people.

In the first place, there is that vast multitude, whom it would be utter mockery to call Christian churchmen or Christian dissenters; men and families that have no connection with any religious body; who, in courtesy, perhaps, as not having religion enough even to differ with others about it, are adjudicated to the care of the Church: but who are unapproachable and unapproached by the most vigilant and aggressive pastoral superintendence—even if such superintendence is not an absolute impossibility, from its utter inadequacy to the amount of souls under its charge. We dare not calculate the number of those to whom there is significant allusion in the gentlehearted and observant, if not very systematic or business-like Report of Mr. Watkins—those who are regardless of the education of their children, 'not so frequently from abject poverty, as from utter carelessness, and almost inconceivable indifference to everything beyond the concerns of the merely animal life. There is, I am convinced, a depth here which we have not fathomed; but it is one on which it will be well to look' (p. 270). There is next that teeming class, for which the Ragged Schools have been

formed in the metropolis—schools which might, perhaps, under a happier name, better commend the benevolence of their founders. This class, we fear, the children of the very lowest—socially, morally, the lowest of the people—is fearfully abundant in all our large towns. It may be supposed that some compulsion will be necessary to bring this class under the discipline of the school; but we will be driven only by compulsion to compulsion; we even repudiate the mild coercion suggested by Dr. Hook—that the young pilferer or vagabond should be committed to the school instead of to the jail or the treadmill. The school must still be a privilege; it must be filled through persuasion, and that persuasion must work on the better feelings, not inflict education as a punishment. The beadle and the constable must have nothing to do either with the management or with the recruiting of our places of education.

But with regard to the points which divide rigid Churchmen and conscientious Dissenters, there is, we are assured, a very large floating mass, which, though in their habits, and many we trust in their hearts, very religious (some, indeed, of the highest religious pretension), yet hang quite loosely on the Church, and as loosely on what is called the dissenting interest. And the fact is, that parents of this class—whether wisely or not—we do not now question whether they are influenced by a lofty Christian liberality, or a dull indifference to important distinctions;—but the plain fact is, that if it be a good school, if the children be well taught, if they seem to acquire orderly habits, if they become attached to the teachers, parents of this description are altogether regardless as to the tenets, whether those of Church or Dissent, enforced in the school—whether the children go to the church or to the meeting. Nor is this the case merely with those whose own religious habits are equally indifferent; we must count those—for what clergyman of a large parish does not know many?—who attend the church in the morning, the conventicle in the evening, perhaps with an impartial view to share in the rival charities of each; others who, if the morning or evening preacher in the church be a popular one, attend that service with the utmost regularity—and are found with no less punctuality at the other service (especially if it be at a convenient hour) in the chapel;—who, if the Wesleyan preach on the Thursday evening, and the Independent on the Tuesday, and the Rector on the Friday, hold it a sin not to ‘edify’ under each;—nay, who, if each be vehement or impassioned, do not detect, or at all regard, the most antagonistic doctrines—in whose religious temperament the Roman punch of Puseyism mingles up with the alcohol of Calvinism. These last, no doubt, are extreme cases. But the undeniable truth

truth is, that a large proportion of the people are either, as may be thought, so far advanced in liberality of opinion, or have sunk to so low an appreciation of important religious differences, that they seem to consider a good education for their children of much greater importance than any difference of sect. We have known many instances (and we write from no confined experience) in which even the more rigid Dissenter (rigid as to his own habits and practice) will not scruple to risk his child in an endowed school, if that endowed school be well conducted, and offer considerable advantages. He is well aware that, perhaps by its charter, at least by its practice, the children are brought up in the principles, and are regular attendants on the services of the Church, instructed in the Catechism, and in some cases apprenticed only to Churchmen. With some this may imply great laxity of conscience, an unprincipled love of advantage in the Dissenter; but we cannot but think that it may often deserve a more charitable construction. Parental fondness may combine with real superiority of mind to show that the difference after all is not so vital; the Dissenter may think that his child may find his way to heaven, well educated, even through the Church. Perhaps, indeed, the infinite divisions and subdivisions among the dissenters themselves, may tend on the whole to promote this whether desirable or blameworthy apathy. If they occasionally excite much acrimony, they must also produce mutual toleration. Those who have themselves embraced dissent, having been Churchmen, or have changed from one form of dissent to another, may at first be hurt and angry if their children either recede to the Church, or enrol themselves in another sect; yet on calmer reflection they can hardly refuse that liberty to others which they have themselves asserted. Among them, one teacher has as much authority as another; and the plea of conscious and infelt improvement under one more than another, is an argument against which they at least have no answer. In fact, this mutual toleration is the vital principle of the voluntary system.

All this indeed we write, not, as we have said, giving any opinion as to the healthfulness or otherwise of the religious mind of the country in this respect, but simply to show that good schools, even though they do not teach the distinctive religious tenets of parents, though they teach avowedly, yet frankly, earnestly, consistently, tenets different from those of the parent, are acceptable to a large proportion of that class for whom alone the State can be justified in providing education at the public cost. Be this, however, as it may. The State, according to the existing constitution of these realms, can make no exclusive grants from the public purse. Her Majesty is the sovereign of her whole people, whatever their



religious creed. Parliament represents alike the Churchman, the Roman Catholic, the Independent, the Unitarian. Revenue raised for purposes of education, whether from the Consolidated Fund or by local assessment, is paid alike by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the follower of Johanna Southcote. Our Churchmanship, indeed, is not so haughtily independent as that of Dr. Hook. We are not disposed to cut the last cords of legislative connection which unite us to the State. We think that we discern great benefit, and neither injustice nor disadvantage, either to Church or State, in the tenure by which, as we conceive, that great corporation, the Church, maintains her rights and property. Dr. Hook's historical view of this alliance is to us utterly incomprehensible, or at issue with all history. We would still maintain the fabric of our churches at the public expense, on precisely the same principle (though it must of necessity be on different conditions) that we would build schools for popular education.\* The church being a place exclusively for religious worship and instruction, that worship and instruction cannot possibly be given but under certain forms. Her creed may or may not be too narrow, or her system of teaching too peculiar; but creed and system there must be. We hold it the duty of the Christian State to provide for every poor man who cannot provide it for himself, a church, in which he may worship God; a teacher who may instruct him in the Revelation of God. But the school has a mingled function: not merely does a considerable part of its teaching bear no relation to religion, or even to morals, but even its first elementary processes of all kinds (though sound morals and religion should of course be their ultimate aim) are not essentially religious. Children are taught not necessarily to read the Bible, but to read, in order that they may read the Bible. Profane books teach spelling as well as religious tracts; there is no test of religious opinion in the Rule of Three. Accordingly, we believe, in infant schools, where nothing is taught

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\* We wish the question of Church-rates were taken up in this light. We are not afraid to lay down two simple axioms, which to some may sound Radical, to others what is called FUSEYITE:—1. The State is bound to provide church accommodation for the poor: therefore no church shall be entitled to levy a church-rate where there is not some fair proportion of sittings set apart for the poor.—2. All persons who covet the distinction or convenience of separate accommodation in the church shall pay for their privilege: every enclosed pew or appropriated sitting shall be held only on a fixed rent. The first rule confines the church-rate exclusively to the proper maintenance of the fabric. All parochial burdens now improperly charged on church-rates should be thrown on the parochial funds. Provision ought to be made lest the churches being allowed to fall out of repair, a heavy rate should be levied at any one time, perhaps on new comers into the parish. Every church should be annually surveyed by sworn and competent persons. The second rule would furnish a fund for the ordinary expenses of public worship; and this fund, as levied from the worshippers in the church, should be under their exclusive management.

or ought to be taught but the simplest rudiments, where the great object is to teach the habit of learning, to cultivate the lively and cheerful disposition, to quicken (it is cruelty and wickedness to over-force) the intelligence, there has never appeared any practical difficulty in mingling together the children of every class in the religious community.

The State, then, being absolutely precluded from all partial assignment of its funds for the benefit of one religious community, in framing a plan of popular education must take one of two courses. Either it must exclude religion altogether, its primary elements, its universal truths, its feelings and affections, from its teaching; its whole language must be impartially cold and dry on all subjects which involve moral considerations, on history, on biography, as on arithmetic or algebra; it must leave the whole of this province untouched, unbroken, to the religious teacher, either during the afternoons of Wednesdays and Fridays, and the whole of Sundays, as Dr. Hook proposes; or it must find some neutral ground, some conciliatory plan, on which the State teacher may inculcate certain points of religion, without giving rational offence to any. Now, though we are fully prepared for the contemptuous disdain with which our distinction will be dismissed by some, we entreat for it the consideration of the dispassionate. If the State school does not teach *religion*, may it not teach *religiousness*? We go further, conscious of our rashness;—can the religious school, or does it, *ordinarily and effectively do more*? Youth is the period for the cultivation of the religious affections; and through the affections alone will religion at an early age make any profound impression. The most important truths may of course, like everything else, be learned by rote; they may be mechanically repeated by the memory; but is this that for which we are all so manfully contending—is this teaching religion? Is it teaching Church principles? Is it teaching Dissenting principles? Is it making any lasting lodgment in the mind? Is it casting any enduring spell on those convictions, on those habits of thought, of feeling, of grateful reminiscence, or conscientious principle, which will regulate the conduct in life? But this is not the only danger. Is the sanctity of these great truths enforced by this perpetual, formal, unfelt, still less understood, iteration? Can—we go further still—can their solemnity be maintained against this desecrating familiarity?

It is remarkable how quiet experience has gradually learned the lesson of good sense. In all good modern national schools the religious instruction which, with some scanty arithmetic, once formed the whole teaching, has gradually receded, and receded till it fills but a still contracting space. Profane history, geography, grammar,

grammar, etymology, the higher arithmetic, some elementary science, have crept in and encroached on what was considered not merely the dominant but the sole and exclusive study. What was the old national school? The lowest classes began to read and spell in Scriptural lessons; they rose to the parables and miracles of our Lord; then through Mrs. Trimmer's successive selections; then to the Bible. It was the same with the Catechism: first came the broken Catechism; then some Catechism in question and answer, learned by rote; then the Catechism itself. Day after day, year after year, the same unvaried lessons in the same unvaried forms. Did the wise friends of education, did the clergy, find this a satisfactory system? Did it make the children intelligent? Did it make them religious? Did it implant in their unthinking unawakened minds the importance of those great truths which they rehearsed sometimes with such complacent accuracy?

We make no attempt to elude a most important question, on which we must expect the whole porcupine back of popular prejudice to bristle up in angry sensitiveness, and shall be happy if we escape the random shot of some exasperated quill. Of all the strange illogical hallucinations with which the public mind has allowed itself to be abused, we must acknowledge that the confusion between the great Protestant principle of *the Bible and nothing but the Bible*, as the authoritative groundwork of our religion, and the use of the Bible as the one school-book, the reading-book, the parsing-book, the spelling-book—seems to us the very strangest. Here, even Dr. Hook, though he agrees with us in the main, seems to have thought it necessary to lay his grain of incense before what we should have expected him to look upon as the idol of Exeter Hall. 'Above all things,' he writes, 'selections from the Bible, as mere moral lessons, should be avoided:' and so far, though for other reasons, we might perhaps agree with Dr. Hook. But he proceeds to say:—

'For such selections would lead to some of those consequences, from the dread of which the opposition to a Government system of education is raised. Such a proceeding is calculated to induce children and their parents to suppose, that instead of deferring to the Bible as the great charter of their religion, they may pick and choose from it whatever may commend itself to their judgment, rejecting the rest. Every religious man is jealous of that Bible which has been given unto us by a jealous God; and he will deprecate, above all things, the notion which selections from it would inculcate—that it is a book which contains some things which are good, but many that are useless, and other things which may be rejected. This would be, indeed, to lay deep the foundations of rationalism. We must have the Bible, and the whole Bible, or no Bible.'—p. 69.

Now,

Now, really, to our humble selves this does appear somewhat unintelligible. What clergyman, what dissenting teacher, what schoolmaster in the higher education, what father of a family, does not select passages from the Bible, as more edifying to mature age—how much the rather as more instructive to youth? Why, the Church herself authorises selection: she does not consider the minute statutes of the book of Leviticus, or the mystic visions of the Apocalypse, suitable for her congregational services. Is not the New Testament of deeper import, of more full significance to the Christian, than the Old? Would we impress upon the hearts of our children, or upon our own, with the same solemn frequency, with the same inexhaustible though solemn iteration, the Sermon on the Mount and the wars in the books of Kings? Even in the New Testament, would not the instructor of youth dwell more perpetually on the parables and the precepts, on the sorrows, on the sufferings, on the death and the resurrection of our Lord, than on ‘the things hard to be understood,’ hard to the soundest scholar and most profound divine, in the writings of St. Paul? Dr. Hook cannot be insensible to the melancholy absurdity of a fact in part of a Report which he has quoted, that one of the lower classes of a national school were found reading St. Paul to the Galatians!

Does then this perpetual, even if not indiscriminate, use of the Scriptures as a school-book accomplish its religious purpose? Hear the Report of a clergyman, one of the inspectors of schools, a man, it should seem, of strong practical sense and rational piety:—

‘Having myself examined some thousands of children, whose earlier Scriptural instruction is comprised in thus learning to read [mechanically] from the Scriptures, I can state, as the result of my experience, that the entire school occupation of a child may have been the perusal of the Scriptures, and yet no elementary Scriptural truths have been stored up in his mind; and the child be found as utterly unacquainted with the subject matter of their simplest narrative portions as with their fundamental doctrines. Nevertheless, the power to read them fluently may have been acquired, together with a prompt recognition of their peculiar forms of expression, and an abundant familiarity with their language—a familiarity which, whilst it is made to serve no useful purpose of instruction, tends, it is to be feared, to exclude from the child’s mind a due sense of their authority, to obliterate the perception of those sanctions under which they have been given, and to diminish that awe with which it is not less natural than it is necessary that they should be received.’—*The Rev. Henry Mosely’s Report on Schools in the Midland District, Council of Education for 1844*, p. 521.

In some quarters Mr. Noel may perhaps be considered a suspicious authority with regard to national schools; but on the subject

ject of the Bible, as the one book for all purposes, the prejudices of his party, however softened in his own enlightened mind, would be the other way; yet hear his Report:—

‘Both in reading the Scriptures to the monitors, and in repeating the Catechism, the children showed a marked inattention and weariness, occasionally varied, when the master’s eye was not upon them, by tokens of a roguish merriment. With the very best intentions, those who have adopted the system of the National School Society have in many cases admitted into their schools nothing for the elder children except the Bible, small volumes of extracts from it, and the Catechism; and the effects seem to me to be most unfortunate. All the books on subjects with which children are most familiar being excluded from the schools, that thirst for variety which for the wisest purposes has been implanted by the Creator in the minds of children, finding no gratification, their faculties are stunted in their growth, and they sink into an inert listlessness. Nothing can exceed the contrast between the eagerness of the children in a well-taught school and the apathy manifested in most of these national schools. But this is not the worst effect of making the Bible the only class-book. Being thus made the medium through which reading and spelling are taught, it becomes associated in their minds with all the rebukes and punishments to which bad reading or false spelling, or inattention in class, exposes them; and it is well if, being thus used for purposes never designed it, it does not become permanently the symbol of all that is irksome and repulsive.’

On this latter point we might appeal to a familiar, but to those educated in our public schools, very forcible illustration. How many years does it take the scholar to forget the wearisome associations of blundering, construing, and derivations, and questions about accents, and particles, before he can attain to a full sense of the majesty of the *Iliad*? Byron never got over his school aversion to Horace. We know not whether with this view, but Milton, if we remember, would teach Latin out of Cato and Columella, and would reserve the ‘divine poets’ for the consummate scholar. And so, that we may restore its majesty, its authority, its sanctity to the Bible, we must not withdraw it (God forbid!) from general circulation among the mature, but from its place as a common school-book. It must be the privilege and distinction of the highest classes to be fit to read it. The reading should be conducted in a grave and devotional manner, without affectation, with a simple but marked reverence. It might be hallowed still further by the controlling presence of the clergyman, or of the religious teacher. Neither can we entertain the ultra-Protestant dread of selections for purposes of education. The Scripture history, the history of mankind as revealed in Scripture (that, we especially mean, of the Old Testament), can hardly be presented in a clear comprehensible view without

without them. We have authority, and in some degree a guide, for this kind of selection in the Proper Lessons of the Church for the Sundays, which are manifestly intended to give a connected view of the history of redemption; but these selections should in like manner be guarded from undue, and what we fear is too often vulgarising familiarity.

The same principle will apply to the direct inculcation of all the higher religious truths, especially the more awful and mysterious articles of our belief, even the most awful and mysterious of all, the Divinity of the Saviour (and this indeed *is taught* in every act of worship). They should be something more than a common lesson—something more than a vehicle for elementary instruction. We may perhaps look back here also, with some profit, to what appear to have been the original views of our Church. Of course her founders could not have anticipated in those dark times the rapid advance of education; but instruction in the Church Catechism was thought sufficient preparation for Confirmation—and Confirmation can hardly have been intended to be generally administered before the age of puberty. We now require not merely the simplest commandments and duties, but the more profound and polemic questions, from children of ten, eight, even six. Is this precocious enforcement of these points, even as authoritative truths—this perpetual saturation of the mind with them before it is ripe to receive them—wise or salutary? But how much difficulty is removed from the mixed teaching of children from different communities, if the doctrinal part occupy only its proper space—that space during which it can be *seriously* and therefore *impressively* taught! It may be right that religious education should fill a larger portion of the scanty time which the labouring poor can afford for instruction, than among the wealthy. In girls' schools too, perhaps, as a large portion of their time is properly set apart for instruction in needlework and less general acquirements, needful for their station and duties, the rule should be somewhat different. But, why, we ask, in our great public schools, even under the recent improvements in some, is religion content with its day or with its hours, while it leaves, and wisely leaves, the rest of the week to other branches of knowledge or of accomplishment? And will not, in an humbler but wider sphere, religious instruction be more willingly, more effectively received if, as to these higher and more peculiar mysteries, it be taught at shorter but more hallowed times?—if it be taught more briefly, more emphatically, more authoritatively, with the mind habituated to its proper solemnity, to its more important significance—taught as the crown and consummation, as the highest attainable point of knowledge?

At the same time, what an ample field does this less frequent, it may be, but far more forcible mode of religious teaching leave for the cultivation of what we mean by religiousness! The sense of the eternal presence and providence of God, the supremacy of conscience, the feeling of responsibility, the odiousness of theft, of gluttony, of lying, of meanness, tyranny, cruelty, malevolence, selfishness; the greatness and amiability of truth, generosity, kindness—may perpetually, throughout every course of education, be suggested, implied, instilled into the affections, implanted in the depths of the open and yielding heart. These things the teacher may communicate, respectively and in detail, as the result of every lesson, as the ordinary and familiar topics of every day. Such revelations as these are the religion of childhood—they are the preparation, the groundwork for the great and amazing truths of the Gospel. These and such as these, the common property of all born in a Christian land, the elementary Christian teacher may surely, without offence to any one, detail to his pupils, as Mr. Noel says, ‘in a thousand particulars.’ He may so teach them—

‘their duty to their parents, to their master, to each other, and to their fellow-creatures generally. He should teach them that they must control their angry passions, be kind to little children, attentive to the aged, respectful to females, obliging to one another, and merciful to animals. He should teach them that it is the will of God that they should be temperate in eating and drinking, avoid indecent language, and be modest in all their conduct. He should teach them that it is the will of God that they should be industrious to maintain themselves and to aid their parents; that while giving to benevolent objects, they should yet endeavour to lay up money while they are young. He should show them, that if God has ordained that they should labour, it may make them vigorous both in body and mind; that if he sends them sickness, it is to make them more patient and pious; if he allows them to wrestle with difficulties, it is to form them into finer characters; and that in all emergencies they should depend for their happiness, first on God, and next on their own industry, intelligence, good character, resolution, and fortitude.’—*Noel*, p. 172.

Would that we could induce all reasoning and earnest Christians to consider whether this religiousness, as well as that which may be taught out of history, sacred and profane; out of geography, where the disposition of the parts of the world for the promotion of industry, commerce, mutual advantage, might be incidentally shown; out of natural history, that living illustration of the Divine wisdom; out of every elementary science;—whether this is not the more likely course, under the Divine blessing, to awaken the mind to an appreciation of the blessings which flow from the great truths of the Christian Revelation;—whether, rather

rather than the dry, hard, monotonous inculcation of these truths, this gradual expansion of the religious intellect, this quiet and unobserved training of the religious affections, this awakening the desire of more definite knowledge, to be supplied at its proper time, this gentle stimulation of the innate and holy curiosity of the human mind as to spiritual and invisible things, will not lead to the more deep and lasting implantation of the vital articles of our religion in the minds of our people.

There is another important discovery, at which wise and practised friends of popular education have arrived with almost perfect unanimity. The scheme of moral mechanics which good old Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster were thought to have brought to such exquisite perfection, under which education could be supplied on demand by a process simple, uniform, economical, has fallen into slow but general disrepute. That magic power of 'the monitorial system,' by which a single master (sometimes of moderate ability, and very moderate acquirements) could transmute three or four hundred dull, ignorant, and unruly children, into orderly, intelligent, and instructed classes—where the scanty knowledge imbibed by the few older or cleverer boys was transfused, by a spontaneous circulation, through the whole school—turns out at last, if not a delusion, at best a device of very limited efficacy. Although, in some of the lower departments—in some of the first rudiments of teaching, reading and spelling—the plan of mutual instruction may still find favour, and may indeed be of considerable use—we believe it is universally admitted that higher instruction must be imparted with higher authority than that of boys a few years older. Above all, the simultaneous inoculation of the whole school with the principles of religion, with the principles of the Church of England, by this general transfusion of the Catechism—first of the Broken Catechism, then of the larger question and answer Catechism, or the Catechism itself in its uninterpreted dignity—from the first down to the lowest class, by children working on children, has appeared to many, to a rapidly increasing many, something more than utter mockery. Is this stammering, blundering, irreverent, Babel-like questioning of one set of boys by another—of the quick boy shouting the right answer from his corner, and pushing up to the head of the class, and the less fortunate ones sullenly repeating it after him—is this, we say, has this proved to be, a wise and effective system of communicating the deep truths, the profound mysteries of our faith? If religion be but a school lesson, thus taught and thus learned, will it be more than a school lesson? If there be no distinction of time, tone, or manner between the teaching of the Creed, or the nature of the sacraments, and spelling a hard word



word or doing a sum in multiplication—if the sharp boy of ten years old is to be the religious teacher of the boys of nine and eight in the most inscrutable articles of our faith—is not every objection which we have already raised enhanced tenfold? If even the master ought to make a difference according to the subject which he is teaching, is it not to blunt the moral perceptions alike of the monitors and the pupils to commit all this indiscriminately to the rude, thoughtless, if not mechanical management of boys?

We plead guilty to something of a shudder when the lips of young ladies, in well-regulated Sunday schools, pronounce as confidently and dogmatically on such subjects as they do on the simplest elements of Christian duty, when they venture, without the least hesitation, ‘where angels fear to tread.’ Those who most profoundly believe these truths are content to adore in silence and in the seclusion of the heart. This is no Jesuitical doctrine of reserve: it is the sensitiveness of every religious mind which has not, through unhappy habit, become callous to the danger of vulgarising sacred truth.

There is a very curious passage on the monitorial system in M. Cousin’s Report on Education in Holland. ‘How does it happen,’ said a very judicious Dutch gentleman to M. Cousin, ‘that the system of mutual instruction is still so lamentably popular in a nation so intelligent as the French?’

‘From a fatal circumstance,’ I replied, ‘the consequences of which still continue. Under the Restoration, the Government tried to place the primary schools in the hands of the clergy; and the resistance made to that scheme carried things to the opposite extreme. Some well-meaning persons, but who did not look below the surface of things, and were utter strangers to the subject of public instruction, having by chance visited some of those semi-barbarous manufacturing towns of England, where, for want of anything better, they are happy to have Lancasterian schools, mistook for a masterpiece of perfection that which is only the infancy of the art of teaching; and were dazzled with the exhibition of vast numbers of children taught by one master, assisted only by little monitors chosen from among the pupils themselves. Seeing children thus governed by children, they found a species of self-government which they thought would be a useful preparation for the infusion of the democratic principle. And it was obvious that a Christian education is impossible under such a system—for what monitor, even of twelve years of age, can give instruction in religion and morals? They saw that the religious education amounted to nothing, unless the dry repetition of a Catechism, such as we might expect to find in Portugal or Spain, can be called by that name; and thus they viewed as a triumph over the clergy. Other persons were pleased with the system on account of its cheapness; and then the eye was caught by the mechanical order and  
precision

precision in the school exercises: the children went through their evolutions, according to a signal given by a child, as the different parts of the machinery of a factory are set in motion by a crank. This mechanical instruction, then, was set up in opposition to the Church schools of the Restoration: thus one extreme produces another.—*Horner's Translation*, p. 32.

Education, to be of any real value, is a far more expensive process than was thought in the earlier days of Bell and Lancaster. Not merely is it possible—a possibility which was hardly suspected in those hopeful times—that schools may be too large, and contain too great numbers; not only must the master himself be more highly trained and possess more varied knowledge than was dreamt of under the old monitorial scheme; not only must he have superior skill in attaching the boys to instruction as a privilege rather than a hard duty; not only must he acquaint himself far more intimately with the talents and dispositions of the individual boys—but he must himself feel and acknowledge that the greatest aptitude and activity in teaching have their limits. Mr. Cook, we observe, one of the Government inspectors, would have no school of more than two hundred children. In a large school the best master must have his assistants; his pupils must have teachers of a more advanced age, or those who have already received good preparatory training, and can therefore instruct with some gravity—with some authority.\*

Mr. Bellairs (of whose judgment, from his Report,† we should think very favourably) speaks less strongly perhaps than others against the monitorial system:—

‘The children usually employed in this work,’ he admits, ‘are in age from eight to twelve years. For their labour they receive no remuneration, and no extra instruction. The parents of the *teachers* complain, for they say their children lose a great portion of their time in teaching. The parents of the *taught* complain, for they say that the senior children are incompetent to fulfil properly the task assigned them,

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\* Another great mischief arose from this confusion between the technical Bell and Lancaster system and Education. A former religious instructor of the National Society gravely stated, before a committee of the House of Commons, that a master might be properly instructed in the work of education in three months: he meant, might learn the technical management and evolutions of the Bell system. Dr. Hook seems to have fallen into a common misapprehension as to the establishment which he dignifies by the name of the ‘Training Institution,’ in Westminster. A training institution, in the proper sense, it never pretended to be. Formerly persons, otherwise thought qualified, who were either admitted by the National Society, or sent up from schools in the country to learn the technical system in the Central School, lodged where they could, under no control or superintendence. It was thought better to place them together under the superintendence of a clergyman, both for reasons of economy, and in order to acquire some acquaintance with their character and habits, and likewise to give them as much additional knowledge as might be possible during those hours which otherwise might have been wasted in idleness. This is all.

† Council of Education, 1844, pp. 212–214.

and that thereout their little ones receive damage. In some instances the justice of these complaints must, I fear, be admitted.<sup>2</sup>

He proceeds, however,

‘That the monitorial system, properly carried out (*i. e.* when the monitors receive a remuneration for their labour, and instruction at extra hours), is one of great value—in some cases absolutely necessary—few, I believe, will deny. At the same time I am disposed to think, that in many places where a child is seldom allowed to remain at school beyond the age of eleven and twelve years, when they are taken away by their parents to add what they can to the weekly gains of the family, and where, consequently, the first class is always fluctuating, it will be found very desirable to have regular paid and instructed monitors of riper age, or an assistant master, or an apprenticed pupil teacher, constantly trained and instructed by the master of the school.’—*Report*. 1844, p. 237 : see also *Mr. Gibson on Schools in Scotland*, p. 347 ; and *Mr. Cook*, p. 140.

We should likewise in justice refer to Mr. Mosely’s satisfactory report on the Sheffield school, which is conducted on the monitorial system (p. 515). On the other hand, writes Mr. Watkins, ‘It is needless to say that we require more masters or well-instructed assistants in all our large schools before we can hope for any great improvement in the children.’—p. 290. And to the same effect we might quote page after page from the Government Reports, and from almost every good work on popular education. Mr. Coleridge has well summed up the whole—‘in practice the monitorial system too often does little else than conceal the indolence and insufficiency of the master.’\*

But there is a very important question—almost the most important of all, for on this rests nearly the whole of Dr. Hook’s plan—if national education is to influence, and to influence for perpetuity the national character, what position are Sunday schools to occupy?

Dr. Hook writes thus of the working of the Sunday schools in the manufacturing districts :—

‘Do I say, then, that there is no religious education in our large manufacturing districts, except in the neighbourhood of the wealthy? No, indeed. We may bless God that we not only possess a system of religious training, but that we are year by year visibly improving upon it. But the religious education is given to the people in our Sunday schools. The national schools are in fact only nurseries for our Sunday schools ; they are only what Government schools would be. The mainstay of religious education is to be found in our Sunday schools. The most earnest, the most devoted, the most pious of our several congrega-

\* *Account of Training College, Nat. Soc. 31st Report*, p. 70. The whole of this paper of Mr. Coleridge’s is too little known out of the circle of subscribers to the National Society.

tions are accustomed with meritorious zeal to dedicate themselves to this great work. All classes are blended together; rich and poor, one with another, rejoice to undertake the office of Sunday school teachers. Many young men and young women, who have no other day in the week for recreation and leisure, with a zeal and charity (for which may God Almighty bless them!) consecrate their little leisure on the Lord's Day to the training of little children in the way they ought to go. Each has a separate class, and becomes personally acquainted with the character of each member of the class. He visits his children at their homes, walks with them, converses with them, and being a person of spiritual experience, is able to give that advice which a soul aspiring after heavenly things so greatly needs, and which none but those who know what spiritual difficulties and spiritual comforts are, can impart,—while in all peculiar cases he has his pastor to whom he can refer his young charge, or from whom he can himself receive directions how to proceed. The Sunday school teacher prepares the children to be catechised at church, and when the season for confirmation draws near, is able to inform the clergyman of the advice which is needful in each particular case among his pupils, the characters of whom have been long before him. The children act in subordination to the teacher, the teacher to the superintendent, the superintendent to the clergyman. Young persons, too old to remain as pupils, permit themselves sometimes to be formed in classes, to be prepared, on the week-day, for the duties they are to perform on the Sunday. In the parish in which he who has the pleasure of now writing to your Lordship resides, there is an association of Sunday school teachers, which numbers six hundred members, who meet at stated times to converse on subjects connected with their high and sacred calling, and to receive instruction from the clergy. Happy meetings they are, and may they be blessed to the spiritual edification of both clergy and people!—pp. 47-49.

On this point all the Reports of the Government Inspectors concur. One says:—

‘Of the amount of instruction given in the Sunday schools I had no means of judging at one short visit. But that education is proceeding there, the Christian *upbringing* of immortal creatures for time and for eternity, is very evident. My belief is, that the success of Sunday schools may be attributed, under God's blessing, to the heartiness and simple devotion to their object which the teachers, male and female, bring with them to their work. It is truly with them a work of faith and a labour of love. Being Christians themselves, they desire above all things to lead others to their Saviour Christ. Under the guidance and in the continual presence of an earnest and faithful clergyman, helping him and being helped by him, a work is doing by these unpaid teachers, the value of which will not be fully known till the great day of account. I regret much that I was unable to visit the Sunday schools at Bolton, which are said to be models of their kind.’—p. 252.

We have always understood that the organization of the Sunday schools

**schools at Bolton**, under the excellent vicar, Mr. Slade, has been in operation for a much longer period, and much exceeds in extent even that of Leeds. Mr. Fletcher, whose observations were made on schools mostly if not altogether conducted by the Dissenters, seems to have been surprised at the extent to which this system is carried out in the North. 'The Sunday schools hold a place in popular education in the north of England far more prominent than in any other part of the empire.'—p. 424. The fullest exposition, however, of the advantages derived from Sunday schools in large manufacturing towns is found in the report of Mr. Field on those in Birmingham, addressed to the National Society, 1841, p. 143.

On the other hand, we confess that we have great sympathy with those who object to the Sunday being the hardest whole school-day in the week. We do not pledge ourselves to all the sentiments, still less to the vehement language, of the following passage from an unpublished pamphlet; but we must quote it, for the writer is a man of great talents and accomplishments, and is honoured by all who know him as a most zealous and useful clergyman:—

'But there is another objection to schools in which no religion is taught in the week. They involve the necessity of Sunday schools. To this eminently popular method of profaning the Sabbath, I have always entertained the most decided aversion. The Sunday school system,—as far as the scholars are concerned,—turns what ought to be a cheerful religious festival into a day of gloom and penance; a sad routine of lessons and of lecturing, and of rigorous confinement to the church and school. It bereaves a large portion of God's family on earth of the privileges of His merciful institution. Instead of a day of rest, it converts the Sabbath into a day of work to them; for learning is work, and very hard and disagreeable work too, with an immense majority of children. It is a miserable puritanical contrivance, by which the young are defrauded of what ought to be the brightest moments of the happiest age of human life, and excluded from their legitimate portion of the light and air, of the breezes and the sunshine of the Lord's Day.

'To this Sunday-school system I am inclined to attribute a good deal of that disregard for the Sabbath among the labouring classes which we hear so generally complained of. In every class of life,—I am not speaking now of what ought to be, but of what is,—in every class of life I have observed that the greater number of persons, who render a regular and consistent attention to the devotional duties of the Sunday, are first led to it by a desire of setting a good example to their children. Very many instances have I known of young married people who never appeared to consider that the church bells chimed as a summons to them, till they were awakened to more serious thoughts by their concern for the salvation of their children. As the boys and girls grew up, the father and mother were recalled, by the consciousness of their

their parental duties towards them, to a sense of their own filial duties towards the Almighty. And as a regard for the spiritual welfare of their offspring was their primary motive for observing the public ordinances of religion, so was the gratification of finding themselves in the House of God, surrounded by their family, the first and most immediate blessing which they derived from the observance. Now, from the moment the Sunday school master began to collect the children of the poor together, to conduct them to church in a body, and to seat them in a place apart from their parents, this persuasive motive for attending public worship, and this present gratification in attending it, were annihilated with regard to the labouring population. How then can we be astonished at their having become gradually negligent of those religious duties, which, by our officious interference, we have divested of their most influential inducement and most endearing charm? Our Heavenly Father draws us to himself by means of our present earthly affections: and the Sabbath-teacher most injuriously interposes between God and the parent and the child. Besides, we are now reaping the harvest we have sown; we have an experimental proof of the tendency of this system; we are living in the midst of a generation whose youth was drilled in Sunday schools; and we see what is the practical working of that wearisome profanation of the Sabbath in which they were then initiated.—No; we never ought to be satisfied with any scheme of education which does not leave the Sunday free. On that day the children and their parents should be together from the time they rise in the morning till they go to bed at night,—at church together, walking together, conversing together, reading together. By such Sabbath intercourse both parties are intellectually, morally, and spiritually improved. The child will never be properly educated till he looks forward with pleasure to his parent's day of rest as his day of rest; and the parent will never be brought to hallow the Lord's Day as he ought to do, till he is left to feel, in its full weight and pressure, the responsibility of the religious guidance of his child.

These sentences, from a man of quick sensibilities and acute observation, who has toiled as a city curate for twenty years, are not to be dismissed without grave consideration. As the playground should if possible be inseparable from the school—at least the infant school—so the innocent recreations of the people must not be lost sight of in the education of the people. To pen up in the crowded school, during almost the whole, if not the whole, of their only holiday, on that Sabbath appointed by God for the rest of man, those who are imprisoned in the busy and sultry factory, in the close alley, or the dim-lighted hovel, for the other six days in the week—is assuredly to do anything rather than cultivate gentle, humanising, Christianising influences. Happiness and enjoyment are, we are persuaded, parts of Christianity—God sends us all, he sends especially to poor manufacturing children, enough of sobering and chastening work

and sorrow: let us not refuse or curtail his counterbalancing gifts of sunshine, and repose, and innocent recreation. Whoever has seen the green sward of St. James's Park alive with joyous, shrieking, tumbling children, on a fine summer Sunday afternoon (blest be the memory of poor Nash, therefore, and may his architectural sins lie light upon his soul!)—whoever remembers the dull straight canal stagnating through rank and reedy grass, with a few melancholy cows, the only subjects of the king which derived any benefit from it, may judge how much better it is for the bodies and for the souls of those 'little ones,' (and for their parents too, if they are looking on,) than if they had been shut up in the best managed Sunday school, conning the most pious lessons.

Even here we do not despair of some reconciliation between the conflicting opinions. On the nature of the education, and the length of time during which the children are kept in the school on the Sunday, mainly depends the force and validity of these objections. Whatever the efficiency of Sunday schools as places of religious instruction—we will venture, though the term be unpopular in some quarters, to add, of *special* religious instruction—in the Church of her peculiar tenets, her Liturgy, her observances—in the Dissenting meeting, of whatever may be there thought most essential—yet it cannot in any way supply the place of a daily school: if it attempts, and vainly attempts this, it is liable, in proportion to the long, rigid, and wearisome confinement which it enforces, to the charge, we will not say of the profanation of the Sabbath, but of the diversion of that most wise and merciful institution of God from its beneficent purpose. That it is utterly inefficient for general education its most ardent admirers acknowledge. 'The history of the Sunday school in this part of the kingdom,' writes Mr. Fletcher, 'would exhibit an amount of self-denial and benevolent devotion unsurpassed in the annals of philanthropy; but its best friends have never regarded its labours as superseding the necessity of day-schooling; and it is at least vain to imagine that ever they can supersede it.' (There is a more significant passage still in Mr. Fletcher's Report, which we have not room to extract;—and see also Mr. Noel, p. 164.) And yet we fear, if the truth must be spoken, much of the opposition against any Government system of education will be found to arise out of the jealousy—in some, no doubt, it appears a godly jealousy—lest Sunday schools, and the influence attained through Sunday schools over a large part of the population, should be impaired or diminished. One religious body alone reckons its Sunday scholars by hundreds of thousands, its day-scholars by thousands. But is the best education  
which

which can be given in Sunday schools (and how rarely can it be the best!) an education for the intelligence of the English people? Let the Sunday school then be strictly, religiously, supplementary to the day school. It cannot properly perform both functions; let it be content with its own. Let it be absolutely and entirely relieved of all elementary and rudimental instruction; of teaching to read, to spell, to parse. Let its teaching be all which the best Sunday schools now afford, yet let it occupy the most limited time—let it have none of the tiresomeness, the weariness of school; above all, let it, after its grave lessons are duly imbibed, leave the joyous and innocent spirits of childhood their unfettered freedom. We read this sentence in Mr. Watkins's Report with peculiar satisfaction:—

'In the best Sunday school which I have visited—best, I mean, as to influence and permanent effects—that of the parish church at Warrington, the school hours are not more than one and a quarter in the morning, and three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon.'—p. 252.

And be it remembered—lest we should be charged not merely with abandoning the whole week (except such hours as may be set apart for the special teaching of the clergyman or other minister of religion) to secular instruction, but likewise with portioning off the smallest part of the Sunday for the inculcation of the great Evangelic truths and the doctrines of our Church—that according to our theory, the Sunday scholars are to come, already habituated to order and discipline—with their intelligence awakened, with a desire of further knowledge, in some at least, excited, with *religiousness* in their hearts, with nothing to unlearn, but with all which they have learned during the week preparing them for those more important revelations of knowledge. In the Church the Sunday school will be strictly catechetical, and the preparation for the public catechetical instruction of the clergyman, according to ancient usage—and perhaps in most parishes, particularly in our manufacturing and rural districts, a catechetical afternoon or evening service might be as profitable as an ordinary one, for the parents as well as the children.

It is time, indeed, to look all questions which force themselves upon us as connected with popular education fairly in the face, not to dismiss them at once as clashing with our own even most deeply rooted sentiments. We extract the following passage without observation:—

'I feel that I echo the sentiments of very many right-minded persons when I say that, with scarcely an exception, the conduct of school children at church is most unsatisfactory and distressing. Their irreverence during the prayers—their carelessness and inattention during the sermon—their disturbance of all harmony in the psalms when they



attempt to sing—their irreverent mode of speaking when they engage in the responses—their rudeness and noise in entering and leaving the sacred edifice,—all have a painful effect upon the mind, and excite very perplexing thoughts. Many reasons might doubtless be alleged to account for this evil—the irreligious and irreverent conduct of parents and friends at home—the general neglect of public worship among the labouring poor, and the contempt for it generated thereby in the minds of their offspring—the indifference of the children to a long service, with the nature of which they are unacquainted; their inability to understand the sermon; the bad situation in which they are frequently placed, where, from the impossibility of hearing, they lose all interest in the service; the inefficient means taken to preserve order in the church; the injudicious way in which attempts are frequently made by the masters or teachers to preserve quiet—all these’—[we would add above all the long previous confinement, sometimes for two hours, in the school, the anticipated two hours more, the compulsory learning, the harsh discipline, it may be, which is absolutely necessary where the Sunday school pretends to do the whole work of education, or even the punishment]—‘all these in turn have their weight, and seem to combine in more or less proportions to produce the fault complained of, and which would seem to be a fit subject for the consideration of school managers; who should also, I conceive, investigate with a careful attention the rule which exists in many schools, obliging all the day scholars to attend the Sunday school, and, as a school, to attend the church. The propriety of the attendance of the children at church I would not question; but it appears probable that circumstances may exist where a religious parent, in the habit of attending public worship, may wish to take his children with him, that they may be under his own eye, which is denied to him if they are obliged by the rules of their school to accompany the master and other scholars to the church.’—*Bellairs*, p. 243.

These, however, are questions not exclusively connected with the extension of education by the State. On that point we come to the consolatory conclusion that the State school will be the best ally of the clergyman—of the clergyman not as the competitor with or the opponent of Dissent, but in his highest beneficent mission as the guardian of public morals, as the interpreter of the pure Word of God, as the friend, example, adviser of his people. This it will be to the clergyman in every position; how infinitely more to the clergyman with a vast and populous and wide-spread cure, scanty means, and no power or hardly any of obtaining assistance; to the poor clergyman of the manufacturing district! If it merely relieved him from the perilous alternative of still further limiting his limited resources by the expenses of a school, of which he must undertake at least the responsibility; of choosing between the spiritual destitution of his parishioners, and the starvation of his family; if it relieved him from the waste of  
time,

time, the fatigue, the disheartening importunity, the cold rebuff, the insolent questioning, the contemptuous airs of those from whom he endeavours to wring reluctant contributions, from the arts, and wiles, and begging letters, and bazaar-keepings of that religious mendicancy to which he must submit; what invaluable time would it leave him for his other labours,—what comparative peace and collectedness of mind for his holier work! The State school would offer him his parishioners, not as now a miserable horde, in utter ignorance, in precocious vice, in all the habits formed by total want of discipline, by the recklessness of a precarious subsistence, by those fatal mischiefs with which, when all are alike uncontrolled, a few bold and spirited leaders in wickedness are able to infect a whole neighbourhood—rude, coarse, quarrelsome, lewd, blasphemous—to be gathered by incessant assiduity from the street, perhaps the gin-shop: not so—he would have them made over to his hands with their intelligence awakened, with habits of order and decency, with that degree of knowledge which in general leads to the desire of more, with the first principles at least of morals firmly taught, with some respect at all events for things sacred, with dispositions which have learned the blessedness of kindliness. At the worst, if they have no distinct religious opinions, no creed so definite as might be wished, they will have none of that ineradicable taint of profaneness, of that ingrained aversion to control, which is the growth of absolute neglect.

In agricultural parishes it would offer him, instead of a people dull as the clod which they are destined to break, for the loutish, down-looking boors, who have hardly heard the voice of any superior but the farmer, who has reproved them for idleness in bird-watching—or the relieving officer of the union, who has driven them from the threshold of the workhouse;—instead of these, it would offer him beings whose hearts have been at least stirred by benevolent exertions to open their understandings, and touch their affections; who have been already persuaded that they have minds to think, faculties to be sharpened, and duties to be discharged; who are conscious that they are the care and interest of others, besides their over-wrought and anxious parents, and the clergyman who has vainly perhaps endeavoured for an hour or two on the Sunday to break the thick crust of dullness and hard dispositions ever indurating during the rest of the week.

How then is the State to proceed, if the great principle of education by the State—education on perfectly equable terms to all classes of the community—be established? If Dr. Hook had written expressly to counteract his own end, he could not have more effectually done so than by his formidable array of figures,  
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and dashing dealing with millions—enough to make the most daring financier tremble in the inmost sanctuary of the Treasury, even though a large part of these burthens should be thrown upon local assessments. (We touch not on Dr. Hook's administration of national education by the quarter-sessions.) We believe, indeed, with Dr. Hook, that in the end as large an expenditure as what he demands may be required—and we believe, too, that it will be well bestowed. We believe that the education of the people will repay the State, almost to any amount, in better regulated industry—in less unsparing demands on the funds for the poor—in self-maintained social order—in some check, at least, on the waste of health and life by intemperance and low vice, by fraud, and gaming, and robbery—and in the substitution of harmless, and refining, and comparatively inexpensive, for pernicious, brutalising, and ruinous pleasures. But we have already shown that the call for a vast expenditure is, at all events, not immediate; that any system, to be successful, must be introduced gradually, and, as it were, feeling the ground at every step; and in short, that the appalling cyphers in Dr. Hook's letter need not for the present be allowed to interfere with the discussion of his principle.

The real peril and difficulty is lest the State education, whether by public grant or parochial or district taxation, should diminish the amount of voluntary subscriptions in the cause of education, or do injury otherwise to existing institutions. This was stated with force by Lord John Russell in the debate, or rather the conversation, on Mr. Ewart's motion. Dr. Hook still calculates on private subscriptions to the amount of 800,000*l.* per annum; but there must be great danger lest those who give reluctantly should adopt something like that standing convenient excuse for niggardliness to the poor, 'the parish is bound to provide'—and reply, 'the State must find the school.' The latter difficulty may be met by the simple rule of refraining from all interposition where there is in existing schools even an approximation to an adequate supply of education. The last thing to be desired would be to supplant, even by more efficient foundations, schools which have grown out of the wants of the spot, are endeared to the associations and knit up with the sympathies of the poor, and, in some instances, maintained even prodigally by the munificence of their neighbours. The State school will at first, of necessity, be as a stranger in the land. Let it not come between the kindly intercourse, the mutual good understanding of rich and poor, the Christian love on the one hand and the Christian gratitude on the other. Let those rural schools which stand in their little gardens at the park-gates of our nobility and our gentry, which  
are

are daily visited by the ladies of the 'great house,' as well as the wife or daughter of the parson, and are fully, even lavishly supported, it may be as a sort of amiable luxury of charity—let all these remain inviolate—if inspected, inspected only with the most tender consideration. Even if such schools be in some instances deficient in quickening the intelligence of the peasant children, they do a vast deal of good: they expand and soften their hearts—they bind together rich and poor by stronger ties even than the more full appreciation of their common interests. Let all the good parish schools of the clergy, all the well-supported schools of dissenters, be alike undisturbed. Least of all interfere with such schools as are conducted by some of the great master manufacturers—such, for instance, as that for three hundred and forty boys, and two hundred girls, at the establishment of Messrs. Marshall at Holbeck, described in such pleasing terms by Mr. Watkins (*Report*, p. 254). Attempt not to do the duty of those who are disposed to do their own.

Wherever existing schools are below the proper standard, the best way of elevating them will be to establish, not in rivalry in the same district, but in some vacant place in their neighbourhood, some better school. Natural emulation, the shame of inferiority, will work improvement more effectually, because spontaneously, than any compulsory interference or opposition. If the good State school be within easy distance, the gradual thinning of the benches in the old and inferior one will raise the attention and stimulate the zeal of its managers. It is astonishing how quick and discriminating the parents of the poorest are in discerning the influence of a good school in the progress of their children in knowledge, habits, conduct, and attachment to their teachers. We quote this gratifying illustration:—

'In respect to 30 out of 37 masters who had been educated in the Chester Diocesan Training College up to February 1844, it was ascertained that the number of children in daily attendance in their schools had increased from 1110 to 2173, and those on the books from 1428 to 2469, in the average period of thirteen months and a half. So far had the improved methods of instruction, introduced by these young men, been appreciated by the poor.'—*Mosely*, p. 515.

See further on the schools of Cheadle, Stone, and St. Mary's, Sheffield. At this latter school the education is far the highest, and attended by 698 children, who contribute, in school fees, 180*l*.

We are not disposed to throw out any rash conjectures of our own as to the course likely to be taken by Government on the great points which must belong to the organization and to the province of an effective Board of Public Education. We leave untouched as well the easiest part of their functions, the funds for building

building and the localities for the establishment of schools. We shall say but a few words on another more delicate office, which Dr. Hook would assign them,—the selection and authorization of books. We really cannot apprehend the extreme difficulty of finding or of writing books, even on such subjects as English history, which shall avoid collision with the strong religious or political views of any class of the community. It is done in the higher education—Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, all alike, send their sons to Eton, and from Eton to Christ Church or Trinity. Sturdy enough Tories and High-Churchmen, too, there were who did not refuse their children the advantage of Dr. Arnold's vigour, ability, and high-toned Christian feeling, though they might disapprove of many of his religious and political opinions. Party histories are bad histories, and therefore should be at once proscribed by a public board; candour and fairness will be recommendations even to a child, and not unimportant elements in his instruction. We do not believe that any Roman Catholic of the lower orders will take his son from a good school because he may be condemned to hear that Ridley and Latimer were cruelly burned, or that the martyrdom of King Charles, or the character of Cromwell, will create a fatal feud among the parents of the poor.

On the training of masters—the use to be made of the normal institutions already founded by the Church, or which may be in existence elsewhere, we must be altogether silent; but on the schoolmaster himself, on his social position and estimation, we may permit ourselves some few observations.

It is in vain to train schoolmasters with the utmost diligence, and with the wisest regard to those peculiar qualifications which are to fit them for their office; it is more than vain to raise them in intelligence, in accomplishments, in tastes if not in habits, above the ordinary standard of teachers, unless we can adequately reward their services after they are trained. Their social position must be one of respectability; they must not be fixed in a constant struggle with pecuniary difficulties; they must not be overburthened with the cares of life; they must be independent. But it is undeniable that, where schools are most wanted, schools will be least able to support themselves. In such places the regularity, if not the amount of payments, will constantly vary with the fluctuations of wages. Here then you cannot rigidly apply the salutary rule, that a man's reward must depend on his exertions. If the schoolmaster's income is in every case to rise and fall with the markets; if he must either inflexibly dismiss his scholars in default of punctual payment, or let them run in debt, and be compelled to follow their example himself, the system of education fails where  
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it is most wanted—is withdrawn where its perpetuity is especially desirable. At this hour, throughout the country (every report bears it upon its face) the great crying evil is the inadequacy of the stipends of the schoolmasters; and the inevitable consequence is that the higher the qualifications of the master and the better his character, the less likely are we, in the long run, to retain him in our service. Without some spring of ambition few will devote themselves to a laborious office, and ambition naturally looks to promotion. The mere change from an under-paid to a better paid school, which it will be difficult to prevent, is a great evil. But it will not be one school which will be the rival of another. Our normal institutions may turn out but nurseries for railway clerks—for the numberless commercial offices which are constantly on the watch for young men of steady character, good accountants, of civil manners and orderly habits. We cannot calculate on the martyrdom of self-devotion in a class, and that a large class. Piety, and that better churchmanship which forms part of Mr. Coleridge's ideal of a well-trained schoolmaster, may here and there choose the more humble, more anxious and perilous condition. In some favoured instances it will not scruple to be worn out, as worn out it will be, in the unaided, unrewarded, perhaps unwitnessed struggle with rude ignorance; with the insolence at one time of a flush of wages, at the next with the surliness of utter destitution. Here and there, in the attempt to tame the wild offspring of wild parents, noble Christian zeal will even continue to the end, and triumph over weariness, disappointment, ingratitude; it will sternly seal its eyes, and strengthen its heart by faith and fortitude, against the temptation either of a quiet, well-organised, and well-paid village school—or of the most comfortable desk at Mr. Hudson's terminus. Yet these must be at last the few, the very rare exceptions; those whose congenial natures have imbibed the full effect of their training. In the mass, men, train them as we may, will bring their talents and acquirements to the best market. We may bind them for a time by indentures; those fetters will only make them more eager to escape when their time is out.

Already, we inquire (and we inquire not without admiration at the success of Mr. Coleridge with individual minds), are there not aspirants at Stanley Grove after the more easy and dignified office of masters in middle schools? Can we suppose that these acquirements which (we sometimes doubt the policy of this showy plan) are exhibited at the public examinations before bishops and nobles, and members of parliament, and high-born ladies, will raise no consciousness of a vocation somewhat higher than to be the teacher of pauper children in some obscure village or  
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dirty alley? Will all the industrial employments, which Mr. Coleridge properly makes a part of his young men's daily life, keep down the risings of this very natural desire of bettering their condition, accompanied by the flattering suggestion, which will ever recur, that the more lucrative field is that of still more extensive usefulness, as well as one to which they are entitled by their talents and exertions? According to Mr. Allen's Report (1843) of three young men then recently sent out from the College, two were teaching country schools at a bare 50*l.* a year—one at 12*l.* with board and lodging, perhaps equal to 40*l.*! Turn to the establishment at Battersea, founded by Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, and for some time supported by his own, at that time we believe very moderate, resources, assisted by the precarious, though in some instances noble, munificence of his friends, but now made over to the National Society, as representing the Church, and therefore to that body which Mr. Kay Shuttleworth's experience led him to suppose the most likely to work it for the public advantage. This establishment is supported out of the fund for the promotion of Education in the Manufacturing and Mining Districts; the Society judging wisely that the providing well-trained masters would be the greatest boon to such districts. The institution is altogether less costly, at least in its outward arrangements, than the one at Stanley Grove. Its special object is known to its pupils when they enter; it is kept before them during their course of instruction; and yet even there is there an undivided devotion to that special service? Do we write thus as wishing to disparage, to throw the least suspicion upon the great experiment of raising the standard of intelligence, of knowledge, of acquirements, of character, in the future instructors of the people? Far otherwise; but we must insist on the consequent absolute necessity of raising in due proportion the social position of the schoolmaster.

In some countries extreme poverty may not weaken authority. In the wildest parts of Mayo we entered a national school. By what principle of adhesion the many-hued and many-patterned habiliments of the schoolmaster adhered to his person puzzled our philosophy—he was 'a thing of shreds and patches;' but his sixty or seventy children—mostly Roman Catholic, with about a sixth or seventh Protestant—were in excellent order, and he examined them with an intelligence and acuteness which would do no discredit to the Sanctuary at Westminster, or, by the leave of Mr. Burgess, to Upper Chelsea. Such things may be, and are elsewhere: but without altogether subscribing to the doctrine of our (alas, departed!) wise as witty Canon of St. Paul's, that in England poverty is a crime, we will assert that, even if you retain him in his office, an impoverished and beggarly schoolmaster will  
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in England command no respect either with parents or scholars. But you will not retain him in his office. The under-payment of the schoolmasters is the difficulty by which the foreign systems of education are embarrassed, though there they have a much stronger hold upon the teacher, and there is not a tenth part of the competition for the services of such men. In most parts of Switzerland, as Mr. Kay informs us in his work on Education, there is always (from the inability to pay them well) a constant desertion from the ranks going on, and a consequent necessity for the preparation of a sufficient number to fill the vacant posts (p. 9). This is as bad in point of economy as it is bad for the cause of education; and from this France as well as Switzerland suffers. 'Both countries (he says) pay their teachers but moderately, and are consequently obliged to support a greater number of normal establishments from which to supply the yearly demand.' He adds, on the other hand, that 'the canton of Geneva, in Switzerland, supports no normal school, but pays its masters so well that vacancies are always filled up by some of the best masters from the other cantons.'—p. 136.

If all Mr. Kay's reasonings had been as quiet and judicious as those which follow, his volume would have made a more powerful impression.

'If any man think it advisable that the schoolmasters' salaries should be dependent altogether, or even principally, on the small weekly payments of their scholars—if any one think it advisable that they should depend for their subsistence on the uncertain continuance of the benevolent donations of others, or on public collections depending for their amount on the way in which a charity sermon may be received, or that the support of the schoolmasters should be a tax on the small incomes of our country curates or poor clergy—I shall not waste any argument upon them: but I do entreat all those who are interested in the progress of the education of the people, to read the extracts appended to my third chapter, and to ask themselves whether it is possible to obtain good teachers until we have provided a certain and sufficient maintenance for them.'—p. 346.

Here it is that the intervention of the State (we presume not to say whether by parliamentary grant or by local assessment) is imperatively required. There can be no national system of education till the schoolmaster is a recognized public servant, certain of an adequate remuneration; liable, of course, to the strictest superintendence, to dismissal, in case of incompetence or misconduct, by proper authorities. 'Si on veut que le maître d'école soit utile, il faut qu'il soit respecté; et pour qu'il soit respecté, il faut qu'il ait le caractère d'un fonctionnaire de l'état.' So spake M. Guizot  
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some years ago. What is it we demand of the schoolmaster?—the devotion, the absolute and exclusive devotion, of the best of his years to a most important public service. We demand knowledge of various kinds, which he must not only possess, but be able to communicate to others; intelligence which shall be able to call forth the kindred intelligence of children in every stage of torpor, or languor, or obtuseness; a sagacious, an almost prophetic discernment of character and of capacity; a spirit which can not only bear with rude undisciplined dispositions, but with dispositions which have been, and still are, vitiated—rendered pceevish, sullen, or passionate, by fond and injudicious, or by harsh and brutal parents; a skill which has to correct in a few school hours the perpetual mischief done in an ill-regulated home; temper which has often to endure the unreasonable complaints, the caprices, and the violence of the parents; discretion, which may sometimes have to contend with the officious interference of kind but foolish and conceited managers; firmness which will punish when necessary, but gentleness which will keep punishment down to its most temperate exercise; exemplary moral character, decency of dress, demeanour, unimpeachable integrity in money concerns; aptitude to discern the value of, and modesty to admit with gratefulness all real improvements in the art and science of teaching; self-respect, with proper deference to his superiors in station and in education.

What do we entrust to the schoolmaster? At least some part of the religion of our people; very much surely of their moral habits, their providence, their economy—their cheerfulness and content, their conscientious industry, their enjoyments, their amusements; their mental energies—in some degree their health; their attachment to the laws and institutions of their country; their independence of thought as Englishmen; their respect for social distinctions; their acquiescence in the difference of ranks and stations; their deference for legitimate authority; their dread of anarchy; their aversion to licentiousness; their peace, their happiness. What do we entrust to the schoolmaster? We are persuaded that we do not exaggerate when we say—the destinies of England; the permanence of our constitution; the safety of the throne; the perpetuity of our Church; the security of all our wealth, strength, and grandeur—our future welfare, glory, national existence. And to this schoolmaster we offer the pittance of a day-labourer—something below the gains of a prosperous artisan—something far below that of our domestic servants; this after having cultivated his mind, raised him to a level with, perhaps to conscious superiority over, many whom he sees basking in opulence—

lence—and with lucrative, improving, easy situations soliciting him on every side, vying for his service: and all this with not even a fixed or recognised position—even this miserable maintenance at best but precarious—still liable to be dispossessed of his poor pittance by the caprice of school managers, the failure of school funds, a fall in the wages of labour.



- ART. VI.—1. *Kölner Domblatt. Amtliche Mittheilungen des Central Dombau-Vereins. Mit geschichtlichen, artistischen und literarischen Beiträgen; herausgegeben vom Vorstande.*  
 2. *Die Heiligen Drei Könige. Nach einer alten Handschrift: herausgegeben von R. Simroch. Frankfurt am Main. 1842.*

IT is a painful reflection, and one that conjures up a multitude of others, that a great cathedral can never again be built in this country. It is perhaps as painful to reflect on the utter disproportion of scale to use, in those which still remain to us, but to this habit has familiarised us. We are accustomed to hear the echoes of their glorious nave and aisles awakened at best to the footsteps of a small congregation—for the most part only to those of the solitary verger. We are accustomed to see their grand quadrangular cloisters treated merely as covered passages to prebendal back-doors; their beautiful chapels, those greatest imaginable luxuries of former wealthy piety, used only, if used at all, as waste places for mouldering rubbish. We are habituated, in short, to view a cathedral, except for purposes which any ordinary parish church could as well fulfil, as a mere sumpter edifice, enclosing a space no one congregation can fill, or no one man's voice penetrate, and only preserved and kept up from a feeling, akin perhaps to love, but which would be equally bestowed on any building, whether Christian or not, with antiquity and beauty in its favour. Yet, who is there among those who love to breathe the atmosphere of these ancient piles, who will not acknowledge that however altered in estimation, or limited in use, there is still a voice, in them we cannot silence, and a spell we cannot break? We have forbidden the pilgrimage—levelled the altar—smashed the image, and extinguished the candle. We have left in them nothing to catch the fancy or to trammel the reason—but our ancient cathedrals are still faithful to the nobler aims of their founders. They still call to unity, rebuke presumption, command prostration, and raise to prayer.

Such being our feelings with respect to what remains for us at home, it is impossible that we should look without deep interest upon

upon the great work now in progress on the banks of the Rhine. The cathedral of Cologne, after the lapse of six centuries since the first stone was laid, and nearly three and a half since the last was left, is now, as is generally known, once more advancing according to its original intention. Royal patronage has been extended—public enthusiasm excited—the original plans for portions of the building discovered—forests of scaffolding have arisen, and for four years the silver sound of the trowel has resounded from morning till night around the old walls. Nor does it seem too visionary to expect that the present generation will live to see the completion of one of the finest religious edifices which the world possesses.

It is singularly happy that the building, thus bequeathed for modern completion, should be, as the most perfect example of the most perfect period of Christian architecture, the best fitted for the study and imitation of the present day. If ever we are to obtain an insight either into the body or soul of mediæval art, it must be on an occasion like this, when by a combination of events, themselves already long interwoven in the history of the world, it is left, as it were, still on the loom—its wondrous threads still uncut. The cathedral of Cologne is a specimen of the art exactly at that point of perfection at which nothing on earth is permitted to stop—after the bud, and before the rankness—the flower just blown.

Without attempting to trace the history of Gothic architecture, or insisting either on the principle of practical utility, or the spirit of religious symbolism for its real origin, we must yet remind the reader that, in the countries to which it distinctively belongs, its highest development was attained under three contemporary sovereignties of eminent talents, worth, and piety. Cologne cathedral was founded in 1248—at the time that Frederic II. was Emperor of Germany, Henry III. King of England, and St. Louis King of France.

Cologne is one of those remarkable cities which have witnessed every fashion of human life, and every form of worldly power. Founded by ancient Rome and nursed by modern Rome—owing its first existence to the mother of Nero, and its first Christianity to the mother of Constantine—it has been the seat of Pagan institutions—the arena of Christian martyrs—the stronghold of religious dominion—the pattern of municipal independence—the storehouse of useful commerce, and the birthplace of elegant arts. It contains within its walls progressive specimens of every style of architecture, from the stern old church built with the stones of the ancient capitol, to the trumpery façade of the Rathhaus, calling itself modern Greek. It has seen the deeds of the hero  
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of the Niebelungen—it has been the home of Albertus Magnus, the magician—the abode of Thomas of Aquinas, the saint—the tomb of Duns Scotus, and the resort of Petrarch. It has waged its own war, coined its own mark, and fixed its own measure. It has revered the most absolute sovereigns, and asserted the most republican rights. It has stood highest as an Archiepiscopal diocese, and foremost in the Hanseatic league. Its prelates have sent embassies to England, and its merchants have had a guild of their own in London. Kings from the far west have come to worship within its walls at the shrine of the kings from the far east. It has attracted students from Iceland on the fame of its learning, and supplied Poland with abbots on the fame of its piety. ‘Qui non vidit Coloniam, non vidit Germaniam,’ was a current saying; and ‘as rich as a Cologne weaver,’ a universal proverb. It developed a school of architects, whose recommendation, the world over, was that they came from Cologne; and a school of artists, of whom all that is known is that they belonged to Cologne. It had a native *patois* of its own, and a distinctive physiognomy of its own, and has them both still; while past and present occasionally meet in curious juxtaposition; the quaint Byzantine windows of an upper story keep their place over the staring plate-glass of a café in the lower; and the Roman toga, till within the last forty years, was worn on all occasions by magisterial venders of *Eau de Cologne*.

To one thing Cologne has been resolutely and uninterruptedly true—her attachment to the Roman church. She may well be called the Rome of the North. She has known almost as many archbishops as Rome has popes, and seen as many of them canonised. A hundred and thirty-seven churches and remains of churches still crowd her precincts, and tradition reports them to have been once as many as there are days in the year. Her ancient devotion deserved that she should have the noblest Gothic cathedral in the world—and we think it probable that the completion of the edifice will be due in the main to the spirit in which its first stone was laid. A variety of denominations—believers and non-believers—lovers of art and followers of fashion, appear to be indiscriminately busy in promoting this undertaking; and the Germans uphold it with true German pride, as one in which all differences of belief are to be buried—such a conglomeration being their only idea of what is national; but the Church, in whose service they are all thus obligingly working, is the mainspring of the whole machine. It is true, she takes equally no prominent part and pursues no secret measures—she has offered no inducements in the way of indulgences and remissions, as in the times which founded the building—and has  
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only simply called upon her members, and openly taxed her sacraments; yet it is the old zeal that was the first, and, we predict, will be the last impulse of the movement.

This famous *Dom* is the third metropolitan church which Cologne has known. Tradition reports the first to have been built, by St. Maternus, a local saint, in the first century, and assigns the place on which it stood, but nothing more. This, though now enclosed within the walls of the city, was *extra muros* in the Roman time, as was usual with the early Christian churches. Of the second there is more to be said. It was founded in 784, by Hildebold, 19th Bishop, and, it is believed, 1st Archbishop, of whom the Cologne Chronicle gives the following curious history:—

‘On the death of Bishop Riccolphus, there arose a great dispute among the Chapter, as to the choice of a new Bishop; so much so, that it reached the ears of the Kaiser Karl (Charlemagne) at Aix-la-Chapelle. He, therefore, took horse and rode towards Cologne in order to settle their differences. In a wood near the city he heard a bell, and entered a small chapel,\* where mass was going on. The Kaiser was attired like a hunter, with a horn, and clasped knife at his side. After he had heard mass, he laid a *golden* on the altar, upon which the priest, by name Hildebold, took it up, and not knowing the Kaiser, said to him, “Friend, take back thy *golden*; we don’t offer gold here”—and thought that he meant to mock him—for he was a simple, pious man. Then the Kaiser said, “Sir! keep the money; I give it you with a willing heart.” But Hildebold would not, and continued, “I see that you are a hunter; do me this service, therefore, and send me the hide of the first doe that you kill for a covering to my books. But take back your *golden*.” As the Kaiser perceived the open, honest speech of the priest, he asked of the bystanders as to his life and conversation, and heard that he was a very upright man. Then the Kaiser rode on into Cologne, and inquired into the cause of the dispute, and finding the Chapter could not agree, he declared to them he would himself choose the Bishop; whereupon he called Priest Hildebold to Cologne, and presented him to the Chapter.’

The edifice founded by this holy man seems not to have been finished in less than ninety years—it was, we read, consecrated by the prelate third in succession from him, in 873, on occasion of a grand provincial synod, when no less than eleven bishops were present. According to the local historians,† who have borrowed from older sources, the cathedral was a stately Byzantine building, with double choirs and crypts, and three towers. And on the coins which occur from the ninth to the eleventh century, many of which

\* According to Cologne antiquarians, the chapel of St. Marcellus, of which there are remains to be seen in an old house in the street named from it, the *Marcellan Strasse*.

† Winheim, *Sacraum Agrippinæ*, 1007. Crombach, *Historia Trium Regum*, 1651.

bear rude representations of churches, among which those of St. Gereon and the Apostles are still recognisable, there appears a church, superior to either, answering the description of these writers, and bearing great resemblance to the magnificent but later church on the Crater-lake at Laach. The interior is reported to have been richly adorned; and here was stored up, among other valuables, a wonderful library of manuscripts, which the book-loving Hildebold had gathered together. In 1089 the cathedral took fire, and destruction seemed inevitable, when the bones of St. Cunibert were hastily brought, and the flames as hastily subsided. But in 1248, as certified by a papal bull of the day, it again took fire, on occasion of some civil tumult, when, no saint interfering, the flames made the most of their opportunity and burnt it to the ground.

There was now great need for a new cathedral, not only to replace the old one, but to receive a treasure which, more than any other cause, has contributed to the glory of Cologne. This consisted in the bones of the three Wise Men of the East, captured at the siege of Milan by Frederic Barbarossa, and considered one of the greatest triumphs he had achieved; and which being presented by him to the city of Cologne, demanded the costliest edifice that man could raise. At the same time, as if to favour the occasion, the wealth of the city and Chapter had so accumulated as to gain for this period the appellation of the Golden Age of Cologne; while a new era of architecture, just budded in the land, waited apparently but this opportunity to expand here into maturity.

It seems, however, that the plan of erecting a new cathedral on a grander scale had been long previously contemplated. Archbishop Engelbert, Count of Altona and Berg, murdered in 1225, so openly entertained the idea as by some to have been considered the author of the original design; while under his successor, Conrad of Hochsteden, it so far ripened, that all preliminaries were ready for the foundation of the new building only a few months after the destruction of the old one. At this time Germany was agitated by the dissensions between Frederic II. and Pope Innocent IV., which ended in the excommunication and deposition of the emperor. Thereupon there started up three candidates for the empire,—Henry, Count of Thuringen; William, Count of Holland; and Richard, Earl of Cornwall. But this, far from hindering the cause of the cathedral, proved a direct means of furthering it—each candidate in turn pleading his pretensions to the archbishop with arguments calculated most materially to assist its progress. Conrad first gave his favour to Henry of Thuringen, who, however, lived only a year. Then William

of Holland, whose youth was counterbalanced by his relationship to the prelate, was elected; when, being refused admittance to the city of Aix (still faithful to Frederic) for the ceremony of coronation, the prince laid immediate siege to it and took it in six months. It was during this siege, on the 14th of August, 1248, that Archbishop Conrad laid the first stone of the present cathedral, at a depth, as Boisseree has ascertained, of above forty-four feet below the surface. There were present on the occasion, the papal legate, many bishops, dukes, and counts, with William of Holland, and the flower of his army from the siege, and the chief burghers of the besieged town; a truce of three days having been granted for this purpose by mutual consent. The stone having been laid with all ecclesiastical form, munificent offerings were collected, and Conrad read aloud a letter from the Pope, granting indulgence from church discipline of a year and forty days to all penitents contributing to the work.

Doubtless the great and gifted man whose spirit conceived the plan in all its harmonious wholeness, and whose mental vision saw it completed in all its elaborate detail, took an important part in that day's pageantry. That particular combination of letters and syllables, however, by which he was known in his own generation, and which was as familiar to all those present as the name of the archbishop himself, was to be buried in the secret depths of that stupendous monument, which, while it has proclaimed his genius far and wide, has, it seems, for ever entombed the man. He has bequeathed his beautiful ideas in ciphers which all may read, but left not a letter to tell his *name*. Since that day six centuries have rolled a veil over it, which it seems hopeless now to lift. Assiduous researches have been made by the first antiquarians in Germany for the last fifty years, and the *Domblatt* especially has been the arena of indefatigable controversy as to whom the honour of the pile is due. It has been given alternately to Archbishops Engelbert and Conrad, to Albertus Magnus, to one Meister Gerard, who was the first *Dom Meister*, and others;—the arguments for each being equally conclusive, and all therefore terminating precisely as they began.

And we cannot help thinking, fortunately so—the long continued mystery is now become more interesting than any discovery that could replace it. Our generation is too far removed in time, knowledge, and spirit, to comprehend how the mere elder brother of the same likeness of a man, who now designs a something to order, builds it by contract, calls it a church, and himself an architect, could have composed such a structure as THE DOM. At most, the architects of those times are mere *ideas to us*, and such let him of Cologne remain! The name of Erwin of Steinbach

bach has incorporated itself with the cathedral of Strasburg: it is too late for a new name to do that with Cologne. Overbeck has therefore settled the matter wisely\* in his great picture at Frankfort, 'Religion glorified by the Arts,' where he presents the Great Unknown of Cologne as the Genius of Architecture, under a figure of solemn and abstract beauty. Such may he, therefore, ever appear to those who have volunteered to complete what he began; reminding them that—

'They dreamt not of a perishable home,  
Who thus could build.'

But to return to the means by which the work was carried on. William of Holland dying in 1257, Richard of Cornwall, brother to our Henry III., again came forward, and by his munificent gifts to the archbishop became a valuable patron to the rising building. Richard, according to Hume, was the wealthiest subject in the English dominions, and his ambition to wear the imperial crown made him scatter his money in such profusion that the amount of it has been exaggerated into something fabulous, the ancient historians affirming that he came over to Germany with thirty tons' weight of gold. Archbishop Conrad, who still filled the see, crowned him King of the Romans at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the same year, but he never wielded the sceptre of Charlemagne. He visited Cologne several times, and offered largely at the tomb of 'the Three Kings.' It was owing probably to his personal interest that German emissaries, in the name of the Pope, were allowed to collect contributions at that time throughout England. So that English money helped in the first stage of the work; though, excepting our Queen's donation last year, we are not aware that any has been supplied for the second.

But the chief funds for the building proceeded from the precious relics for whose sake chiefly it was undertaken. It was the shrine of the Three Kings those walls were destined to enclose, which principally raised them from the ground. The Three Kings were especially the patron saints of travel—that is, of what was almost the only travel of those days, of pilgrimage.† Their fame was at its zenith at the time of the Crusades. All pilgrims trusted to a *star* that should conduct them to the place of the Nativity, and the shrine being placed temporarily in the church of St. Cecilia, Cologne was visited by crowds, who con-

\* Wied' that the King of Bavaria, who, to stop further argument, has admitted Meiser Gessed into the Walhalla.

† To this day, in many parts of Carinthia and Franconia the door of an inn has carved over it the initials C. M. B.—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar.



considered a prayer and an offering at this shrine as the first step on their journey to Palestine. These crowds comprised the highest in the land; and from the time of Barbarossa there was hardly emperor, king, or count who did not hold courts, celebrate festivities, or pass through Cologne, on expeditions of love, war, or pilgrimage; first sanctifying his object by prayer and offering at the shrine of the Three Kings.

Nevertheless, the building made but slow progress. Archbishop Conrad was a bad-hearted, contentious man, who quarrelled with all the neighbouring states, and cruelly oppressed the citizens; and though as founder of the cathedral his memory is held in honour, yet in truth the immense power which he derived from the wealth of the shrine, and the long reign during which he wielded it, served far more to impoverish his people than to enrich his cathedral. His violence to his neighbours brought him into positions from which the citizens had to ransom him; and his unjust dealings towards them compelled them to resistance, for which he placed them under ban. His successor walked in the same steps; and it was not till the time of Archbishop Wichbold, fifty years after the day of foundation, that the city began to recover, and the cathedral to rise. This prelate stimulated the work by example as well as exhortation. In his time it first became the custom to bequeath legacies to the cathedral, and in the statutes of the Church the priests are ordered to enjoin the dying penitent, after due payment of his debts and restitution of all ill-gotten wealth, to remember the holy work now going on for the mother-church of the city and diocese. At first lands or goods were bequeathed, but afterwards a certain sum in money; and till within the last century it was the regular form in Cologne for all wills to commence with a bequest to the *Dom Fabrik*. 5800

Meanwhile the influence of the shrine had been applied in another way. Encouraged by the indulgences held out in the papal letter, a society was formed, called the Brotherhood of St. Peter (the patron saint of the cathedral), for the purpose of collecting contributions for the building. The qualification for membership consisted simply in having made a pilgrimage to the shrine, and it was open equally to both sexes, who were regularly divided into bodies, and enrolled under the surveillance of various religious orders. This society was of great service, for with their zeal the Pope increased their privileges, the most important of which consisted in exemption from all the local interdicts, which bishops hurled and people feared in those days; so that an individual collecting so much in a year (the smallest contribution being fixed at a bushel of wheat), if not personally excommunicated, or a notorious bad liver, could hear ~~was~~ and receive

receive the sacraments, himself and all his family, even in such places as were under papal ban.

Under these circumstances, the Brotherhood of St Peter grew into high fame and influence, and while the members dispensed themselves eagerly, not only throughout the diocese but throughout Europe, the beautiful choir rose gradually, and on the 27th of September, 1322, in the reign of Archbishop Henry II, Count of Binnenburg, stood ready for consecration—this being the same day on which the old cathedral of Charlemagne had received the same rite 450 years before.

This was a great occasion and Cologne overflowed with spiritual and worldly dignitaries. After the usual ceremonies without the building, the Archbishop, attended by his suffragans—the Prince-Bishops of Osnaburg, Munster and Liege, and the Bishops of Minden and Utrecht entered the choir where, ashes having been strewn upon the pavement, the Archbishop, in sign of that doctrine of which Christ is the alpha and the omega, wrote in them with his sceptre all the letters of the alphabet. From the south-east to the north-west he wrote Greek letters, from the north-east to the south-west he wrote Latin letters, thus forming a cross saltire, X. Then the bones of the Three Kings were brought in with great pomp, and, in imitation of the early Christians, who usually erected their churches over the tomb of a saint or martyr, the Archbishop laid the first stone of the shrine that was to contain them, above which in due time a gilt star was placed at the tip end of the choir, a type of that which conducted the wise men.

Our readers, we suppose, will not object to our pausing here for a moment to give a short account of these mysterious personages, as preserved in the traditions of the Roman Church. We take it from a curious old *Volksbuch*, written originally in Latin by Johannes von Hildesheim, who died in 1375, for the especial edification of the city of Cologne, done into German 1389, for Dame Elisabeth of Katzenellenbogen, Lady of Elzsch; copied at Basle 1420, printed at Strasburg in 1480, and now republished at Frankfurt, 1842, for the benefit of the cathedral of Cologne. Here follows, therefore, an epitome of this ancient Tract for the Times.

The prophecy that a star should rise in Jacob having proceeded from a heathen prophet, the heathens themselves became interested in its fulfilment, and watch was kept from a tower on a high hill in India, where twelve astrologers observed the heavens night and day. When the time was come, a brilliant star was seen to rise in the east, which shed a light all over the land, and was as bright as the sun. And the star bore within it the figure

figure of a little child, and the sign of the cross, and a voice came from it, saying, 'To-day is there born a King in Judæa.' And this star was seen over all India, and the people rejoiced, and no one doubted that it was the same of which Balaam had prophesied. India included three regions; each separated from the other by high mountains. One of these was Arabia, the soil of which is quite red with the quantity of gold it contains, and here Melchior was king. The second was Godolia, of which part is called Saba, where frankincense is so abundant that it flows out of the trees—and Balthazar ruled there. And the third India contained the kingdom of Tharsis, where myrrh hangs so plentifully on the bushes, that as you walk along it sticks to your clothes; and here Caspar reigned. But as they were best known by the gifts they brought, the Scriptures only mention them as the kings of Tharsis, Arabia, and Saba.

Now each of the kings saw the star, and determined to follow it, but no one of the three knew anything of his neighbour's intentions. So each set off with a numerous retinue, and the whole way, though beset with mountains and rivers, was equally dry and level to them; and they neither ate nor drank, nor rested, nor slept, neither they nor their servants, nor their horses, nor their cattle, but followed the star without ceasing. In this manner the whole journey only occupied them thirteen days, though it took them two years to return. 'And whoever doubts this, let them read,' says the little book, 'in the prophet Daniel, where Habbakuk was taken by the hair of his head, and transported from Jerusalem to Babylon in one hour.'<sup>\*</sup>

But when they were come within two miles of Jerusalem, the star disappeared, and a heavy fog arose, and each party halted; Melchior, as it fell out, taking his stand on Mount Calvary, Balthazar on the Mount of Olives, and Caspar just between them. And when the fog cleared away, each was astonished to see two other great companies besides his own, and then the kings first discovered that all had come upon the same errand, and they embraced with great joy, and rode together into Jerusalem.

There the crowd of their united trains was so great, that they looked like an army come to besiege the city, and Herod and all Jerusalem were troubled. And the strangers inquired for Him that was born King of the Jews, whose star they had seen in the east, and were directed, as the Scriptures relate, to Bethlehem. And the star again went before them, and stood over a miserable hut. In this hut lay the infant Jesus, now thirteen days old,

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<sup>\*</sup> Bel and the Dragon, ver. 36.

with his mother Mary, who was stout in figure and brown in face, and had on an old blue robe. But the kings were splendidly attired, and had brought great treasures with them; for it must be known that all that Alexander the Great left at his death, and all that the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon, and all that Solomon collected for the temple, had descended to the Three Kings from their ancestors, who had pillaged the temple of Jerusalem; and all this they had now brought with them. But when they entered this miserable hut, it was filled with such an exceeding light, that, for fear and amazement, they knew not what they did. And they each offered quickly the first thing that came to their hands, and forgot all their other gifts. Melchior offered thirty golden pennies, Balthazar gave frankincense, and Caspar myrrh; but what the Virgin said to them they quite forgot, and only remembered that they bowed before the child, and said, 'Thanks be to God.'

Each of the gifts, however, had a significant history, especially the thirty pennies, which appear to have assisted at all the money transactions mentioned in the Scriptures. Having been originally struck by Abraham's father, they were paid by Abraham for the cave of Machpelah; and by Potiphar for Joseph to his brethren; and by Joseph's brethren to Joseph for corn in Egypt; and by Joseph to one Queen of Sheba for ointment to anoint the body of his father Jacob; and by a later Queen of Sheba to Solomon; whence, as we have seen, they came into the hands of Melchior, who now offered them at Bethlehem. Nor does their history end here; for as the Holy Family fled into Egypt, the Virgin tied up the money, with the frankincense and myrrh together in a cloth, and dropped it by the way; and a shepherd tending his flock found the cloth, and kept it safe till the time when Jesus was performing his miracles in Judæa. Then, being afflicted with a disease, he came to Jerusalem, and Jesus cured him; and the shepherd offered him the cloth, but Jesus knew what was in it, and desired him to offer it upon the altar. There the Levite who ministered burnt the frankincense; and of part of the myrrh a bitter drink was made, which they gave the Saviour on the cross, and the remainder Nicodemus presented for his burial; but the thirty pennies were made over to Judas for betraying Christ, and he threw them down in remorse at the feet of the high-priest, whereupon fifteen went to pay the soldiers who watched by the tomb, and the other fifteen bought a field to bury poor pilgrims.

To return to the kings: after they had made their offerings, they ate and drank, and lay down to rest; but, being warned against Herod in a dream, they returned to their own country by the regular way, and with all expedition did not reach it for

two years. There they told all the people what they had seen, and the wonders God had wrought, and everywhere upon their temples the people erected the image of a star with the child and cross in it. And it came to pass that St. Thomas the Apostle was sent to preach the Word in India, and when he saw the star of their temples he was astonished, and asked what it meant. Then the heathen priests told him about the Three Kings, and how they had journeyed to Bethlehem and seen the young child: at which St. Thomas rejoiced exceedingly, for he had heard of the Magi, as they were called, from the circumstance of the twelve astrologers, and he performed so many miracles that his fame filled the three Indias.

Now the Three Kings were very old and infirm, but hearing of St. Thomas they each determined to see him; and again, as it so happened, they set out on the same day, and without knowing each other's movements, reached St. Thomas at the same time. And first, St. Thomas baptized them, and then he ordained them priests; for, the little book adds, that they were not married men, and never had been. And they built a city, and lived together in great joy and love for two years, preaching the Gospel. Then Melchior died, and was buried in a costly grave; and shortly after Balthazar died also, and was laid in the same place; and at length Caspar gave up the ghost, and when his body was brought to be buried near his companions, Melchior and Balthazar, who lay side by side, moved asunder, and made room for him between them. And many were the wonders and miracles performed at the tomb, but for all that the people forsook the right way, and fell into great heresies, and at length each of the three Indias insisted on taking the body of their king back to his own country.

Now came the happy times of the good Emperor Constantine, and his mother Helena, who, after finding the true cross, and the four nails, and the cloth in which the child had lain, and the old blue robe of the Virgin, determined on finding the bodies of the Three Kings as well. For this she travelled expressly to India, where, after much difficulty, especially on behalf of Caspar, who had got among a sad set of heretics, she succeeded in obtaining all three, and when they were at length deposited again in one receptacle, there arose such an unspeakably delightful smell, as convinced all the faithful not only of the identity of the bodies, but of their exceeding satisfaction at being together once more.

By Helena they were taken to Constantinople, where they lay for some time in great honour at the Church of St. Sophia; fell into discredit in the times of Julian the Apostate; rose again into favour with his successor, and were ultimately presented to Eustorgius, Bishop of Milan, a Greek by birth, who had done great

great service to the Greek Church: From Milan Barbarossa, as we have seen, carried them off, and gave witness both of his devotion to the Church and his favour for Cologne, by presenting them to that city, 'where they first lay in the old cathedral of Bishop Hildebold, and now lie in the new one, founded by Conrad of Hochsteden, where, with God's blessing they will remain till the day of Judgment.' 'Therefore,' the little book concludes, 'Rejoice, oh! Cologne! city rich in honours! and thank God that He has chosen thee before every other city in the world to be the happy shrine of the Three holy Kings!'

So ends the legend. We considered the history of the Kings of Cologne, which was the name they bore for centuries, too much a part of that of the Cathedral to be passed over; and far be it from us to desire to turn it into ridicule. Making due allowance for the change of taste, and the discovery of printing, we appeal to the reader whether there be more folly or less wisdom in this little old book than in many a little new one. At all events, the generation that read this, and believed it, could also build the Cathedral of Cologne.

We must now revert to the choir, which stood with its seven chapels clustered round it, unique then as now. 'This stupendous structure, itself 208 feet high, rises, as many of our readers have seen, out of a forest of piers and pinnacles, each attached to the building alternately by a double and fourfold row of gigantic flying buttresses, which break the bristling *chevaux de frise* of perpendicular lines, and relieve, though they amaze, the eye. Yet not placed there for any eye-service, but for the strictest use: the buttresses resisting the pressure of that enormous weight of roof, the piers weighting the ends of the buttresses, and increasing their strength; each pier a miniature church in itself, its shape that of a cross, rising into four corner spires, with one centre steeple or pinnacle; each spire and pinnacle edged at each angle by a row of crotchets terminating in a finial—each crotchet the *Marien Blume*, or flower of Mary, what we call the Lady's slipper—each finial a rose, the emblem of mystery—whence the saying *sub rosa*; while from roof, and wall, and pier protrude innumerable grotesque pipe-heads—demons, dragons, monkeys, monstrosities; in the opinion of some, the fantastic creations of the architect's own imagination; according to Boisserée, imitations of the goblins and wood-demons in which the times believed; but according to the symbolist, representations of the bad spirits which the Church holds without her walls, and yet compels to do her service.

It strikes a stranger's eye at first sight, that while the south side of the choir seems to blossom with exuberance, the north side, as with Freiburg and Amiens, is comparatively plain: no lady's slippers

slippers on the pinnacles, no corner spires round the miniature steeple. A Cologne *laquais de place* will tell you, with the usual sapience of these people, that the want of decoration was owing to want of funds, and that it is intended, when the Cathedral is completed, to *put on* the failing ornaments. You refer to a little cathedral guide-book, purchased at Dumont Schauberg's, the great bookseller of Cologne, and that informs you that the original architects left this side plain, because, on account of some abutting building, *it was not so much seen*—a reason which, considering that the original architects finished every dark corner and lofty point as carefully as the most prominent and visible parts, is fit to succeed that of the lackey. We turn then to Boissierée, and even his solution fails to convince. He tells us that the north side being that most exposed to the weather, all unnecessary ornament was purposely avoided. Now it is not true that the north side is always that most tried by the weather; in many English edifices it is the eastern aspect which suffers soonest; and in Cologne the bitterest blast comes from the west. The symbolist, therefore, claims the next hearing, in the person of Professor Kreuser—a profound antiquarian, an ardent Roman Catholic, a constant adorer of the Cathedral, and in all these capacities a most valuable contributor to the *Domblatt*.

'The north side,' he says, 'has had, since the first period of Christianity, its particular meaning—the south the same. The north side was that of the Evangelists, who gave the truth in plainness and simplicity—the south was that of the Prophets, who disguised it in oriental figure and imagery. Also the women, who were especially commanded to cover themselves, and abstain from ornament, stood on the north side, hence called the *muliebris*; while the men, to whom no such prohibition extended, stood on the south. Hence it is that the south side of the choir is richly decorated—that towards the north markedly simplified.'—*Domblatt*, No. 92.

Admitting this, for argument's sake, to be true, another congenial reason may be urged as assisting to keep the northern side of Cologne Cathedral plain—namely, that to which the old habit of not interring the dead on the north side of a church is attributable: not because of its dampness or general gloom—for beyond the shadow cast by the building this no longer exists—but because, under an old tradition, the north side was supposed to be especially under the influence of the Prince of the Powers of the Air, and therefore expressly avoided as a place of burial.

Possessed, therefore, with these various arguments, the traveller mounts to the highest external gallery of the Cathedral, and there from behind that massive parapet—which from below, to use a lady's term, appears but the delicate *footing* to which the whole embroidery

embroidery of the building is appended—he sees at once marks of a decision of purpose, for which neither economy, nor obscurity, nor inclemency would account: for standing exactly at the centre of the choir-end, at the spot which the gilt star once occupied, looking eastward, he sees all below him decoration on his right hand, and all simplicity on his left.

This vital portion of the edifice being completed, the offices of the church were regularly performed, and the decorations of the interior became a further field for the piety of individual contributors. Archbishop Genney, especially, who held the see from 1357, appears as a munificent patron. He presented the black marble altar of the Three Kings, still existing—also the high altar itself with an elaborate Ciborium, now exchanged for one utterly unsuitable; fourteen statues of silver gilt, of the Apostles, the Saviour, and the Virgin—the two latter two ells high—which were placed round the altar on all solemn occasions; and, lastly, the tabernacle, or receptacle for the Sacrament, an exquisite structure 62 feet high, whose tragic fate we shall record farther on. To this Archbishop are also usually attributed the fourteen statues, with rich canopies and brackets, on the pillars round the altar; and the canopies and brackets the good Archbishop is welcome to the credit of, both being singularly beautiful; but the statues show a mannerism and affectation (now increased tenfold by the hideous painting they have undergone) which we must assign to a much later period. Also the chronicles mention four brazen angels, seven feet high, of great beauty, placed at each corner of the altar, and a wonderful clock wound up once a year, representing the course of the sun and moon and the adoration of the Three Kings.

Meanwhile the brethren of St. Peter continued their rounds, and increased so much in number that, in 1336, on occasion of a great meeting in Cologne, the choir and rising aisles were found insufficient to contain them, and the priests were obliged to bring the relics out, and bear them round the Cathedral. The end of all this may be easily anticipated; the fraternity was become too good a speculation, both in a worldly and spiritual light, not to be abused. Notorious bad livers contributed in their last moments sufficient to enrol them in the brotherhood, and thus fraudulently obtained the offices of the Church; others deducted considerably from their collections before making them over to the Cathedral fund; while some of still more independent views, among whom we are assured ladies were not wanting, never made them over to the fund at all. This state of things attracted the attention of Archbishop Genney, who forthwith curtailed the immunities, and pursued the offenders so effectually that he seems to have



have put an end not only to the abuses, but to the society itself. Its statutes were renewed towards the end of the fifteenth century, when the old popularity had so fallen away that the collectors had to be allowed one-fourth of their gatherings; and in the sixteenth century no further mention is made of the body.

It was well for the Cathedral that there was no failing as yet among the other sources of her support—the tide of royalty and nobility still set in powerfully towards the shrine, and many a picturesque procession demanded entrance at the guarded gates, and wound through the narrow and intricate streets of the city, on its way to the Cathedral. In 1337, our own Edward III., on his way up the Rhine to meet Lewis of Bavaria, visited the shrine, and left rich offerings. In 1347, the French King, Charles IV., also paid his devotions, and his tribute; later in the century, Peter, King of Cyprus, and the Emperor Wenceslaus. But the most remarkable pageant took place on the deposition of this latter, when the Elector Palatine Rupert (known to all the lovers of Heidelberg Castle by the grand old *Ruprecht's Bau*) was elected Emperor in his stead. In his person the case of William of Holland was repeated, for Aix-la-Chapelle remained true to Wenceslaus and refused Rupert admittance. He, therefore, entered Cologne with his wife, four sons, and three daughters, and a brilliant cortège of dukes and counts and on the 6th of January, the Feast of the Three Kings—our Epiphany—was crowned in the Cathedral. On this occasion a curious custom was observed. The Archbishop performed the mass, and Rupert himself, to whom as Emperor belonged the dignity of a canon of the diocese, chanted the Gospel.\*

In 1402, also, Rupert's eldest son, the Elector Lewis—who in the matter of wives was a kind of German Henry VIII.—celebrated at Cologne his marriage with Blanche, daughter of our Henry IV., leaving jewels upon the shrine which a modern bride would decidedly have grudged from herself. This is the second instance of an English princess being given in marriage in this city—the first being that of Isabella, daughter of King John, whose marriage with the Emperor Frederic II. took place there in 1235.

Still the Cathedral by no means profited in due proportion. Its fate depended mainly on the tastes of the reigning Archbishop: if peaceable, the building advanced; if pugnacious, it halted. Unfortunately this latter was the more frequent disposition of the two; and the Archbishop Theodoric von Moers, who

\* The Emperors of Germany held three canons in their own right, one at St. Peter's at Rome, one at the Münster of our Lady at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the third at Cologne.

reigned from 1414, and fought his neighbours' battles as well as his own, is accused, not only of mortgaging the Church property, but of helping himself to the jewels from the shrine, whenever his necessities pressed him. Considering, therefore, how the building lagged in progress, it is the greater wonder that its harmony should have been preserved. And no stronger evidence is needed to prove that the original design extended to the whole edifice. For it was not till 1437, almost two hundred years after the date of foundation, that the southern tower was completed as far as we now see it.

In that year the bells were taken from an old wooden tower formerly used as a belfry to the Cathedral of Charlemagne, which, consistent with its antiquity, had none, and raised into the new tower. The great old crane, whose horn-like form butting from the forehead of the tower is as familiar a feature as any in the mighty fragment, doubtless assisted at this transfer. But this seems to have been its last work; for a picture by John van Eyck of St. Barbara, dated 1437, has for its background an unfinished tower, with a crane at top, obviously intended for that at Cologne.

And now other causes than those of war and pillage intervened to obstruct the work. Times had altered since that first stone was buried forty-four feet deep in the earth, and men's minds had been preparing for changes of more kinds than one. The invention of printing aroused the pride as well as the intellect of men—the capture of Constantinople drove a host of depraved Grecian architects into Western Europe—in Art as in Doctrine the world was ready to follow new guidance—the glories of the German empire and of German architecture declined together—the city of Cologne drooped—and the Cathedral stood still. For above fifty years the workmen dawdled over the north side, and fortunately accomplished nothing more than now stands. We say fortunately, since even in anti-Lutheran Cologne it was not to be expected that the sixteenth century should know how to finish what the thirteenth had begun. For though the Cathedral is externally free to a remarkable extent from any glaring evidences of deterioration, and in general form the builders of the north side appear to have been modest and cautious, yet there are signs here of that shallowness and slovenliness of execution which must make their German Pugin thankful that they did no more.

After 1509, it is questionable whether another stone was added, or designed to be added;—the painted windows on the north side bear that date, and they would hardly have been inserted if any chance of continuing the masonry had been contemplated. The buildings also that grew round the Cathedral, not mere ephemeral

ephemeral structures, but, among others, the Church of Sta. Maria in-Pasculo, and an old institution, known as the School of Arts, occupying even the space allotted to the transepts, testify pretty conclusively that no further growth of the great *torso* was now anticipated. Some even presumed to press so close on the fallen lion as to hew themselves cellars out of the stupendous quarry of its foundations. In short, as Professor Kreuser pithily says, 'the time was come when cathedrals were not built up, but pulled down.' The Reformation was now begun; and though Cologne stood firm against the storm,\* yet it altered other things in the estimation of men besides the dogmas of the Roman Church; and with a new set of interests to occupy the world, cast a deadness alike upon all the old ones.

And here it may be as well to recall the precise state of incompleteness in which (as some not distant generation may find it difficult to believe) the cathedral for so many centuries was left. The original intention comprehended choir and double transepts, a stately nave, with double aisles, a centre tower where nave and choir join, and two towers at the west end. The internal height of choir and nave alike, namely, 150 feet—that of the aisles and transepts 64 feet—the whole length of the building 500 feet, its width 150 feet, and the height of the towers 536 feet, which would have made them the highest in Christendom. Of this, the choir, as we have said, was finished, with a portion of the east wall of each transept. The north aisles had attained their destined height, the four great windows complete, with coloured glass in them, and seven compartments of the roof groined over. The south aisles had stopped midway, their interior piers having only reached the height of 42 feet, and the windows being arrested at the spring of the arch. The southern tower had grown up in two stories to the elevation of 170 feet; the northern tower stood like a tooth just piercing the gum—one pier partly *through* to the height of 22 feet, the rest still below the surface. Part of the façade of the northern transept was visible about six feet; and of such portions of both transepts, west front, and northern tower, as were not yet above the earth, the foundations were supposed to be perfect within. Thus there was a gap between choir and aisles, another between north and south tower, and a vacant space in the nave. In other words, the head was perfect, the shoulders just begun, the legs with one foot partly grown—but the whole body still wanting. For present use, therefore, temporary roofs had been thrown over the southern aisles and such compartments of the northern as had not been groined with stone. The gap

\* Two archbishops, however, were exceptions. One yielded to the arguments of Bucer, the other to love for Agnes Mansfeldt.

between choir and south aisles was filled up by a temporary wall; that between choir and northern aisles supplied by the intrusive Church of Sta. Maria already mentioned, and a wooden screen run up between the two towers.

Thus stood, therefore, the incomplete form of an all-complete idea, from which, as from a text-book, almost every religious edifice erected contemporaneously had drawn instruction—which had contributed to build Strasburg near, and to finish Burgos afar off, and which shows its helping influence in Freiburg, Ratisbonn, Prague, Utrecht, Amiens, Beauvais, Chalons, and numerous other foreign churches that might be mentioned, besides supplying an architect to our own York. There stood the imperfect specimen of the most perfect period of ecclesiastical Gothic—so full of thought that every detail has a meaning—so practical in adaptation that every detail has a use—so true in structure that were the walls knocked away it would still stand firm on its piers like a tent; and with all these causes combined, so perfect in national beauty, that Boisserée has christened it ‘the Canon of German architectural law.’ And centuries passed away without knowing it to be such. Nay, far from appreciating the tenth wonder of the world that stood among them, men looked upon it with ill-will, as a monstrous mistake, which the barbarity of their forefathers had entailed upon them, an eye-sore to their city, and a drain to their pockets, and to be kept standing only to avoid the greater cost of pulling it down.

Meanwhile the succession of wars, direct and indirect offsprings of the Reformation, which raged in central Europe, sufficiently deranged, as is well known, all the springs of art and literature throughout Germany, and in more than one instance poured their fury within the diocese of Cologne. But what had hitherto been the bane of the cathedral had now become its safeguard. These sources of desolation interfered with no plans of progress, and prevented no system of repair—they only tied the hands of those who waited but for peace to become more dangerous enemies than any the cathedral had known before. Considering, therefore, the state of the 16th and 17th centuries, the building appears to have received from them the best usage those centuries could bestow, namely, to have been let alone. Nevertheless one voice was raised even then, Boisserée like, by a Jesuit of the name of Crombach:—whose ‘*Historia Trium Regum*’ (1654) displays an enthusiasm in the cause of the Cathedral, and a discrimination of its beauties, quite marvellous for the times, and expresses the pious wish that it might please the mighty German princes, and especially the then reigning Archbishop Maximilian

Maximilian Henry, to carry on the splendid building, to the honour of the Holy Catholic Church and glory of the German name. Farther on he mentions, as if by permission, that but for the war with Holland, in which the primate had been induced to assist Louis XIV., his Archiepiscopal Highness had fully contemplated continuing the building. How his Highness was so induced is no longer a mystery, now that the list of the *Grand Monarque's* gifts and *douceurs*, not forgetting diamond crosses, has been made public. Not that the world has anything to regret in this transaction, as far as regards the Cathedral, since it probably saved its ancient limbs from being made a mere stock on which to graft the designs of some French architect of the Bernini school. Even the sympathising historian we should hardly have trusted to touch a stone of the building, though his admiration for it led him to make investigations and drawings which have proved of much service to later labourers.

Worse days, however, were to pass over before brighter could dawn. With the last fires of the Seven Years' War expired the Cathedral's last chance of protection. Peace ensued—*philosophy* and *renaissance* were in the ascendancy, and the natural enemy of every Rhenish cathedral during the eighteenth century—its own Chapter—grew rich and rampant. The exterior was too irretrievably bad in their eyes for even them to improve, but the interior presented a tempting field. The consequence was, that almost every movable object coeval with the best times of the building gradually disappeared or underwent some sad change. The old altar, with its graceful Ciborium, of which Cronbach's work has preserved a rough woodcut, made way for the Grecian kind of summer-house which now stands in its place, and for which perhaps the fourteen silver statues went to pay, for how they were disposed of does not appear. The brazen angels at the corners of the altar were molten into the four rococo candlesticks now used; the beautiful carved stone sedilia were superseded by three heavy arm-chairs; the open stone screen surrounding the choir was demolished, and the present iron grating substituted; and then the choir was thought too dark to show off all these novelties, and the rich mosaic glass of the triforium windows was replaced by plain. But the worst deed was the destruction of the old Tabernacle. To this the Chapter had long looked forward as a sort of *bonne bouche*, their appetites being further whetted by the opposition of a recently elected *Dam-Herr*, von Hildeheim by name—be it honoured!—who violently resisted the measure. As long as he was by nothing could be done, but the good gentlemen bided their time—they waited till von Hildeheim had departed on a journey, and then one night they  
went

went like thieves in the dark, smashed it in pieces, and threw it into the Rhine. For the common people were attached to the old relic, and there was above 62 feet of it in length to be got rid of. The *Domblatt* tells us that old Professor Wallraf, whose well-known museum at Cologne is supposed to contain a few fragments of the murdered Tabernacle, could never speak of that night without tears in his eyes. Besides these fragments, Crombach's description is all that remains. He reports it to have been in the form of a cross, mounting story over story, and terminating in a spire, with Scripture groups beneath rich fretwork canopies, and single figures on pillars. 'Such a work,' he adds, 'with its statues, groups, pyramids, pinnacles, and other ornaments, would have been marvellous even in wax, or any other yielding material. And none would believe, unless they had seen it with their own eyes, how the hard stone could have been fashioned into a variety of the most intricate forms, such as even a painter would find it difficult to imitate in colour.' The sculptor's name is unknown, but he is compared to Lorenzo Ghiberti, whom he must have preceded by almost a century.

But the Chapter's turn for suffering came next. Times altered again—the French revolution broke out—French troops occupied Cologne in 1794—the last Prince-Archbishop and seventy-sixth Bishop of Cologne, the Archduke Maximilian Francis, brother to Marie Antoinette, was obliged to retire from the diocese—the Chapter, which consisted of forty-six members, all, except eight, being dukes, princes, or at least counts of the empire, and required of course to show their sixteen quarterings—with an establishment of twenty-five vicars, and due complement of chaplains, clerks, and quire—were dispersed. Soldiers bivouacked in one part of the cathedral, hay was stored in another, and the whole given over to desecration and violence.

Nevertheless, comparatively speaking, Cologne Cathedral fared better than many that had suffered before it, or than another, a fair sister of the Rhine, that was suffering near it. The windows were shot through, the ornaments broken, and the monuments plundered by the soldiers, but the whole time of their occupation did not leave anything like the traces of that devastation which a troop of Cromwell's soldiery would have committed in a single day. Nor was it reduced to such a strait as, like Strasburg, to be saved from destruction only by the clever turn which hung out the red cap of liberty from its spire, and proclaimed it a member of the Jacobin Club. The treasures of the sacristy had been removed in safety, and though the Shrine of the Three Kings is generally said to have lost its glories then, yet there are voices in Cologne which aver that the system of exchanging precious stones

for false had commenced far earlier. Perhaps the most serious loss was the destruction of the cathedral archives, which are remembered to have been carted away in six loads from the cellars of the cathedral—including, no doubt, many of the books of Bishop Hildebold—and dispersed as old rubbish. Probably the only chance of tracing the original architect was lost on this occasion.

Meanwhile the scattered members of the Chapter had gathered together at Arensburg in Westphalia, and there, clinging to the ancient exercise of their power, they, on the death of their Archbishop, which occurred in 1801, proceeded to elect his successor in the person of another Archduke of Austria. This was only mocking themselves with idle state—they might elect, but they could no longer invest. The peace of Luneville had already annexed the left bank of the Rhine to the republic of France, and instead of the splendour of an archiepiscopal establishment, and the dignity of a St. Peter's of the North, the Cathedral of Cologne was cut down to the rank of parish church of the district, with one pastor and two sub-pastors.

Now was the goodly building fallen indeed!—the hand of time and the hand of man both alike hard upon her—without, her walls decaying—within, her pleasant places laid waste;—the cloven tongue of the mitre no longer resting upon her—her pompons retinue cut off—her heritage given to the stranger—her friends standing aloof—and her enemies mocking at her desolation. For Bertholet, the new French bishop appointed by—and-by to Aix-la-Chapelle by the modern Charlemagne, congratulated the people of Cologne on the fine Gothic ruin within their walls, and advised them to plant poplars around to increase the effect.

In this state, without the means for undertaking the most partial repairs, and nothing less than the most complete being required, the burghers of Cologne applied to Napoleon, to save what they now began to suspect had been for many an age the greatest attraction of their city. Forty thousand francs, or about 1600*l.* a year, to keep it up, was all they asked,—and this was as summarily refused; whereupon the doom of the cathedral was considered to be sealed. Every year now added its compound interest to the damage already incurred—the stonework crumbled—the temporary roofings rotted—the iron stanchions only unsettled what they were intended to strengthen—the roof of the choir was in a deplorable condition, and nothing, in short, but that peculiar tenacity of life which resides in the buildings of the 13th and 14th centuries, could have preserved it from becoming the literal ruin which had been predicted.

Thus

Thus it stood—a spectacle to gods and men. And the stranger who passed by looked up at the wasting structure, either with indifference, admiration, or regret, as the structure of his own heart might be. Many a disciple of David Hume visited Cologne, and like his master never noticed that there was a *Dom* at all—Schlegel dubbed it ‘an enormous crystallization’—Goethelikened it to a mighty tree spreading forth its branches—poor Hood, in whose later writings there is so much profound feeling simply and memorably expressed, lamented over it as ‘a broken promise to God’—and Wordsworth burst into that noble sonnet,—

‘ Oh! for the help of Angels to complete  
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan  
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) by Man,  
Studious that He might not disdain the seat  
Who dwells in Heaven! But that inspiring heat  
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings  
And splendid aspect you emblazonings  
But faintly picture, ’t were an office meet  
For you, on these unfinished Shafts to try  
The midnight virtues of your harmony—  
This vast Design might tempt you to repeat  
Strains that call forth upon Empyrean ground  
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound  
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!’

But a spark of the ‘inspiring heat’ had still lingered in Cologne—and it was one of her own children, who, baptized at her altar and taught beneath her walls, now came forward,—not to rescue the failing parent from destruction—this was too sanguine a hope even for him—but to preserve the memory of her greatness from oblivion. It was Sulpice Boisserée,—one of two brothers of whom Cologne may well be proud—who first really bestirred his energies in the cause of the Cathedral. Under his superintendence, careful measurements and beautiful drawings were made of the principal portions, which were subsequently given to the public in a series of engravings, admirable in execution and magnificent in scale. The efforts intended to memorialize the last days of the Cathedral, proved the chief means of procuring it better; for this remarkable work, enriched with a valuable historical notice by M. Boisserée himself, attracted the attention of all lovers of art throughout Germany. No direct allusion, however, is made by M. Boisserée to the continuation of the building, further than a few words, which, in 1810, quite as much implied its hopelessness as its feasibility—namely, that such a measure could only become possible ‘under the special favour of a mighty prince, and the auspices of a long and happy peace.’



Soon after this the struggle for independence began—the German states threw off the yoke of France—and in 1814 the Rhenish provinces were attached to the Prussian monarchy. The return of peace was hailed with national transports. The Germans, felt that they were free, and forgot they were poor. Temples, pillars, and memorials of all sorts were proposed, by hundreds from the Rhine to the Elbe;—and, in the midst of the clamour, a strong voice from the *Rhenische Mercur* called upon the people not to form new schemes and begin new works, but to honour their forefathers and exculpate themselves by completing—as the worthiest monument of peace—the sacred Cathedral of Cologne. But auspicious as the occasion seemed, it was not the right one;—the fervour of national gratitude passed away;—each had some little edifice of his own at home to look after, which the late wars had damaged or overturned, and the Cathedral languished and crumbled as before.

However, M. Boissérée had not relaxed in his interest for the cause, and an accident presently occurred that greatly helped him on. This was the discovery of the original design for the northern tower, which had been carted out with the rest of the documents, and found its way to an inn at Darmstadt. Here, being a magnificent piece of parchment, some excellent *hausfrau* pounced upon it, and nailed it on to a stretcher for the notable purpose of drying her beans—in which capacity it was found by a scene-painter engaged in getting up an arch of triumph for some festival of volunteers. The discovery was instantly communicated to M. Boissérée, who lost no time in obtaining possession of the precious relic by purchase. The drawing is 13 feet high, and 3 feet 2 inches wide, beautifully and delicately executed in ink, and with wonderfully few marks of the many dangers it had undergone. It comprises the northern tower from the base to the tip of the spire, with more than half of the western gable front between.

M. Boissérée's attention was next attracted to a plate in No 12 of Willemin's 'Monumens Français inédits,' representing a great western window corresponding exactly with the position of that contained in the Cologne design, with the name of Peter van Sardaam below. Hoping, therefore, to find some scholar of the Cologne school of architecture in an older representative of this name, M. Boissérée wrote to the editor for information, who replied that the name of Peter van Sardaam had been merely of his own supplying, and that the window in question was in reality taken from a large architectural design in his possession. For this again M. Boissérée paid a high price, and on its arrival recognised the southern tower of the cathedral, and

and the fellow drawing to that he already had. 'This' was 'nitch' the more injured of the two, and, what was still more trying, 'there' appeared 'at top, next the spire, a small anagram, above which' were evident traces of an obliterated name, which, it is 'provoking to infer, must have been that of the designer himself. A few deviations from this plan appeared in the portion of the southern tower already completed, but this only the more substantiated the date of these designs, which we have every reason to believe are the same originally submitted to the approbation of Conrad of Hochsteden. How the last-found drawing made its way to Paris is easily accounted for in the indiscriminate transfer of all objects of art thither. Two smaller drawings accompanied it on its return, which proved to be portions of the choir, though executed by a different hand.

Still there was nothing done for the cathedral, and, as if the building itself gave up all hope, the old crane, which had so long appealed from earth to heaven in vain, now sadly gave way. For nearly four centuries it had proclaimed to a cold and thankless generation that the vows of their fathers were unfulfilled. For more than four centuries it had borne unmoved the blast of every wind that blows, and found them

'not so rude

As man's ingratitude.'

At last, weary and time-worn, it fell from its high estate, and, if ever a crane can be said to die of a broken heart, that crane certainly did.

No sooner was it gone, however, than the citizens were visited by strange compunctions. They did not know how dear that poor crane had been, till they missed the familiar form that had so long bent over them. It seemed as if the guardian angel of the city was removed. Some of them could not sleep, and, though hard to believe, it is said some of them could not eat—at all events one old *Bürgermeister* could not die comfortably in his bed till he had bequeathed a legacy towards replacing it; and then all clubbed together, and a new crane was actually reared at a considerable expense upon the old position. Considering the state and prospects of the Cathedral at that time, we do not know any act of the present age so gratifyingly useless. It is hard to believe that it was—not the fun of a set of young students, or the sentiment of a committee of fair ladies—but the deliberate will of a corporation of fat German *Bürgermeisters* which performed such a piece of practical poetry no later than the year 1819. Such was the general feeling, that a very edifying, though common-place, history of the town and cathedral, written at that time, is gravely dated 1820—The year after the erection of the new crane upon

upon the tower of the Cathedral.' The good citizens deserved to have their Cathedral repaired for them after this, and so it soon was.

The Prussian treasury had meanwhile somewhat recruited itself. The Crown Prince, his present Majesty, had visited Cologne, mounted to the roof of the edifice, and lamented over its desolation—the condition of the building was shortly after officially inquired into and reported, and in 1824 the long-needed repairs at length commenced. For the enormous roof and other crying distresses the sum of 105,000 thalers, or about 18,000*l.*, was immediately granted, and, while this was being applied, architects were employed in estimating the amount required to put the whole into thorough repair, which they finally reported at a sum of 381,000 thalers, or about 65,000*l.* in addition. At this, though by no means so much as might have been expected, the Prussian Government drew back in dismay, and the undertaking seemed in danger of being abandoned. Whether the condition of the cathedral had attracted royal attention to that of the diocese, or *vice versa*, it matters not here to inquire. At all events, about this time the ancient archbishopate of Cologne was restored; shorn indeed of its worldly honours, but in spiritual integrity most worthily filled in the person of Charles, Count Spiegel zum Desenberg. One of the first acts of this venerable prelate was to renew an old Cathedral tax\* in favour of the repairs, which, with his own urgent advocacy of the cause, finally determined the Government to undertake them in the fullest extent.

This included every portion of the exterior, from the grandest rockwork masses of strength to the minutest lacework tracery of ornament; and a host of workmen, chiefly gathered from the city itself, were soon organised in regular squadrons and actively engaged. The roof and walls, in themselves a gigantic undertaking, were first thoroughly secured. The magnificent buttresses, which, with their flying wings, and forest of bristling piers and pinnacles, were by far the most expensive and intricate section of the work, were fourteen of them in part rebuilt, and all repaired. The stone shafts and tracery of the enormous choir windows, 54 feet high, which, instead of protecting, had begun to demolish the gorgeous coloured glass in them, were entirely renewed, and the glass itself, broken, maimed, and obscured with the coatings of centuries, was taken out, cleaned and mended. When the exterior had thus renewed its youth, the interior was cared for in turn. Here every damaged or failing feature, in stone, marble, or metal, passed under the healing hand of the careful workman. The walls were cleansed from every stain—new and

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\* Ten groschen for a marriage, five for a baptism, and two and a half for a burial.

old stone united under the same tempered colour—the gold stars in the roof twinkled again from their places—the beautiful leafy capitals lay with their golden foliage upon a scarlet ground—the figures of the apostles upon the piers, with their gorgeous brackets and canopies, revelled in the brightest hues the palette could supply; and then the coloured glass was replaced, and the light which streamed in upon the restored decencies of the holy place was richer and more glowing than it had been for ages.

It was twelve years before all this was accomplished—and no wonder, for the labours were multifarious, and the funds administered in but a slender stream. Meanwhile, a grand plan on the part of the city for completing the whole building, by merely levying a tax of seven *Pfennings* per head throughout Germany, came, as might have been expected, to nothing; while another; more highly patronized, for continuing it in a very bad fashion, threatened to be fulfilled. It was evident not only that the service of the church required the completion of the building, but also that the choir itself, in a constructive sense, needed the support of the body. A proposition, accordingly, for a cheaper style of completion—leaving the ornaments *en bloc*—substituting stouter piers within, and dispensing with the elaborate buttress-work without, and introducing iron shafts for the roof instead of stone groining—had met with the sanction of Government:—but luckily the death of the architect from whom it chiefly emanated, and the appointment of Herr Swirner as *Dombau-meister*, presented a double guarantee against such doings. This gentleman, whom knowledge of his profession, and reverence for the Cathedral, equally qualify for his position, instantly felt how opposed was such a plan to the original intention; much, however, still remained to be done before the mischief would begin, and therefore he wisely waited the course of events.

It was evident now to the citizens of Cologne that, if ever their cathedral was to be completed, this was the time. The nature and extent of the repairs had in themselves raised up a school of workmen entirely competent to carry on the work. Public interest had been attracted to the subject—a reverence for old times and old things had returned—and the happy peace, and the mighty Prince to whom Boisseree had in faith pointed, were both presiding over the land. At this juncture the King of Prussia died—his present Majesty ascended the throne—all favours and all grievances hastened to unfold themselves in the first sunshine of his popularity—a cry of '*Jetzt oder nie*'—now or never—was echoed from journal to journal along the Rhine;—the citizens of Cologne met together—made glowing speeches, and quoted

Goethe.

Goethe, Schlegel, Boissacré, Wallraf, and every other writer who had even alluded to the cathedral—the first nucleus of a *Dombau Verein*, or Cathedral-building Society, was formed; and, finally, a requisition, signed by two hundred of the most respectable citizens, reporting their wants and wishes, and imploring royal help and sanction, reached Berlin in September, 1840, a few days before the coronation.

His Majesty's answer was everything that could be desired. He took the society under his especial patronage—encouraged them to collect funds—directed that the southern aisles should be forthwith continued at his own expense, and reserved for speedy consideration the amount of his further help. This was sufficient to stir the flame. All Cologne flew, not to arms, but to committees—they made statutes and revoked them—shed tears—complimented one another—embraced one another—then contradicted one another, and under these circumstances spent some time before they thoroughly understood one another. At length it was settled that an annual contribution of one thaler should constitute a member—that the funds should be strictly appropriated to the cathedral as a Roman Catholic place of worship—that the honorary presidentship should be vested in the Archbishop, and that a working Board and President should be elected from year to year till the building was completed. Lists were now kept open at the principal places of resort for members to enrol, and in February, 1842, a grand procession was formed, which, after attending high mass, proceeded to the Guizenich, an old hall in Cologne appropriated to public purposes, where the views of the society were eloquently explained, and all ranks and ages invited to join. Numbers flocked to the standard that day, and, as an instance of the pervading enthusiasm, a little lady, with the long name of Maria Eva Petronella Paulina Hubertina Cooyen, born at eight o'clock that morning, was enrolled the junior member of the society by ten. Before the evening closed the names amounted to about five thousand. From this day, therefore, dated the operations of the Central Society.

In a few days the news of the Guizenich meeting had spread far and wide, and Germany at large began to respond. Branch societies were speedily formed in neighbouring States, and even in distant lands, for the Germans at Rome, headed by Thorwaldsen and Overbeck, were among the first to announce their adherence. Contributions in money and in kind, not to mention congratulations in prose and verse, poured in. Ladies worked banners and wax flowers—authors wrote books—artists gave pictures to be raffled for, and that with which Germans throw a sentiment over all that is coarse and common

beside—

beside their delicious music, lifted up a wailing voice, and *Sänger-Vereins*, with sweet choral strains that would draw tears, to say nothing of thalers, out of hearts of stone, made over their profits to the cause.

In Foremost in the generous race of benefactors must be mentioned the burghers of Stuttgart, who, as early as September, 1841, freighted a vessel with hewn stone, and sent it down the Rhine—begging, in quaint phrase, that the materials might become a window in that side of the cathedral facing their Wirtemberg—namely, on the south!

By this time the want of some separate organ to report the business part of the undertaking, receive the learned suggestions, and foster the growing zeal was much felt, and the *Dombau*, as a gratis supplement to the weekly *Cölnische Zeitung*, was now set up.

While the common fund was thus swelling, the King had not been unmindful of his promise, and it was duly announced that the royal contributor would take the lead with the annual sum of 50,000 thalers, or about 8000*l.*—his Majesty further, signifying his intention of assisting in person at the consecration of the second foundation-stone of the Cathedral, which was fixed for the 4th of September, 1842.

On that day, therefore, the gates of the city opened wide to receive a royal train, such as they had seen often in the olden time—but not come from wars and feuds, or from a truce destined to cease the moment the errand was over, but come in peace with each other and with all men, and intent only on using the sacred occasion as a further bond for its blessings. With his Majesty came the Queen, the Prince of Prussia, and five other Princes of the House of Brandenburg; the Arch-Duke, John of Austria; the Crown Prince of Bavaria, our own Prince George of Cambridge; with Dukes and Grand Dukes, Princes, and Counts—the flower of the German Confederacy; while over the bridge of boats and through every inlet to the city there streamed a countless crowd, which even the vast crescent of the city walls seemed insufficient to contain; and cannon roared, and music swelled, and every tower of every church in the many-churched Cologne sounded its iron tongue, and the grand Cathedral bells were heard above them all. Proud and happy men that day were the members of the *Dombau Verein*—mustering with the deputies from the branch societies, some fifteen thousand in number, each distinguished by a medal, and envied for the privileges it implied; and many in the fullness of their hearts promising to double their subscription from that day—which some did.



countless detail in sunshine, now hiding all but its huge outline in shade, seemed lifted from its foundations upon a sloping bank of human heads, interspersed with floating flags and waving banners, which spread like a torrent into every corner of the irregular plain; every head being turned towards a small vacant space midway between choir and tower, over which hung suspended one single block of stone, and whence rose and fell in measured tones the solemn responses of the quire.

Just six hundred years had elapsed since all Cologne assembled on this same spot for a similar purpose, and much had grown up and fallen down in the time. The old world had changed—a new one had been discovered. Raphael had painted and Shakspeare written—Luther preached and Voltaire blasphemed. The Archbishops of Cologne had lost a crown, and the Margraves of Brandenburg had gained one. Still, had a burgher of the thirteenth century arisen from the dead beneath their feet, and stood in that inner circle overlooking the foundation, he would have beheld a venerable prelate clad in the same vestments, and performing the same rite; he would have seen a stone from the old Mother Quarry of Drachenfels, sprinkled with water from the old Father Rhine; he would have observed a slight alteration in the machinery above his head, and in the costumes of those who stood around him, but soon found out that men of like passions with himself guided the one and wore the other; he would have seen nothing new that human intelligence might not have attained, and nothing missing that human infirmity might not have forfeited—but one thing his mind would have stumbled at, as equally beyond the pale of his experience and the limit of his belief, and that is, how a monarch of one creed could openly and solemnly assist to build a church for another, and that creed one denied by his forefathers and himself, and yet personally not err in so doing.

The block was lowered, and the Archbishop, assisted by Swirner, adjusted it into its place with the usual form of words. The King descended from the tribune—addressed the multitude with the facility which distinguishes him—took the mallet, and, amid roars of applause, struck the newly laid stone three times. Then, whilst the mallet passed in turn to all the royal personages, and to every individual of distinction, the Archbishop, the President of the Society, and the *Dombau Meister* spoke in succession. The King's speech had been short, patriotic, German—and quite latitudinarian. The prelate's was long, courteous, and most carefully Roman Catholic. The president addressed himself especially to the Societies, and encouraged them to continue their zeal. The *Dombau Meister* turned particularly to the artisans, and



and bade them prove their skill—concluding a manly honest effusion with the sentiment of Schiller's song of the Bell:—

Let praise be to the workman given,  
But the blessing comes from Heaven.

He was answered by a 'Hurrah' from the tower. The crane moved slowly on its axis—a chorus of workmen's voices rose in sonorous melody—a block of stone was seen mounting slowly through the air—every hat was waved, his Majesty's the heartiest of them all, and amidst roars of cannon one stone more was added to that tower where the last had been left above four centuries before.

Thus terminated the ceremonies of the day as far as the Cathedral was concerned. We have dwelt upon them thus at length, not because of the temporary excitement, picturesque beauty, or solemn nature of the scene; but because, to our view, the occasion included far more than the mere laying of a foundation-stone, or the paying of a royal visit. Neither one nor the other, taken separately, was very remarkable in itself, but in the bridge that bound them together every stone had been laid by time and graven by history.

The day was a fruitful one. The *Domblatt* teemed with contributions from every class of society. The King of Bavaria promised the painted glass for the four south windows, and a tradesman in Cologne gave two thousand two-inch nails. The Duke d'Arcenberg subscribed a thousand thalers a-year for his possessions on the Rhine, and common labourers gave annually the value of a day's hire. Officers of regiments clubbed together from their mess, and private soldiers who had helped to extinguish a fire presented their *Trinkgeld*. Schoolboys sent in their prizes, and young gulls their trinkets. Parents made a thank-offering for the recovery of a child, and penitents a sin-offering for a burdened conscience—while one result of his Majesty's personal patronage was an exemption from postage for all business concerning the Cathedral, throughout the Prussian dominions—an example that has been followed by other States.

In the midst of all this overflowing enthusiasm, a task requiring consummate tact and dexterity as well as professional skill had fallen to the share of the chief architect. His first care was to obtain the reversion of the late King's order, touching the continuation of the edifice upon a cheaper scale—chiefly at the sacrifice of the grand external buttresses. This, with the faithful help of Sulpice Boisserée, he proved to be objectionable on technical as well as on æsthetic grounds—adducing the Cathedral of Utrecht as an example, where, a similar plan of economy having  
been

been pursued, a great storm in the seventeenth century overthrew the body of the church, while the choir, supported like the Cologne one, remained uninjured. Upon such arguments, and with the feeling that all half-measures were unworthy of the cause, the Board directed the words 'that the building of the Cathedral be continued according to the original intention,' to be inserted into the first article of their statutes, and obtained the royal sanction to that effect.

Swirner's next task was to convince the Society that there were certain laws connected with the erection of a Cathedral more imperative even than those of Boards and Presidents. For, stimulated by the natural desire to see some result for their money as soon as possible, the worthy citizens had settled it among themselves that those portions, such as the towers, which told most to the eye, should be first set in progress; while every little society sent in its mite with express stipulation of its being devoted to some particular feature of the building to which they and their descendants for ever might point with tears of rapture. Through all these delicate difficulties the worthy *Meister* steered with admirable adroitness. He promised to comply with all separate wishes as speedily as was consistent with the nature of the work; explained that, for reasons obvious to all, the corresponding portions of a building must advance at the same pace—that a single window could not grow here, nor a separate pier start there, and above all that it was necessary to finish the main body of the church before attempting the steeples. To this, therefore, all parties were at length brought to consent. The completion of the towers has been abandoned for the present, and all the efforts of king and people are directed to those portions which are essential to constitute a perfect church—the royal funds being especially devoted to the south side, the society's to the north.

With these and other hindrances several months passed away; before any apparent progress was made—the workmen being amply employed in completing the repairs, and in preparing a stock of materials for future use. The stone of the 4th (of) September, as we have shown, was laid at the western pier of the centre arch of the southern transept. The preparations for this had been combined with unforeseen labour, for, on examining the foundations of the south front, above one-half was found to be entirely wanting—and of what existed, only a small portion, connected with the choir and evidently coeval with it, had been finished to the original depth; an extent therefore of eighty feet in length, thirty-four in breadth, and forty-six in depth, had to be completely supplied; being built, like the rest of the cathedral foundations, of basaltic columns, filled up with the well-known lava-stone

lava-stone from the Brohl valley; and which, after the placing of the stone, were left to settle.

The wall of the south aisles was now commenced and raised to the level of that on the north, including the four great windows with their tracery, the broad foliage moulding above, and the grotesque gutter-heads. The removal of the temporary roofs next followed, which, owing to their extent and rottenness, was attended with great difficulty and some danger, when the interior piers, which, as we have said elsewhere, had been advanced to the height of forty-two feet, were found in a state which rendered their preservation up to that moment a matter of wonder. Most of them, from the absence of due consolidating pressure from above, had swerved from the perpendicular, and some so perilously so that a slight sideward pressure sufficed to set the whole mass tottering from the base upward. To remedy this without completely pulling them down, required great skill and no little time—after which they were carried up to the destined height, and the stone vaulting gradually proceeded with.

North and south walls being thus brought up to the same level, the south transept was resumed, and preparations made to proceed simultaneously with north transept and tower. For this purpose an order was procured from the archbishop for the demolition of the church of Sta. Maria in Pasculo, as also of a chapter-house similarly intrusive. As soon as the removal of the rubbish permitted, the foundations were examined, when the same deficiency that had met them on the south side, though not to such an extent, was discovered here. The northern tower in its turn offered unforeseen difficulties. The old stump of the south-western pier, which we have mentioned as having been abandoned at the height of twenty-two feet, was found so utterly worn away with length of exposure that no course remained but to take it entirely down. This done, the ground was cleared and preparations made for laying the first rounds of the central pier; no doubt being entertained that the foundations for this, as for the other piers of the tower, according to the rules of building, had been placed coevally. Great, therefore, was Swirner's dismay in finding, after a toilsome exploration of above thirty feet in depth, that none whatever existed. Already a heavy expense which had not entered into the estimates has thus been necessitated—and it remains to be proved whether the other piers will not be found equally unprovided for.\* To supply the basaltic columns for this and any other foundation emergencies is not difficult, as the banks of the Rhine are plentifully furnished with

\* The last building report, received while these sheets are going through the press, proves this to be the case.

basaltic quarries, but otherwise the supply of materials for the building has been a question of great trouble to the architect. It is well known that the fine trap-rock quarries of the Drachenfels had been, both for their intrinsic excellence and from their vicinity to the river, in vogue with all Rhenish architects from the earliest times. The Romans worked them, as an abundance of their remains testify, while so many of the early churches of Lower Germany, and especially those along the Rhine, are found to be bone of its bone, that the wonder is how so much of the 'castled crag' still survives. The present cathedral—probably that of Hildebold also—having been entirely drawn from the Drachenfels—the great quarry on the south side had always kept the name of the *Dom Kaule*; but to all appearance this had been in disuse during many centuries: it was quite overgrown with dwarf wood and vineyards; while a quarry on the west side, from which it does not seem that the Dom was ever fed, had been, from its contiguity to the high road, especially interdicted by Government. But moreover, principally from the mouldering aspect of the Cologne *Dom* itself, the Drachenfels stone had fallen into disrepute with modern architects; and therefore, for the restoration of the choir end, the millstone-quarries of Niedermendig and Mayen were put into requisition. Of the durability of this stone, in the most delicate forms and under the severest exposure, there is ample evidence on the Rhine; but the darkness of the colour, only increased by time, proved an objection, which ultimately led to a royal order for its discontinuance. Many experiments and efforts were now made to test the qualities of various stones, and ensure a steady supply, and quarries were opened at a distance both on the Mosel and on the Neckar, thus occasioning great expense and delay. But ere long it was whispered that the old Drachenfels had been too hastily traduced. It had been observed, that while parts of the external ornaments of the cathedral had been entirely obliterated, others remained as sharp as when first put up. This discrepancy was now found to originate in an organic peculiarity of the stone, of which the preceding race of savants, it seems, had been totally unaware. The rocks of the Drachenfels are largely impregnated with feldspar crystals, lying together in parallel strata. In the direction of these strata the stone divides easily; across them, it requires labour. With the strata the rocks in their native state splinter and crack off perpetually; across them, they defy both time and weather. Where, therefore, in building, the crystals have been placed vertically, the stone has crumbled away; where horizontally, it has remained uninjured. This was a welcome discovery for Mr. Swirner, and the facts were no sooner established than the

the *Dombatt* announced a deed of gift, by which the worthy proprietor of the south side of the Drachenfels, the Chevalier Dalm, made over that portion called the *Dom Kaule* for the free use of the Central Society during the next twenty years. We rejoice in this; for, setting aside the obvious advantage of continuing with the same materials, it seemed hard that, while all were contributing to the cathedral, its own parent after the flesh should alone be debarred. Even the lime for the mortar is the same that was used before, being brought from Paffrath and Gladbach on the right bank of the Rhine.

We must now take a glance inside. While the interior reparations were in progress, the remains of some fresco paintings, in the space round and above the arches of the inner choir, surrounding the high altar, had come to light. Here, the last century's customary coating of whitewash being removed, there emerged angelic figures of great solemnity, two to each arch, holding the vessels of sacrifice and worship—all upon a gold damask pattern ground. Even in their faded and imperfect state the effect was so grand that it was unanimously determined to call in the aid of modern art and replace them. The choice fell upon Steinle, known chiefly in England by his outline drawings of the Seven Works of Mercy. This artist has adhered closely to the spirit of the old composition; indeed, with the religious feelings that he has, he could not do otherwise. The larger spandrils of the side arches he has filled with angels and archangels, with their appropriate attributes; while in the smaller compartments over the altar appear the mysterious four-winged cherubims, veiling their faces from the divine splendour.

The angels are eleven feet in length—highly graceful, if not too solemn to be so called—with grand wings and sublime expressionless heads. We have seen no better specimens of modern fresco. The general effect, as concerns the rest of the building, is most admirable—the height of the arches giving glimpses of the floating celestial hierarchy from every part, and thus announcing that which is holiest of all.

We wish we could say anything in favour of the fourteen statues upon the outer sides of the same choir piers; the recent painting of which, though equally supported by ancient example, we cannot help feeling to be a thing that no precedent can defend. Setting aside the generally affected and unimposing character of the statues themselves, we safely appeal to the reader, what must be the effect of a stone figure, six feet and a half high, painted with black hair and beard, red cheeks and lips, and drapery in every gaudy variety of red, blue, green, and gold, the pattern carefully picked out. The province of true art is not to deceive:

the senses, but to please directly the imagination. In a sacred building, certainly the latter is the province of such art as this is to give the idea of a Chinese mandarin, and the association of a Yaukhall. Even the defence made on the score of carrying out the brilliant hues of the windows, is untenable for the effect is utterly to overpower them. One of the chief charms of painted windows is the contrast they oppose to the broad masses, the sombre lights and shades, and the dim reflected colouring of the architecture surrounding them; and which is of course sacrificed the moment you cover the architecture itself with a glass of colours. The statue, in this instance, does not even keep its real size, for the vulgar brightness of the paint has brought it unduly close to the eye. We especially grudge the disfiguration of the canopies and brackets, as they are far superior as works of art. The brackets, like the capitals of the piers, are composed of foliage and fruit—the hop, the fig, the vine, &c. in exquisite form and relief;—the canopies of the richest architectural delicacy, with angels upon them playing on different musical instruments;—in allusion to their position in the choir;—the whole, comprising canopy, figure, and bracket, above sixteen feet high, and twelve feet from the ground. The same objections do not apply to the capitals supporting the roof; only two colours, scarlet and gold, have been used here, and those are appropriately sobered by their distance from the eye. Traces of gilding and colour in a damask pattern were also found, reaching about twelve feet up the choir piers, one of which has been renewed in the same style by way of experiment, but pronounced unsuccessful. We sincerely hope no further essay of the kind will be made, as every stroke of a gaudy brush within the Cathedral walls will only lessen the solemnity of its grand space and sublime masses, and especially mar the effect both of the fresco designs and of the coloured windows.

If we consider the immense substructure of tedious preparation required at the outset of an undertaking comprising, like this, the one general effort of a fresh foundation, and the thousand minutiae of a precise *joining on*, the progress made in the course of four years is a satisfactory proof of the saving of time due to modern machinery, and of the efficiency of those to whom the works are intrusted. Nevertheless, to the many impatient observers who looked up daily, and wondered what had become of their thalers, we can imagine that the business appeared to make but very slow way. It was therefore a satisfaction to all parties when, in May, 1845, Swinner availed himself of a society anniversary, to throw open the now perfect south aisles, from which the public had been banished for above two years; they resumed

possession with great enthusiasm. A further ebullition of popular feeling took place on occasion of our Queen's visit to the Rhine, \* when her Majesty assisted to place a beautiful bracket in the centre arch of the north front, and left a donation of 500*l*. About the same time the Emperor of Austria and the King of Belgium also forwarded very handsome contributions.

Since then the progress of the building has told more. The beautiful and elaborate decorations which had been slowly executing in the workshops, are now rapidly taking their places on the building. The fronts of both north and south transepts, with their richly perforated gables and exquisite triple arches, stand sparkling in the first brightness of newly hewn stone. The internal piers have reached their full height, and preparations for vaulting them over are begun. The failing compartments of the northern aisles are perfected, and the north tower is the centre of activity. Such is the amount of hewn stone already in hand, from the massive uniform rounds of the piers to the most intricate details of Gothic sculpture, no two of which are alike, that the *Dombaumeister* looks forward with confidence to throwing open the whole body of the building,—aisles and transepts complete, and nave finished up to above the level of the clerestory windows with a temporary roof over,—by the 14th of August, 1848, when a grand celebration of the Cathedral's six hundredth birthday is to take place. The final completion to the tip of the spires, with full complement of external buttresses, was not originally anticipated within less than twenty-five years; and at the pace of progress now going on, which will not abate unless the funds do, this is still expected to be fulfilled.

The branch societies now amount to above 130 in number, including one of the Germans settled in Mexico, but none, strange to say, of those in England. The whole amount hitherto subscribed (August, 1846), exclusive of the Government's annual 50,000 thalers, reaches to about 300,000 thalers, or 50,000*l*. It is very agreeable to see that the payments continue from year to year to increase; but still it is evident that it will require a much larger annual return before twenty-five years can accomplish a work estimated at the round sum of five millions of thalers, or nearly a million sterling.

We hope the best. The more the Cathedral grows, the more its beauties develop, the greater the pride of finishing and the shame of again abandoning it. It is but natural, however, to surmise that much of the existing glow will have cooled away before the lapse of five-and-twenty years; at any rate, all the Vanity Fair ingenuities for scraping together money, the belling, and bazaaring, and raffling, and the list of fine-lady trumperies,  
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in Germany more trumpety still than anywhere else, which have run riot at the start, must subside long ere then. The completion of the Cathedral will then devolve upon those whose motive is not an indulgence of vanity, or taste, or mere sentiment, but a principle of religious duty—we mean upon the Roman Catholics of Germany. As it is, all the immediate agents for the cause, both those who are conducting the works and those who superintend the outlay, are zealous Romanists. The *Domblatt* itself is an ultra-Catholic organ, while the very existence of the Central Society, on which all the others hang, is based upon the one primary condition of the Cathedral being finished and upheld as a strictly Roman Catholic temple, and not a single thaler applied to it with any other view.

We are no admirers of some of the reasons which the King of Prussia avowed in the speech of Sept. 1842, for his ardour in this great work. His Majesty's words about all differences of creed being buried in it, savoured too much of the modern Protestantism of his country. But the work is a great one, and a national one, and therefore king and cottager do well to befriend it. And indeed, in case of any unfortunate falling off in the general subscriptions, we think the King would stand in need of no apology should he undertake to complete the work himself: for his Majesty is in possession of the magnificent revenues of the Cologne see, and the appointments of the modern archbishop make but a small deduction from them.

ART. VII.—1. *Recollections of Four Years' Service in the East with H.M. Fortieth Regiment: comprising an Account of the Taking of Kurachee in Lower Scinde, in 1839; Operations in Upper Scinde in 1840 and 1841; and the Operations of the Candahar Division of 'The Avenging Army of Affghanistan' in 1841 and 1842—under Major-General Sir W. Nott, G.C.B.* By J. Martin Bladen Neill, Captain in the Fortieth Regiment. London. 8vo. 1845.

2. *History of British India.* By E. Thornton, Esq. Vol. VI. London. 8vo. 1846.

3. *Life of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan.* By Mohan Lal, Esq., Knight of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, lately attached to the Mission at Cabul. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846. (With numerous Portraits.)

CAPTAIN NEILL has brought to the description of his Eastern service not only a clever and practised pen, but sound sense and calm temper, and a taste of soldier-like simplicity.



city. In his narrative we have nothing of that blustering and fretful pomposity of style which offends in some recent 'historians,' only less than their transparent affectation of candour and liberality, the insolent rancour that would fain pass for generous passion, and the looseness of principle ill veiled by flowing sentimentalities. Very advantageously is he compared with these men of strutting pretension and elaborate artifice. We are sure he would dislike being complimented at the expense of several worthy brother-officers, who have gratified immediate curiosity by their sketches from the campaigns of the Indus, but did not wait until there had been leisure for a deliberate reconsideration of the means and resources of individual commanders, far less of the deep questions as to national policy, or the very delicate ones respecting the discretion exercised by different Governors of British India in controlling the machinery of war. Though, like most of these gallant predecessors, Captain Neill adheres to the modest form of a diary, his real Note-book was carried off late in the day by a band of plundering Beloochees; and the pages before us are based on a careful revision of his own private letters to friends at home, after an interval of three years had afforded ample opportunity for study and reflection.

To ourselves, and, we believe, to most of his readers, the most interesting of his chapters are those in which he traces the development of those rare qualities which entitle us to speak of Sir William Nott as one of the very greatest military chiefs of our time. That extraordinary man's character met with tardy justice at the hands of some who ought to have appreciated it fully long before he left Delhi in October, 1838. All India and all England now honour his memory as it deserves; but no satisfactory account of his whole career has as yet been published, and Captain Neill's book contains not a few particulars which may well redouble our anxiety for an authentic and detailed history of his revered General. We are fortunate enough to have access to a collection of his letters addressed to private friends, chiefly to the members of his own family, during the Affghanistan period, which we hope to see opened by-and-by (under discreet editorship) to the public at large; and from which we are allowed meanwhile to present some extracts. With these helps, we may hope to prepare the way for a worthier treatment of a great subject. We can, at all events, fill up some blanks and correct some errors in preceding sketches; but we persuade ourselves that we can also introduce our readers at home to a nearer understanding of Sir W. Nott's temper and feelings, and principles of action as a man and an officer—and, moreover, appeal effectively to his high authority on  
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some general points of very serious importance to our Indian empire.

His father, Mr. Charles Nott, descended from a race of respectable yeomen who had been settled for many generations in Herefordshire, was himself a man of superior sense and most estimable character. He married in his youth a Miss Bailey of Norfolk, who was, through a family named Harvey, allied to the blood of the Nelsons, and recognised as a relation and early friend by the greatest of our Admirals. Charles Nott, soon after his marriage, removed into Wales upon the recommendation of the late Sir Herbert Mackworth, whose attention had happened to be drawn to his skill in agriculture, and under whom he occupied for some years an extensive farm near Neath. In 1794 the family removed to the town of Carmarthen, where Mr. Nott took the Ivy Bush inn, and entered into the business of a mail-contractor: but he rented also two farms in the neighbourhood, and continued as fond as ever of his original pursuits, for which he destined his second and favourite boy, the future General. William, born in 1782, received the rudiments of education at Neath, and afterwards passed a short time at the grammar-school of Cowbridge; but was at a very early age employed regularly on the farm—took great delight in it, and often in his later years spoke of the pride and pleasure he had when he first was commended for his management of the plough.

His activity, shrewdness, kindness of heart, and upright conduct, made him a favourite in his circle; and there is little doubt that he would have lived and died a Carmarthenshire farmer, but for the spirit stirring influences that surrounded all young lads of his standing. A volunteer corps was formed at Carmarthen in 1798, and being then a vigorous stripling of sixteen he joined the ranks, and soon became so imbued with the fervour of the hour, that his father perceived nothing would content him but a soldier's life. After months of anxious inquiry and endeavour, a cadetship in the service of the East India Company was at last obtained through the kindness of the late excellent Mr. Twining; and William Nott sailed early in 1800 on board the *Kent*—having for one of his shipmates another cadet whose name also has attained to high distinction, the present General Sir John Littler. They had a long and tempestuous passage, were driven on the coast of South America, and narrowly escaped shipwreck off St. Jago. On reaching the Bay of Bengal they were attacked by a powerful French privateer, under the command of the notorious Sourcoff. The Indiaman made a stout resistance, and young Nott received a severe wound from a boarding-pike; but the French force was overwhelming, and all hands that survived were prisoners. They

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were by-and-bye transferred to an Arab vessel, which, after weeks of cruel suffering, landed them at Calcutta—poor Nott, for one, in a state of utter destitution, with hardly a rag on his back, and not one friend or acquaintance in India. But that is the home of hospitality: his wound was soon cured—though he to the end of his life had occasional inconvenience from its effects—and all his immediate wants supplied with the proverbial liberality of the place.

Nott joined first the Company's European regiment, then stationed at Burhampore; but was soon removed to the old 20th, a marine regiment, in which he continued for ten years. He had not been attached to it, however, for more than three years, before his superior capacity and military attainments were recognised by his appointment to command the detachment of Bengal Volunteers in the expedition under Captain Hayes against the port of Muckie. The piratical people of that place had demanded chastisement by a succession of brutal outrages and massacres, and Captain Hayes, in his despatch, recommended Lieutenant Nott to the notice of Government for his zeal and skill in the achievement of a most dangerous service—'performed in forty hours by a handful of men, in opposition to a numerous host of daring and ferocious banditti, well equipped, and defended by a succession of works rendered so strong by nature and art as to set at defiance the attempts of every other nation, if defended by Britons.'

That while with the 20th, Nott studied and learnt many things besides the details of regimental duty, will not be doubted by any who know the sequel of his story. In fact, he had laboured most assiduously on himself from the hour that he first found himself placed in the society of young persons whose early advantages had been superior to his own. In one of his very last letters from Afghanistan, he says to his daughters,—

'When I was a boy I was obliged to educate myself, to put myself upon a par with all those around me, who had been educated by their parents, which I had not; and fortunately *pride* came to my aid, and I soon found myself at least equal to those who had, I have no doubt, looked upon me with contempt—ay, and many of these were afterwards glad to come to me for advice and the assistance of *my pen* in their need.'

That he had made himself noticed for strict habits of diligence, and for expertness, not only in the use of his pen and the management of accounts, but in the conduct of business and of men, is proved by his appointment, in 1811, as 'Superintendent of the Family Pensions'—that is, of the allowances received by the families of the native soldiery while the men are in the field at distant cantonments. This laborious office he held for ~~eleven~~ years,

years, till he had attained the rank of Major, which was too high for the place. He acquired while Superintendent a high reputation for administrative talent, and one far and near among the native troops of Bengal for zealous attention to all their interests—an unaffected, sincere concern in whatever regarded their well-being. From the very beginning he seems to have apprehended the sterling qualities of the Bengal sepoy—he soon was a thorough master of their language, conversed freely and familiarly with all ranks of them, and was rewarded by their steady and affectionate attachment whenever he and they were exposed to common toil and peril throughout every step of his professional career. A friend of ours, who left India about five-and-thirty years ago, tells us that he had often heard of Nott as a very clever man, but one who had dropped the proper military line, and if ever he was to rise, would rise in some department of the civil service, not as a soldier. But it was precisely while fixed at Barrackpore as Superintendent of the Family Pensions that Nott laid the foundations of his distinguished success in the higher walks of his own profession. His office induced familiarity with the habits and feelings of the Hindoo; his position in a great garrison gave constant opportunity of studying the manœuvres of troops; and his quiet, domestic habits afforded him abundant leisure for the researches of his closet. He had made himself profoundly acquainted with whatever books can teach of the art of war; and was consulted as a living encyclopædia of the history and geography of the whole Eastern world.

He had married in 1805, and long before 1822 several of his children had been sent over to England for their education. Recently, too, he had had some slight ailments, which warned him that he ought to embrace the first fair opportunity of breathing the air of home. In 1823, therefore, Major Nott obtained the usual furlough, and with his wife revisited this country. He had saved something—whether enough to make him think of settling finally in Wales, we are not sure; but on arriving there he took up his abode among the friends and connexions of his youth, and presently purchased a small property called *Job's Well*, with a convenient house, near Carmarthen. According to the writer of a short biography in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' of 1845, he would at all events have remained there longer than he did, but for the failure of a bank at Calcutta, to which the best part of his earnings had been intrusted. However this may have been, he returned to India early in 1825, and was forthwith placed in command, at Barrackpore, of the 20th Native Infantry. From this he was, after some months, transferred to the 43rd, at Benares; and so well had he acquitted himself in charge

charge of both these regiments, that when, a year or two after, when another of very fine materials, the 16th Grenadiers, fell into an unsettled state, through unhappy dissensions among the officers, he was ordered to assume the command of that corps, the discipline of which was speedily restored, under his auspices, and has never since been disturbed. With this regiment he remained till 1833—doing duty in various districts of the province, except for a brief interval, when the 71st regiment N. I. having in its turn fallen into an unpleasant condition at Sanger, he was called upon to place himself at its head, which he did with the same results that had attended the previous experiment. We rather think it was his fortune to be moved a third time under similar circumstances; but, 1833 found him in command of the 38th Light Infantry, with which he continued at Benares till 1838—delighted with his regiment, and at with him. It was considered one of the most perfect corps in the service, and his character as a regimental chief stood second, assuredly, to that of no man in the Company's army, or in any army in the world.

Such was his position when the Anglo-Indian Government thought fit to assemble the splendid force denominated 'The Army of the Indus.' With a view to its being included in that force, the 38th had moved early in the summer of 1838 to Delhi, and Mrs. Nott and her unmarried daughters accompanied so far the march of the regiment. The lady, whose health had hitherto been excellent, was overtaken ill, and carried off with the fatal rapidity so familiar to Indian experience. She died at Delhi, on the 17th of October; and how deeply the widower felt his loss will presently be shown in various touching passages of his correspondence. Within a few days, however, the signal was given for the great movement of advance, and Nott, receiving the rank of a Brigadier of the second class, quitted Delhi at the head of a brigade of the Bengal contingent. It will appear, by-and-bye, that there had been excited in a high quarter such a prejudice against him, that this appointment was attended with some difficulty; but when he subsequently ascertained that, fact, he learned, also what must have been amply consolatory, that the obstacle was put down by a pithy remonstrance of the then Commander-in-Chief in India, the late gallant and generous Sir Henry Fane, 'Colonel Nott,' said he, 'is the best officer you have. I cannot go without him.' Who they were that had succeeded in creating an impression unfavourable to this accomplished veteran—or by what specific allegations they had darkly assailed him—we have no accurate information before us, nor are we particularly anxious about either point. In general, it will be sufficiently clear

clear that Nott considered himself to have been, during several preceding years, a man marked in black letters on some influential calendar, in consequence of his having triumphantly maintained on one occasion what he had conceived to be the just rights of the Company's military officers, against an obnoxious and, as he thought, degrading innovation, countenanced at head-quarters; and we think we are further warranted in inferring that his name had come to be intimately associated with the principle of opposition to what he undoubtedly considered as the two primary evils of the then system in Bengal,—namely, the plan of employing civilians in such a way as to embarrass military commanders in the proper discharge of their duties; and, secondly, a disposition to treat the Company's own officers as a secondary class—a body inferior to the Queen's; two errors, of which the subsequent development of events must be allowed to have exhibited copious traces; and indeed to which, but especially to the former of them, we believe it is now the conviction of all dispassionate men that the disasters of Cabool must be in the main ascribed. Certain it is, that General Fane judged aright in thinking that no Colonel had shown better title for promotion to the command of a brigade than he who had restored successively the disordered discipline of at least two regiments, and that without exciting one murmur against himself among either their men or their officers, and whom he found at Delhi at the head of the splendid 38th, every individual in which corps looked up to him with feelings of the warmest confidence—with the true genuine reverence of soldier-like attachment, sought for and won on his part by no small arts of compliance and indulgence, but by a uniform course of simple, straight-forward justice and equity, which always will reconcile brave soldiers to the strictest possible enforcement of duty and discipline. His heart was indeed as kind as it was courageous; and his thoughtful and considerate attention to the welfare and comfort of the native officers and privates had, in all situations, endeared him to them in a very extraordinary degree; but in his habitual intercourse with the upper officers he had been so far from affecting anything like a popularity-hunting familiarity, that he was noted, on the contrary, for a reserve which with not a few, until after some considerable experience, passed for coldness. He was a consummate soldier, which implies a consummate man of business; but he was as far as possible, we should suppose, from being, or wishing to be, what is understood in fashionable English society by a *man of the world*. He saw the straight line and stuck to it, and was content, as well he might ultimately be, to take its natural consequences.

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The Bengal contingent marched from Delhi under the immediate guidance of the Commander-in-Chief. Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton headed the first division, and in this Nott led the second brigade. The first of the following extracts is from a letter dated very early on the march—on the 27th October, 1838, exactly ten days after the death of Mrs. Nott. Like all the others that we have before us written during the advance to the Indus, this letter is addressed to General Nott's daughters, whom he had been compelled to leave at Delhi in the midst of their affliction :—

' *Kurnaul, Oct. 27.*—The day I left Delhi I found the sun rather hot. On my way I turned into the burying-ground, and prayed over your beloved mother's grave: don't blame me for this—I think my mind was (strange to say) in some degree relieved by the visit; but I must not write on this subject. In the evening I received your dear notes. The road is so covered with troops, guns, gun-carriages, treasure-carts, and ammunition, that it requires patience for man and horse to wind their way through these machines and implements of horrid war. When will men cease to destroy one another? The people in camp are very attentive to me; I breakfast and dine at the Mess, but I do not take my tiffin there, as I cannot bring myself to go in the middle of the day; at present it is an effort to go at all: and I believe I should not have done so had I brought food with me; however, perhaps it is best as it is. I fear I shall have much trouble and exposure at Kurnaul, but you may be assured, my dear children, that I will on your account take all the care that I possibly can of my health. What misery is mine! but I will not complain nor give you pain. May Heaven watch over and bless you, and may I return to find you the same dear affectionate children that I feel you now are.'

' *Kurnaul, Nov. 2.*—I fear, my dear children, that my disposition and temper are greatly changed, as I this morning on parade closed my brigade, and addressed the corps, telling them that I never saw finer regiments—that I was delighted with them—but that at the same time I had never seen corps so badly managed. I then gave the Commanders what I would call an awful reprimand—don't mistake me—I did this in gentlemanly though severe language. You may rest assured that no annoyance, nor the sorrow and misery I suffer, shall ever allow me to make use of a single word to lower your father as an officer and a gentleman; but, going on such a service, officers must and shall know their duty, or I will not hesitate to bring them to the notice of General Fane.'

' *Kurnaul, Nov. 5.*—These letters unfitted me for Sir Willaughby's dinner; but I was obliged to go, with a bursting heart and lying face. Should you not get letters from me, don't be alarmed: I will write regularly, but letters may miscarry. The 38th, it is said, has been ordered to Kurnaul. I have written to \* \* \* \* about a monument over your dear mother: I have not an answer yet. God bless you, my dear girls; I will take all the care I can of myself for your sakes, otherwise all would

would be blank to me: I would turn back to-morrow if I could! I once anticipated pleasure from this expedition; now all is exquisite misery.'

His brigade was still at Kurnaul when he received, to his great surprise, the notification of his promotion, some months before, to the rank of Major-General.

'*Camp, Baga Parama, Nov. 23.*—I cannot tell you how miserable I am. How strange!—I dream of your poor mother every night; last night I was quite angry with her for going in the sun! Good God! I acted and thought as if she would have outlived me twenty years. Dear, dear Letty, she now knows how much I loved her. My beloved children, may Heaven bless you.

'All my arrangements had been always made on the supposition that she, from her excellent constitution, would have outlived me many years. I was, to the unexpected hour of her death, going on this expedition with the greatest delight, knowing that if anything occurred to me, she would have had enough from the Widows' Funds for the comfort of herself and those she loved; but now it is different: what distress and misery would my death create! It is dreadful even to think of it. Poor dear Letitia, she economised day and night, and I was frequently angry with her for thus troubling herself; but she had no view in doing so but the happiness and welfare of her children and my comfort.

'I have just been called upon to name some officer as my aide-de-camp, and, strange you will think it, I have named a man I never saw or heard of until I reached Kurnaul—Ensign Hammersley, of the 41st Regt., N.I., doing duty with the 31st Regt. I have acted in the way you have heard me say I would upon such occasions, and I hope Government will confirm it. Mr. Hammersley was certainly surprised when I called him into my tent and offered it to him. Polwhele tells me that every man in camp wanted to get it, but I sent for Hammersley the moment I got the order.

'I think I told you to direct—Major-Genl. N——, Comdg. 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, Army of the Indus.'

On reaching Ferozepore intelligence was received that the Persians had raised the siege of Herat, and this occasioned great changes in the plans of the Governor-General. It was no longer thought necessary that the army should be so large as had originally been intended. The Bengal contingent was reduced—many regiments turning back towards Delhi. Sir Henry Fane, already labouring under the disease which not long afterwards terminated fatally, was now less reluctant to yield the actual command of the expedition; and though he continued for some time longer, to accompany the march, Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton took charge of the whole Bengal column—it being settled that Lieut.-General Sir John Keane, who was on his way through Scinde with the Bombay contingent, should on his arrival assume the command of the Army of the Indus. Sir Willoughby's appointment



pointment vacated meantime the direction of the first division of the Bengal force, and Nott found himself advanced to that post.

*Camp, Ferozepore, December 5th.*—Direct your letters to Major-Genl. W. Nott, Commdg. 1st Division of the Army of the Indus. My dear wife left me before I got this, and now it is too late.

"I now command nine regiments of infantry, two European and seven native; the camel battery, &c., and I have enough to do. Believe me, I would rather hide my grey head in some small clay-built cottage, did not others depend upon me. If it were not so, I would leave the army to-morrow, even if that army were in face of the enemy. I have lived long enough to despise the opinion of the world.

"I know not how long I am to keep my present command, or how they came to give it to me, when they could easily have placed their favourites or men of interest in command; however, one thing all must know, I did not intrigue for it, and it is equally certain that I never in any way, directly or indirectly, asked for it, nor have I said Thank you to any one for it. My keeping it even a month or two will be desirable—but, dear, dear children, my promotion has come too late; had it been otherwise I perhaps might have felt gratified, but now I have no one to whom to impart it, and you know she had a high and fine spirit. I have no wish for anything but retirement, which never can be mine. Take the greatest care of your dear mother's ring, and of her hair. I sent you a sketch of the building now erecting over her dear remains, and I have to beg that you will get Charles to write an inscription containing her age, date of death, &c. Do not forget this, as I should like to hear that all has been done before anything can happen to me. I am, my dear girls, dull and out of spirits. I hope, my dear children, you will make yourselves comfortable; I have no other aim now but to do all I can for you, but I am far, very far away, and a hundred things may occur.

"This morning the whole army, 15,000 men, were manœuvred. Oh! how I wished, spite of my misery, to have done in half an hour what they all bungled at from 6 to 10 o'clock!"

"We are sure every reader will appreciate the unaffected blending of personal and professional feelings in such a record as this.

On the 2nd January, 1839, he writes thus from Bahawalpore:—

"Several natives of Cabool came into our camp yesterday morning, some of them very fine looking fellows indeed; they pretend to look upon our Sepoys with the greatest contempt, but I imagine they forget the advantage of our discipline. I like them very much, and I wanted to take two or three of them into my service, but I could not succeed. One man whom I met yesterday was the finest looking fellow I have ever seen, quite the gentleman; he spoke Hindustanee very well; he said that he left Cabool two months ago, and had come by the Mooltan road. He asked me why we were marching into his country? I told him merely for the purpose of putting his rightful king upon his throne; he said "We prefer Dost Mahomed;" I said "He has no right

right to the throne." I shall not forget the fine expression of his large black eyes, as, stepping up to me, and placing his hand on my shoulder, he said, in a bold yet respectful tone, "What right have you to Benares and Delhi?—why, the same right that our Dost Mahomed has to Cabool, and he will keep it." From the manner and appearance of this individual, I strongly suspect he has come down for the purpose of viewing our columns as they pass, and that he will then return with his information by the nearer route of Mooltan. I think I have never seen a finer man in any country.

Three weeks later he says:—

"*Camp, Roree, Jan. 28.*—I now find that to be the case, which I have always thought and expressed, though hitherto almost alone in my opinion, namely, that the chiefs of Khelaut and Candahar and Dost Mahomed Khan will fight stoutly for their country, in opposition to Shah Soorjah, backed by our force. We ought to have left Ferozepore with full 20,000 men. I have not time to write much, and cannot enter into particulars. The fellow of Khelaut has the whole of the territory on either side of the famous Bolan Pass, the strongest in the world. In what manner this half-civilized Beloochee chief will defend it, we shall soon see; but in some hands it would defy any army."

"*Camp, Roree, Jan. 31.*—I am in hopes that Sir Henry Fane will assume [re-assume] the command of the army immediately that letters can be received from the Supreme Government. He is a fine soldier, and I always feel a pleasure in being near him. I called on him the day before yesterday, and was delighted with him; he said that he would go on as a volunteer with the army, and that he would march with the 2nd brigade, and stayed behind for this purpose; but I have this moment received a line from him, desiring a party of horse for an escort, as he pushes on to join the head column an hour hence, so that we lose his company on the march. I believe this is to have an interview with the Ameer of Khirpore: it is very sudden. To show you his manner to me, he saw me going past his boat, and he called aloud, "Nott, come here! You see, what a small place I have; but come as often as you can, I shall always be glad to see you. Come and take a dinner with me at 6 o'clock: I shall be alone."

I wish I could get Robert a Cadetship: but the Court of Directors have made these appointments quite a family affair, and I shall probably go down to my grave without seeing one of my children in that army in which I have passed a long life. Little do those about me know the deep misery I am in; surrounded by all this warlike pomp, they think me fortunate, while I sometimes wish to slip quietly out of this world and all its disappointments: man without anything to hope for must be exquisitely miserable. I arise in the morning and go through the duties of the day mechanically; at night I go to my couch without feeling the least pleasure, interest, or satisfaction in what that day has brought forth. We shall see what the laden messengers and keen swords of the gallant Affghans will do—or, peradventure, that black and ominous eagle which has so long been perched upon the rocks overhanging

overhanging the Caspian Sea, looking around with keen eye, and in imagination devouring the rich provinces of Asia, may at last take a daring flight towards the Indus, and at once settle all our worldly affairs. If our Indian Empire could again call into being a *Wellesley* or a *Hastings*, nothing but honour to Old England could result from such a bloody contact; but these are our dwarfish days, and the Russian *Bear* will not meet with a single *Giant* to hurl him back to his native snows.'

Our military readers remember that on reaching Bukkur the news from Scinde was such that the Bengal force changed its line of march, and moved in the direction of Hyderabad. By-and-bye, however, it was ascertained that the Ameers (despite dark misgivings, too well justified in the sequel) had agreed to our terms, and then the original course was to be resumed.

'*Camp, Navogolk, Feb. 7.*—We are thus far on our way back to Bukkur. The infantry of the army will commence passing over the noble Indus to-morrow morning; the cavalry, &c., will follow. Your father will be one of the first to cross this renowned stream, and perhaps the first European who ever passed it at the head of a body of disciplined soldiers. There was a time when the very idea of my ambitious dream being thus realised would have caused my heart to beat with the wildest joy; but now I am quite indifferent, or rather I wish myself in some clay built cottage far from the haunts of man. If I had any vanity left, I might indeed feel vain at the kind attention I daily receive from the officers of my division.'

A week intervened before the passage began; and a subsequent letter will show what the difficulty had been, and by whom it was overcome:—

'*Camp, Sukkur, right bank of the Indus, 14th February, 1839.*—Here am I, after much excitement in passing the Indus this morning.

'The infantry halt here to-morrow, and, the following day, move on to Shikarpore, which is two *long* marches from this; we halt there until the cavalry come up; how much longer circumstances must decide. I would, if I commanded, push through the Bolan Pass at once; in military affairs a moment should never be lost, an opportunity never thrown away; at this moment we could go through the Pass and enter Candahar as friends: but who knows what a month's delay may bring about among a high-spirited but fickle people, perhaps rendering it necessary for us to fight for every inch of the Pass, which I opine would be found no joke?'

'*Camp, Shikarpore, Feb. 18.*—H. M. Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk is eager to mount his imperial throne, so that everything appears ready for a move through the famous Bolan Pass. If I had commanded, I would have been on the mountains before this. A soldier should never allow the grass to grow under his feet; but then I am a 'poor Company's officer, and therefore know nothing! It is most shameful that when the Bombay Army joins us there will be *five* General Officers,

Officers, and only *one* of them (your father) a Company's officer; and he is looked upon with an evil eye, and as an intruder! But the Company's officers deserve all this for their supine conduct and want of union to petition properly for their rights, especially for one of their own body being Commander-in-Chief; if they would, one and all, take my advice, they would gain this, and more, by sending home five respectful lines on a clean sheet of foolscap paper.'

'*Camp, Dadur, March 16.*—This place is at the foot of the Bolan Pass, and the head column entered the Pass this morning under Sir Willoughby Cotton. The Pass extends for 81 miles, from Dadur to Shawl, and we shall be seven days getting through it; but any unforeseen obstacle may make us many days more. I have no time at present to tell you of the miserable country we have passed through during the last ten days, and what we have suffered; as a sample—on the evening of the 7th inst. I put my column in motion to cross the desert of Pabor at 6½ p.m., marched all night, and arrived at our encamping ground at 5 on the morning of the 8th—eleven hours. Not a blade of grass or a tree to be seen, nothing but sand; and thus it has been to this place with the thermometer generally at 96°, yet at times extremely cold for a few hours. Our provisions are getting very scarce, and I much fear the troops will suffer greatly for want of food; and as the camels are dying daily by fifties and by hundreds, we shall be obliged to leave our tents and our trunks on the highway for the benefit of the Beloochees. We expect Sir John Keane in this camp to-day, when Sir Willoughby falls back to the command of the division, and I to the 2nd brigade; but where I am to find the brigade I know not, as, since I left it, it has been sent in every direction in small parties; in short, everything has been done, and is doing, to favour the Queen's officers, to the injury and exclusion of the Company's.'

We shall quote little from General Nott's description of the march through the Bolan Pass, for several able narratives have already been very extensively circulated.\* We must, however, afford our readers some taste of the ease and vigour of the General's style, and at the same time beg attention to his care of the commissariat, which department he always looked to with the watchfulness of a Wellington.

'*Camp, Seriab, March 27.*—Our last march through the Bolan Pass was very interesting, and so strong by nature that 3000 or 4000 men could well dispute it against an army of 50,000. Just before we emerged from the Pass, and before we bid it adieu (I hope for ever), we came to a very steep and difficult ascent. I sat upon a rock, from whence I had a most lovely view, on one side the Bolan Mountains, on the other a wide extended plain, which latter we were about to enter: mountains all around in the distance covered with snow.

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\* As to this march, and all other services in which Sir R. Sale had a share, we may refer to Mr. Gleig's succinct and picturesque volume entitled '*Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*,'—one of the very best of this writer's Military Narratives, skillfully compiled from the notes and oral anecdotes of eye-witnesses.

Here I, out to see the tekman, &c., pass into the plain; all at once a cry was heard from the camp-followers of marauders carrying off camels, even close to us. I immediately called to four troopers, who were my orderlies, mounted my bay horse, and I, Douglas, and Hamersley set off at full speed across the plain in pursuit of these gentlemen; and although they had the start considerably, after a hard gallop of three miles we headed them, when down they dropped at my feet for mercy. My horse behaved well, and soon outstripped the troopers. I can assure you, after our weary and slow march for so many days through the Pass, this *race* was most exciting: my horse is as fleet as the mountain wind. A day before we left the Pass we came to a place where there was the finest spring of water I have seen for many a long year, gushing out of the side of a mountain in a very large body, and with great force; delicious water, clear as crystal, and close to our camp. What a treat, after the quantity of muddy water we had lately swallowed! I know not how you are to read what I have been scribbling, as my fingers are really too cold to write legibly, and it now looks like another fall of snow before night. You would have laughed had you seen the officers a night or two ago at the mess-table, amusing themselves with a basket of snow, and seeing who could bear the cold best. Plenty of ice this morning; everything frozen, and yet this is evidently *Spring* here, as trees and flowers are budding, and the larks soar and sing delightfully, and in great numbers. I ought to tell you that I am thought very fortunate in not having thrown away or lost any of my baggage or tents; but I went to an enormous expense in carrying forage for my camels and in feeding them with grain. I also purchased a large quantity of *Ghee* from some Affghan merchants whom I met on the road, and gave a quantity of it to my camels, which kept them alive. Yesterday my servants looked cold and comfortless, and as they are on short allowance of attah and rice, and as there is *none* for sale, I asked how many of them would eat mutton if they could get it; they said, "Every one of us;" so I bought them mutton and wood to cook it with; and all did eat, Hindoo as well as Mahometan, palanquin bearers and all—so much for caste.'

\* Hitherto Nott, whatever misery he describes, had been on the whole sustained by the feeling that he had a leading part in this great military movement. But hardly had the difficulties of the Bolan Pass been overcome, ere he was subjected to a sudden and most unexpected discomfiture. The following passages are from a letter dated *Quettah*, 9th April, and addressed to his brother, a barrister at Calcutta, under whose roof his daughters had now found repose:—

'The first act of Sir John Keane on joining the Bengal army, has been to remove me out of the way of the Queen's officers, under the plea of giving me the command of the province of Shawl, which place you will find visible enough on the map. Quettah is the chief town. As this act of Sir John's is a deadly hit at the officers of the Company's army, I dare say there will be some little sensation amongst the red-coat,

coats, in spite of that apathy which has ever blighted their hopes and their rights; and the affair may possibly find its way into public papers, and in a variety of shapes.

‘On the 6th inst. Sir John joined the Bengal column: I immediately waited on his Excellency, when he informed me that he “had it in contemplation to place Sir W. Cotton in command of the 1st Division of Bengal Infantry, and that I was to fall back to the 2nd Brigade.” I said that as far as I was individually concerned, I did not care about the command; that my only wish was to proceed with the army; and that as I was senior to all present, excepting Sir Willoughby, I should feel the hardship and injustice of being left behind, when so many of my juniors were going forward. He said he “could not help it.” “Your Excellency is aware that the column about to advance is composed almost entirely of Bengal troops; that in this column there will be no less than four of H.M.’s. General Officers, but not one Company’s, unless I am permitted to go.” He then said that he had “received the orders of the Government to leave a whole brigade in Shawl, and that the 2nd was to be that brigade, and was coming up from Shikarpore.” I said that one regiment of my brigade was present in his camp, and that I trusted he would allow me to proceed with that corps. He said, “Your conduct for an officer of your rank is very extraordinary—the most extraordinary I have ever heard of. You cannot know the orders *we* have received. You will be left in a more responsible situation than that of those going on. Your brigade is coming up, and how do you know the hour you may be ordered to take Khelaut?!” I thought this too much, and I fear that my laugh at such humbug expressed my feelings. I said, “Well, your Excellency, as you are determined to take the division from me, and equally determined not to allow me to proceed with the army, in command of that portion of my brigade now here—I beg to tender my resignation of the command of the 2nd brigade.” He said, “You had better consult your friends before you do so.” I told him that I had lived long enough to have a judgment of my own, and that no man’s opinion was to be a rule of conduct for me.” I see, and have long seen, through the whole affair. After some pause he said, “I can only take your resignation in one shape, that is, to forward it to Government. I suppose, Sir, you will obey my orders in the mean time?” “I *must* obey your orders, whatever they may be; but my resignation being sent to Government can be of no use to me, as my object, pending such a reference, would be completely defeated—that of accompanying the army to-morrow as a private gentleman.” He then again said, “Your conduct is very extraordinary in an officer of your rank. Sir Willoughby Cotton does not feel aggrieved; why should you?” “I am no judge of his feelings; besides, *he is going on!*—Well, your Excellency, as I find it to be determined that I am no longer to proceed with the army, I have nothing further to say on that subject. Your Excellency is aware that I hold the Queen’s commission of Major-General?” “Yes.” “I am therefore, by General Orders of Governor-General, 9th March, 1838, publishing Court of Directors’ letter, dated 19th December, 1837, entitled to the command of a division, in pre-

ference to the local Generals T—— and W——; and yet you have placed General Willshire in command of a division!" He said he had received the particular orders of the Governor-General to place that officer in command of a division; and added, "If you think yourself aggrieved, you can appeal to the Court of Directors! General Nott, I see clearly that nothing that I can say will convince you." "No, your Excellency; nothing that you *have* said on this subject can convince me." "You insult my authority." "I am not aware that I have: what I have said is my deliberate judgment, which nothing can change." After much more debate, *warm* on his part, *cool* on mine, I said (rising to retire), "Well, your Excellency, I trust that I have left no ill impression upon your mind. I see the whole affair: I am to be sacrificed because I happen to be senior to the Queen's officers." "Ill impression, Sir! I will never forget your conduct as long as I live." "Oh! your Excellency; since that is the case, I have only to wish you a *very* good evening."

It is impossible that we should hold ourselves in any measure qualified to comment on the details of the preceding letter. We quote it simply as the authentic record of General Nott's own feelings, convictions, and conduct at the moment when, whether or not General Keane acted under express orders, which left him no discretion in the matter, the ablest officer in the army of the Indus was dis severed from the main body of that army at the exact moment when its most important operations were to begin. Nor, when Khelaut was to be assailed, did Nott find himself intrusted with that service, the hunted compensation for his grand disappointment. No doubt, however, but it proved eventually a most fortunate circumstance that General Nott was left in Shawl. Whatever the motive of that destination, and however mortifying to himself its immediate results, but for this it is hardly possible that he should ultimately have found himself enabled to enforce the policy which retrieved our honour, and head the glorious march from Lower Affghanistan to Cabool. He submitted meantime—but forwarded a memorial to the Governor-General.

Various subsequent letters bear the same date, that of Quetta in Shawl:—

'11th April.—This is the most delightful climate I have ever experienced; nothing like it in any part of the world. Thermometer about 58°, morning and evening, and rises during the day to 66°. I am encamped in a rich and beautiful valley, which is about 20 miles in breadth, and 48 in length, commencing at the outlet of the Bolan Pass and running up to this place. The plain on which we are encamped is intersected by rivulets of the finest water; the gardens filled with fruit-trees, among which are the apple, plum, apricot, &c.; the rose-tree and sweet-briar abound. I cannot walk in any direction from my tent without passing over a variety of flowers, and as this is the spring in Affghanistan, they are in full bloom. This rich valley is surrounded by lofty

lofty mountains, the tops of which are covered with snow. The wind is at this moment gently blowing from a high mountain on my right hand; this breeze qualifies the heat of the valley at mid-day, and renders it most delightful; but oppression, and cruelty, and plunder having for ages borne sway, the country is almost depopulated, villages are few, and the inhabitants appear to cultivate just enough to exist on. The mountains are filled with wild and savage marauders, whose ancestors were probably driven by tyranny and oppression from this lovely vale.

'Sir John has left me here without a single gun; nor did he leave any instructions, either written or verbal.'

During the summer and autumn the small force at Quettah had to sustain a constant series of assaults from the neighbouring mountains. After one of the first of these scenes (May, 1839) the General writes:—

'Those mountain-chaps never miss; however, many of them bit the dust on this occasion. The hills (I have ascertained) are full of people; and if the columns in front should receive the least check (which I cannot believe possible), I shall have a regular rush upon my camp. I have only the 43rd, a troop of the 4th Local Horse, His Majesty Shah Soojah's 1st Regiment of Infantry, and one Troop of Cavalry. I can depend upon the 43rd and the 4th Local Horse, but I cannot say as much for the Shah's men; however, the fellows may possibly behave well.\* If I could get my brigade together, I should be able to snore in quiet, while the *five* Queen's *Generals* are gathering laurels at Candahar; but what has a Company's Officer to do but to snore? What right can forty years' service give him to command?

'Oh! I have witnessed such scenes on this grand expedition—by Heavens! 2000 disciplined troops would have sent this army back in disgrace; but good fortune, backed by many lacs of Jack Company's rupees, paves the way, and puts down opposition. During a long life I have read much, and have observed much; but I have never seen, heard, or read of such a shameful and entirely unnecessary waste of public money. As to the Commissariat, no language can describe it, nor give any idea of the rascality of its native agents. This department has, moreover, proved itself to be totally inefficient; there is not a native under-trapper attached to it who has not plundered a fortune on this expedition, while the poor subaltern officer has been involved in debt, and half starved into the bargain. When the accounts come under the observation of our wise Government, will that Government resort to another half-batta measure to replace the sums thus plundered?'

The next letter refers to the intelligence of another heavy domestic calamity—one of his daughters had left India in attend-

\* It had been thought proper to give the Shah the appearance of entering Affghānistān with something like an army of his own. Some regiments accordingly had been recruited for him wholly at our expense; but they turned out as badly as possible, and were never efficient except as marauders and in the oppression of the Affghān villagers, until in the latter stage of the business their swords were employed against ourselves.



ance, on a sick officer, her husband, and by the time they reached Malia the case was evidently hopeless. General Nott himself had just recovered from a very severe attack of fever, when this news reached him in his anxious encampment.

‘Camp, Quetta, 12th June, 1839.

‘Poor Barlow, I am sure, would have been glad to have received my letter. God’s will be done. I have had many miseries, misfortunes, and sad disappointments during the last fifteen years. This of dear Maria’s outweighs all, and it presses upon me so heavily, that I am almost too confused to write to you. Dear child! so *very* young—to be deprived of the husband of her choice: and so kind, so good a man. *This* world can give her no consolation. She says, “All hope is over. I shall soon be a widow, and my children fatherless.” She goes on to say, that the doctors tell her she must not reckon on a *day*; though it is possible that he may linger on for months. I am happy to perceive that she has called religion to her aid, and is resigned to the will of Providence, and to her melancholy fate. Poor dear child! what will become of her? If I could manage to have a little money over by December or January next, I should like to make a run to England, if I only remained there a month; but this expedition has been so wretchedly managed, that there is no saying when we shall return to India. I am more anxious than ever to get either William or Robert into the Company’s service. Where there are sisters unprovided for, and a father without a *shilling* to leave them, it is desirable indeed to get into the Service. Poor Maria! she is now, I dare say, a widow in England, with scarcely a relation of her own to look to for advice, or consolation, or protection! and, if anything happens to me, I shudder to think of your fate, and I am deeply miserable. The death of your dear mother was a *real* event. Thank God, I am quite well again; yet I fear mine is but a frail body, with a mind and spirit too strong and restless to allow of its continuing in a healthful state. When I was out this morning, bounding across this lovely valley, and enjoying the cool, cool breeze of its fine climate, I could scarcely believe that I had so recently been *very* unwell, and that *death* for so many days stared me hard in the face. Indeed, dear children, I think of *you*, and daily thank Providence for my preservation. I wonder whether your mother knows my thoughts and feelings? I have never yet heard where her picture is.’

About this time Nott received the news of the capture of Ghuznee—but the particulars that reached him were not exactly such as might have been anticipated by the readers of Sir John Keane’s triumphant despatch—nor was Nott’s charity heightened by the consideration of the distressing duties that daily pressed on himself, in consequence of certain considerable deductions already made by the General-in-chief from his never-sufficient force at Quetta:—

‘Quetta, 28th June, 1839.

‘MY DEAR CHILDREN—I have received your letters of the 21st and 27th of May. On the day I received your letters I got a letter from

from Captain M—— from Dadur, who is on his way to the army. He said, "A number of letters were brought in here, found in the jungle, among them one for you, which I enclose." This turned out to be Charlotte's letter of the 28th of February. The seal had not been broken nor the paper injured! The same dawk also brought me a long letter of three sheets and a-half from Y—— of the 38th, who was, at the time of writing it, up at Mussoorie, with four other officers of the corps. I had written to him, thinking he was still at Delhi, about having a small wall built round your dear mother's tomb. If you recollect, the gate leading to the ground used to be continually thrown down or stolen, and cattle were always getting in. Is it not surprising that the officers of the 38th regiment should be so perseveringly kind to us? I never did anything for them, not even what most Commanding Officers do. Now, I will insert from Y——'s letter one act of theirs, which has touched me to the heart, and of which I was quite ignorant until now. When I left Delhi, I sent a note, begging that some of them would occasionally look at her grave, until the building was erected, as the gate was often thrown down. Now, only read their kindness, without their even giving me the least hint of it. "We (38th) did all we could to shame the authorities into keeping a Chokadar [watchman] for the burying-ground at Delhi. I even went the length of writing in the newspapers about it, but *seemingly* with no effect; so we (of the 38th) put one there at our own expense. Some time after, one was placed in charge of the ground by Mr. Everest, by order of the Bishop, we heard; and as the man we put there was then of no use, we discharged him." Indeed, my dear children, there is no end to their kindness, and I could fill this sheet in telling the many things they have said and done since I left them. Again, I say, is it not strange? You know I was scarcely ever what I would call familiar with them. It is nearly the same with the officers here; I am almost afraid to open my mouth, or express any wish, for, on the following day, where it is at all possible, I find the thing done; so you see, my dear children, the world is better than some people will admit it to be. If I could receive as much justice from people in power as I do kindness and attention from the officers under my command, I should indeed be fortunate; but this I know I shall never have, nor do I now care.

'I have not written regarding a cadetship for Robert; I do not think my writing a hundred letters would be of any avail, yet I ought to write. How deeply do I regret that I did not in 1823, instead of going to England, collect *all* my little family, and with the money I then had, purchase land in some part of Australia! You would all have been rich and well off, and would have known nothing of England, and very little of India, and never have looked to either for comfort or for happiness; but it was the will of Providence that it should be otherwise, and therefore we *ought* to be content. I still think that there is little chance of my being in Hindostan for two or three years—perhaps never. I am therefore very anxious about you all. I have some idea of taking advantage of the Government answer to my memorial (which, right or wrong, they will give against me) to beg per-  
mission

mission to return by the first opportunity. They cannot now, even if they were inclined, rectify the injustice done me—they cannot compensate me for not having been at Ghuznee! However, all I want is to retire altogether from the army, and forget my dreams—*professional ones* I mean. I fancy Sir John Keane found out that the Government intended to have sent me against Khelaut, and he therefore quickly prevented this by breaking up my force, and sending one half of it out of Shawl. I feel *sore*, or I could write you a great deal about military affairs; but without entering into particulars, I will tell you that had it not been for the decision of Captain Thomson and his brother engineers, Ghuznee would not have been taken; and as our wise Generals *left* their battering-guns at Candahar, the army, but for Thomson's advice, must have fallen back for them, when the whole of Afghanistan would have been down upon them, and, believe me, not a man of this army would have been left to tell the story. 15,000 men from Khelaut, and 3000 Beloochees from the eastern side of this lovely valley, were ready to fall on my camp, had they failed at Ghuznee. I could, thanks to Sir John, have shown 800 men!

'I have just paid 103 rupees for the little Queen's commission. I shall feel inclined to return it to her if they will not do me justice here—justice!—How can they? They cannot compensate me for not being present at Ghuznee! As they have behaved so ill to me merely because I am a Company's officer, I really wish myself from this. Had I remained a Colonel, this would not have happened. Never mind; if I live, I will, as Nelson said, "have a Gazette of my own some day." Bless you, my ever dear children; we must trust in Providence. I put up my prayers for you morning and evening.

'Yours,

'W. NORR.'

The following extract is from a letter to a military friend at Calcutta:—

18th September, 1839.—I am still encamped in Shawl, without having received any orders, nor indeed have I received a line of any kind from dear Sir John Keane for the last three months. It was lucky for him that he had Thomson with him at Ghuznee. You know Thomson's austere and decisive manner, and it had its weight with a man like Sir John; yet pretty stories will, I have no doubt, transpire, and I suspect that many who were present will dissect that long and most preposterous despatch on the fall of Ghuznee. He says, "We were ill prepared for breaching the place." When writing this, he felt that he had been guilty of the most unsoldierlike and gross neglect. He left the fine battering train which Government had, with enormous expense, provided, behind him at Candahar! He proposed *two* laughable methods of taking the fort, which Thomson bluntly told him were absurd! There were eighteen officers wounded, and eleven out of the eighteen were Company's officers; and yet a man reading the despatch in London would scarcely suppose that the Company's troops had been engaged!

I have during the last month written to this man three public letters regarding the troops in this neighbourhood, which will, if he has any feeling, make him bite his fingers. I have no doubt he broke

broke up my force because he was aware that the Governor-General wished me to proceed against Khelaut. I know it was the wish of Government, because I have their public letters asking me my opinion, &c. &c.; but I suppose Sir John was determined that some Queen's officer should have it, and I have heard that Willshire is to be the man. If her Majesty will give us commissions, and if the Court of Directors and the Supreme Government will issue rules and orders to their army, and then fail to insist upon their being complied with, they are guilty of cruelty to their officers—they mislead them, and are the cause of all doubts and disputes. That this affair of the Major-Generals' supercession has fallen upon me is my misfortune, but not my crime; the fact is that the old Queen's officers knew that upon a former case of supercession of *forty* Company's Lieut.-Colonels by four King's, I memorialised the Court, and *gained* them their rights. I must therefore expect every kind of annoyance.

'As there is no dawd going from this, I send my letter by a Beloochee as far as Shikarpore; so you see that I trust these people, though no one else will; but then I talk to their children, and never pass any of their people without saying something to them.'

General Nott's criticism on the famous Ghuznee Despatch is bitterly expressed; but we believe Captain Neill speaks the ultimate opinion of the world on that subject. 'It has frequently been challenged,' he says, 'on account of its extreme proximity and verbosity; and the opening paragraph, at least—however flattering it may be to those who shared in the exploit—must appear overcharged, emanating as it did from one who, during a service of forty-five years in every quarter of the globe, had shared in the glories of some of the most brilliant feats of arms of this or any other age' (p. 57).

There is no doubt that the success was mainly due to the professional resources of Major Thomson and his brother-engineer Captain Peat—nor that the Sepoys in every stage of the business covered themselves with the highest honour. But let it not be supposed that Her Majesty's European soldiers were not on this occasion as true as ever to their character and their duty. 'It was found impossible,' says Major Hough, 'to keep the men in hospital—they all desired to go.'—*Narrative*, p. 176. 'On visiting the hospitals of Her Majesty's 2nd and 17th regiments,' says Dr. Kennedy, 'I was surprised to find them cleared of sick—the gallant fellows had all but risen in mutiny on their surgeons.'—*Narrative*, vol. ii., p. 46. And nothing certainly could have been nobler than the whole conduct of Sale and Dennie, who were equally appreciated by European and Sepoy.

The relations of Sir John Keane and General Nott, from the first unpleasant, had been constantly becoming more so. It is not for us to judge between them—our business at present is little  
more

more than to mark the feelings of the latter as events were in progress. He attributed, as we have seen, the whole of his grievances to the one original sin of his being a Company's Major-General, and asserting as such his right to rank before Queen's officers who held the local grade of Major-General on the appointment of the Commander-in-Chief in India. He conceived himself to have been kept from advancing to Ghuznee, in order that junior officers in the Queen's army might do so. He had put no faith in Keane's original hint that his detention in Shawl might have been settled with a view to employing him in an expedition against the Chief of Khelaut—though afterwards, as we see, he strongly suspected that such had been the intentions of the Governor-General, and that they were thwarted and overruled by General Keane. However, not long after the fall of Ghuznee, the march on Khelaut was intrusted to Major-General Willshire—one of the '*Fane* Major-Generals.' Nott heard of this apparently about the same time that he, in reply to an urgent statement of his necessities, received an order direct from the Supreme Government to move from Quetta to Candahar. He had not had time to act upon this order before he was instructed by Sir John Keane not to make any change in his arrangements, not even to proceed to Candahar, unless he should be authorized to do so *by General Willshire*. This mandate of Sir John's, was neglected by Nott, whose resources at Quetta were utterly exhausted, his wounded without tolerable shelter and wholly without medicines, and the severity of winter at hand. He therefore did move to Candahar a few days before Willshire could come into communication with him. This brought matters to a crisis. The Governor-General, who had had Nott's appeal as to the Major-General question for nine months before him, could no longer withhold his decision, and that decision was against Nott. His spirit could not digest a decision by which he considered the Company's army dishonoured in his person—he resolved instantly to throw up his command, make the best of his way to Calcutta, and there abide the result of an appeal to the Directors in London. But fortunately for Nott, still more so for his country, that was not the only unwelcome tidings he received. Within a few days he was surprised by an official requisition to refund a—for him—serious sum of money (about 1000*l.*), which had been disbursed to him as Commander of the first division of the Bengal column during the four months' march from Ferozepore to Quetta. This blow controlled *the father*.

<sup>2</sup> As if I was not entitled, on actual and remote service, to draw the *same* sum as drawn by Major-General Cotton for the *very same* '*command*!' No; he is a Queen's and I am a Company's officer. You do not know how shamefully I have been treated; the world does not know,

know, and I never mentioned to you, that I, and I alone, prevented the men from refusing to cross the Indus; but the story is long. I wrote to the Government, then fortunately at Ferozepore; I told them in strong language what they must do—either give the men extra batta, or send authority to commanders to put down discontent with a high and decisive hand. They got alarmed, and by return of *dawk* the order came, not to put down mutiny, but to give the batta, and they even quoted my letter by saying “the batta to be given from the day the army should *encamp on the right bank of the Indus*.” Thus much for the sepoys; but the poor European soldier, not having mutinied, did not get the batta! Sir Willoughby Cotton does not to this moment know that I wrote to Government and settled this awkward affair, in which every native regiment in the army was concerned and pledged to each other.

‘Had it not been for this heavy retrenchment, which I have not the means of paying but by monthly deductions from my pay, I should have been on my way to you, in spite of the season, and of deep snow in the province of Shawl through which I must have passed; but this unexpected call to “refund” has left me helpless, and without a rupee in the world. I was busy seeing my tents, &c., put in order, and thinking how soon I should be with you, when the *dawk* man put the letter into my hand.

“*Candahar, Jan. 21, 1841.*—I frequently fancy that if it had been my fortune to have received a proper education, I should have been *exalted and conspicuous* among the John Bulls; but I never received any schooling but what my own fist knocked into my own dumb head after I left our fatherland, so that my ignorance, and a stern and haughty but foolish independence of spirit, and a deadly hatred of injustice and oppression, have ever kept me in the background. It is now too late to alter this disposition, or to eradicate what the world looks upon as an unpardonable fault. As far as I am myself concerned, I am satisfied with the unbending mind which Providence has been pleased to give me; but I fear it has done no good to my children. I constantly pray to that Providence to protect and watch over you. I have told you that Government has called upon me to refund all the pay I drew for commanding the *whole* of the infantry of the army for *four* months. Had I bent to every breeze that blew, I have reason to think that this would not have occurred. I confess that this retrenchment has annoyed me a little, as I had made up my mind to make my batta donation the foundation of a little purse for you, &c. It must now be otherwise disposed of.”

“We are happy in having to state that the order to refund was subsequently rescinded. Lord Auckland, when the matter reached his ears, perceived at once the justice of Nott’s claim; but this decision came long after Candahar was the scene of imminent danger, and no true soldier could have dreamt of leaving such a post. The reversal had therefore no influence on the General’s proceedings.

A letter,

A letter, dated at Candahar in the following March, and addressed to a gentleman at Calcutta, must be quoted more freely. We once more waive commentary on the matters personal to General Nott; but our readers will see with great interest how clearly he already understood the feelings of the Affghans towards our illustrious ally Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk.

‘Although I had failed during NINE months in getting *any* decision from Government, I was at length told, in reply to my last official declaration, that I must either obey all Fane Major-Generals, or give up all idea of a command. This was a bitter alternative; but as my memorial and all the papers connected with it had been transmitted to the Court of Directors, my poverty and the little zeal and love of profession still left in my mind have induced me to remain here on the terms dictated to me until an answer shall be received from the home authorities. My case is clear. Sir Henry Fane had no authority whatever to supersede Her Majesty's commissions of Major-Generals; had he been furnished with such authority, he would have been ready enough to have published it to the army. It is as lamentable as it is laughable to find that Sir H. Fane should, at the instigation of some dozen interested persons, have placed his power of dealing out honours above that of his Queen! It is equally to be lamented that a weak but good-natured Governor-General should for a moment have allowed of this palpable piece of injustice. The much-abused Lord W. Bentinck would at any rate have acted with greater decision, and would either have done the Company's officers justice, or at once have imperatively ordered them to obey their *juniors* pending a reference to England. The talented, the mild, the dignified Hastings would have settled it satisfactorily and honourably for all parties; but my memorials, my letters, for nine months could get no kind of decision, until I was at last goaded by Sir John Keane to declare that I could not obey General Willshire. The story is too long for a letter, but it shall some day be known. Sir John Keane's *avowed* plea for leaving me in Shawl was that my force was to watch the motions of the Chief of Khelaut and the Kakur tribes, and eventually to act against Merab Khan. At the moment, or rather three days afterwards, I became aware that this service was to be kept open for his friend Willshire; it mattered not what distress, what wide-spread depredations, what murders the Chief of Khelaut in the mean time inflicted upon our soldiers, our numerous camp-followers, our baggage, our convoys, and the vital resources of the army—Merab Khan was allowed to do all these things with impunity *rather* than General Nott should have had the honour of putting an end to such atrocities. Fling the good of the service and the lives and property of individuals to the mountain-winds, in order to reserve the conquest of Khelaut for a Queen's General! This incompetent Commander-in-Chief, in spite of his power, still trembled for fear any circumstance might arise to bring me into contact with the Chief of Khelaut, and thus open my road to his capital; and therefore he, Sir John Keane, had no sooner entered Candahar than he commenced breaking up my force,

and

and by degrees reduced me to two weak and sickly regiments of sepoys, placed upon a most unhealthy spot; and no representations of mine, continued and reiterated for six months, could induce any change or prevail upon him to send medicines for the troops, although my letters and the returns showed upwards of 400 men in hospital out of two corps, and the remainder in a convalescent state; and though it was stated by me and the medical officers that we had not a dose of fever medicine left in camp. Finding that I could get no instructions, and seeing that frost and snow would be quickly upon my sickly camp, and the men without cover or warm clothing, I was obliged to communicate direct with Government, and the troops were then directed to be removed, or many of them must have perished. Sir John Keane was still fearful of my acting, and therefore I received a *joint despatch* from him and M'Naghten, placing me and the few sepoys I had left at the disposal of General Willshire; and in a separate letter Sir John Keane ordered me not to move in any direction, not even to Candahar, the destination assigned me in general orders, *without first asking General Willshire's permission*. Thus this man, in spite of the injury which *would* have occurred to the public service, was fully determined to bring me into angry collision with a Fanc Major-General, without having in view any good result whatever. But I disappointed him and his deep-laid plan, and at all risks moved to Candahar three days before Willshire arrived at Quettah. The last thing Sir John Keane said to me, at the only interview I ever had with him, was, "I never will forget you, sir, to the latest day I have to live;" and he has kept his word, and succeeded in ruining my worldly prospects. True, I have lost all those glittering baubles which so adorn the soldier's breast, and which so many of my juniors have obtained without half the toil and responsibility which fell to my lot; but, in spite of ignorant Sir John Keane, honour and integrity of intention are still mine; and I trust I have fully performed my duty to the officers of the Indian army, however much I may have injured my own prospects. When I saw you at Kurnaul my hopes were buoyant, my anticipations proud and delightful; I thought that my zeal, my deep and long-cherished love of profession, would have given me some opportunity of becoming honourably conspicuous; but this was mere vanity, and I have indeed deeply paid the penalty. It is now only for me to endeavour to forget as soon as possible all ideas of that profession, every branch of which I had so fondly studied for upwards of thirty years—still my pen is running on self.

What an erroneous opinion people in England appear to have entertained regarding the conduct of the campaign in Afghanistan! You saw our beautiful troops at Ferozepore; in fact the Government spared no expense or pains to send into the field one of the most efficient and best-equipped armies ever assembled in Hindostan, amply supplied with every requisite. Such an army properly managed would have walked cheerfully and successfully over the ground to Cabool in half the time it really took them; and were fully able to have planted the British banner on the palace walls of the Persian king. The Government



Government only committed one blunder. On that fine soldier, Sir Henry Fane, giving up the command, they omitted giving this beautiful force a competent commander. There was no arrangement, no foresight, a most woful want of military knowledge and information, a wild expenditure of the public money, and yet a reckless neglect and disregard of the comfort and even the existence of the troops. Well might the officers and men declare that the hand of Providence alone protected them—there was no forethought, no precaution, no military arrangement; and sure I am that a talented soldier at the head of 2000 men would have sent our troops back in disgrace, in spite of their unequalled bravery. But fortunately there was no opposition, no defence of this strong country, no union among its people; even their deadly hatred to Shah Soojah could not induce them to forget the quarrels among themselves. As to the political authorities, their weak and undecided conduct renders them unworthy of notice. If the Government will employ their civil servants upon such occasions, they ought to precede or follow the army at a distance, but never be present or interfere in any way with its movements.

'We have a report just now that the troops are to be withdrawn from this country during the present year; if so, the Shah's power will not be worth six months' purchase.'

Shah Soojah having been at length deposited on his throne at Cabool, it was proclaimed to the world that a masterly series of military operations had been crowned with a magnificent political success—that all the grand objects of the British Government had been attained, Russia rebuked, Persia overawed, the influence of Dost Mohammed for ever abolished, a friendly government, our own creature, in safe possession of the keys of Hindostan. In vain did Nott and a few other shrewd observers indicate their apprehensions that the stability of the new order of things might not be answerable to the rapidity of Soojah's restoration. Sir John Keane, created Lord Keane, and laden with wealth as well as decorations, retired from his command, and returned to England by the Indus and Bombay. The army of the Indus was dissolved—there remained only one division under Sir W. Cotton, which had its head quarters at Cabool, and that of Nott at Candahar; while the Envoy, now Sir William M-Naghten, thought himself more than ever entitled to act the viceroy over both them and his Shah. During the first part of the year things remained tolerably tranquil, but as summer advanced General Nott became more and more convinced that the general hatred and contempt for Shah Soojah, and the mismanagement of our *politicals*, would, now the main British force was withdrawn, bring matters at no distant period to some perilous crisis. Meantime it was his immediate concern to restore orderly habits and honest industry among the people of Lower Affghanistan; and in labouring to this

this end his letters show that he derived no small help from his personal acquaintance with the details of husbandry—the fruit of the early lessons and experience among the Welsh hills. He had, however, great and constant difficulties to contend against, in consequence of the restlessness of various mountain chiefs attached to the cause of Dost Mohammed by ties of blood or gratitude—hostile to Shah Soojah and his dynasty—doubly hostile to them as intruded by the Feringhees—detesting every novelty identified with the predominance of the infidel—darkly brooding over the humiliation of themselves and their fierce clansmen in the interruption of predatory habits inherited from antiquity—and watching only for the first opportunity to rise on every hand in a revolt of national pride whetted by religious enthusiasm. Under such circumstances the mingled firmness and kindness of Nott's administration were such as to deserve success; and well had it been if all Afghanistan had been under the same conduct as Candahar.

*Candahar, June, 1840.*—I like the people, in spite of all that has been said of them. True, the poorest man you meet places himself perfectly on a par with you, but though free and bold in their remarks, there is no want of respect; I go into their villages and their gardens for ten mites around, and I always find the people very civil. Last evening I passed through five or six villages, and people came running up to me with bunches of flowers, and if I merely took them into my hand they appeared to be gratified; they are a warm and passionate people, but then they are so thoroughly *good-tempered*, and always cheerful. I must say that I like them; and if I were some years younger, and without the family motives for returning which I have, I should feel no objection to taking up my abode among them for good. I cannot believe that they have ever behaved ill to our officers or to any of our people, unless where they were *first* injured or insulted. I have at this moment near 5000 troops, and I dare say double that number of Hindostanee camp-followers, in the garrison and city of Candahar; and of course among so many (there are full 70,000 inhabitants in the city) there must be daily disputes and frequent complaints; but on investigation I have never once found the Afghan in the wrong, nor have I ever yet found an Afghan telling an untruth.

In every narrative that we have had from officers serving in Afghanistan, one leading step of the English authorities at Cabool is dwelt upon with unmixed regret—in most with unmixed condemnation. Even in the calm and impartial summary which does so much credit to Mr. Thornton (*History of British India*, vol. vi.), we find but a slender attempt to palliate either the folly or the injustice of diminishing, as soon as it was thought at all safe to do so, the allowances on the faith of which certain

certain Mountain Chiefs had pledged themselves to maintain the safety of the great passes towards our provinces. This transaction, which Mr. Gleig calls 'a shabby higgling to pay 4000*l.* a-year instead of 8000*l.*,' belongs to the autumn of 1840: but it had been preceded by things of the same complexion in various quarters; and to these Nott ascribed mainly whatever occurred in the summer to disturb the districts under his own immediate command. He interfered as far as he could; and many a toilsome journey did it cost him to counteract the insolent arrogance of our young *Politicals*, the illegal exactions of Shah Soojah's sons, and the wanton outrages of his Majesty's soldiery. Nott acknowledges that he was well supported by Sir Willoughby Cotton so long as that high-minded officer remained at Cabool; but his departure was followed by various disappointments. Nott, in the first place, conceived himself by rank and standing—and now surely by proved qualities for command—entitled to succeed Sir Willoughby in the foremost post. That he had ever hoped to do so, however, we see no evidence. But the successor, General Elphinstone, weak in health and otherwise ill prepared for such a duty as had now devolved on him, was little more than a helpless tool in the hands of 'the *Politicals*,'—of whose unhappy errors from first to last, one of the very greatest was that they never did, as is too evident, appreciate in the remotest degree either the spirit or the genius of General Nott.

In November the brutal oppressions of the Shah's son, Prince Timour, whom our *Politicals* could not, or did not, control—produced an insurrection at Khelaut—it fell—and now at last Nott was called on to act in that quarter. He recaptured the place—and he did more—he restored, by his gentleness, the good feeling of the district. The Ghilzees maintained that nothing but cruel ill-usage had stirred them to revolt: he re-garrisoned the place, and left it amidst the blessings of its people. But we must hasten on to the summer and autumn of the fatal 1841.

The following extracts from his letters will be sufficiently intelligible to those who have read with due attention the compact narrative of this period in Mr. Thornton's work:—

'When we arrived here the natives had an idea that an Englishman's word, once given, was *sacred*, never to be broken. That beautiful charm is gone, and every pledge and every guarantee trampled under foot. The day of retribution and deep revenge *will come*. *Come* did I say?—it is in some measure here—already the sword is sharpened, and the wild Affghan song echoes upon the mountains and in the villages—the forerunner of massacre and blood. I like these people, and would trust myself alone in their wildest mountains. When I was in Ghilzee they soon found out who protected them

them from plunder and oppression, and who did not. My tent was always crowded with these people, begging to do *something*—asking *what* I wanted—that they were ready to do whatever I ordered them; yet not a man could be prevailed upon to go near the prince or the political agent; and when a few workpeople were required for a public purpose not one could be had. A chief came to my tent and boldly said, “After the cruel treatment we experienced before you arrived here, how can it be expected that the people will assist in building barracks? You have been just to us; say what you want for your own comfort, and we will fly to perform it.”

‘If a man is too stupid or too lazy to drill his company, he often turns sycophant, cringes to the heads of departments, and is often made a Political, and of course puts the Government to an enormous expense, and disgraces the character of his country; this has been the scene before my eyes many times since I left Hindostan. The troops I sent out to-day will put the Government to a great expense, and the poor officers and men will have the thermometer at 108° in *their tents*, and if exposed to the sun, 120° and 130°, and all because a foolish Political destroyed a small village containing *twenty-three* inhabitants. And why, think you? Because he *thought*—*thought, mind you*—he *thought* that they looked insultingly at him, as he passed with his 200 cavalry as an escort! Had I been on the spot, he should have had eight troopers for his protection; he would have *then* been civil to the inhabitants, or perhaps not cruel. *Fancy a young* Political, with 200 troopers at his heels—why, I am in the habit of riding eight and ten miles into the country, often without a single orderly, or even my syce [groom]; I enter their gardens and their villages, and meet with nothing but civility.’

‘Again, I say that I am ashamed of my countrymen, and I prefer the much-abused Beloochee. This very morning, on the march, I heard two Englishmen, calling themselves honourable men and gentlemen, declaring that they thought every native of the country should have his throat cut! And why? Because these poor, wretched people sometimes shoot our people in defence of their *wives, children*, and property.’

‘I have a letter from Lord A—— to Sir William M’N——. He expresses his *good-natured displeasure* at my having punished the camp followers of Prince Timour. Had Timour been the emperor of all Europe and Asia, I would have done so: but look at the wise consistency of his Lordship; he goes on in the same letter to the minister, “The Governor-General must view the atrocious conduct of these marauders with *pain* and *abhorrence*.” Then *why*, gentle Lord, express thy displeasure with me? He concludes his letter from the Council Chamber by desiring the envoy to point out to the Affghan forces, that by their refraining from such atrocities they can alone be deserving of British co-operation and support. Then, dear Lord, I again ask, why blame me?

‘When the great people were disputing and arranging at Simla regarding the Indus expedition, what officers should or should not go, I was objected to by Lord A——, when General Fane said with great warmth,

warmth, "He is the best officer you have, and I must take him with me." This is fact, as I heard it from one of Fane's staff; so you see what I lost by his giving up the command. I have before told you that he behaved in the most kind and marked manner to me, to the very moment he left us at Sukkur. I found him a *noble* fellow; and, as Wellington often said of him, a real soldier. Had he not retired, I should now have been very differently situated.

'The sooner Sir William M'Naghten returns to Calcutta to sit and smoke in a public office, with clerks to bring him papers merely for signature, and to be flattered by poor needy candidates for place and preferment, the better for this country, where he has shown himself quite unfit. I dare say the Government begins to find this out, when the great mischief has been done and has taken deep root.'

'Aug. 1841.—The conduct of the *thousand and one* politicals has ruined our cause, and bared the throat of every European in this country to the sword and knife of the revengeful Affghan and bloody Belooch; and unless several regiments be quickly sent, not a man will be left to note the fate of his comrades. Nothing but force will ever make them submit to the hated Shah Soojah, who is most certainly as great a scoundrel as ever lived.'

'Sept. 1841.—The high authorities at Cabool are alarmed beyond measure, and I have had occupation sufficient in answering their long and foolish letters. They are like small birds I have seen frightened in a storm, ready to perch upon any thing, and to fly into the arms of the first man they meet for protection. Poor men! what will they do when *real* danger comes? and I think it is possibly at hand, owing to their false measures.'

Our extracts have shown that with whatever astonishment the grand calamity of October, 1841, may have been heard of by others, General Nott's mind had been prepared for some grievous catastrophe. Nor do the tidings appear, from Captain Neill's account, to have much surprised either him or his comrades in the Candahar garrison. He says :—

'The extent of the dislike to the presence of the Feringhees in their country was daily becoming more evident among the Affghans; and there were but few who doubted the existence of a general and well-organised plan of operations throughout the whole country—a plan having for its object the expulsion of the British from Afghanistan; and which, if not originating with, was certainly acquiesced in and encouraged by Shah Soojah, who, now considering himself secure on the throne, had become tired of the restraint which our presence imposed upon him.

'The details of the disasters at Cabool are familiar to every one—the bitter remembrance of them can never be effaced from the hearts of Englishmen. In reflecting upon them, or on the events which preceded them, there is not one bright spot to which it is possible to refer. The fact that these disasters were not brought about by the mutiny, defection, or other misconduct of our soldiers, may indeed be some consolation ;

tion; but it heightens the regret that troops, possessing those noble qualifications of soldiers which the devoted army of Cabool evinced to the last, should have been sacrificed by mismanagement, or have become the victims of an infatuation, the monstrous excess of which it is hardly possible adequately to conceive.

'There are no terms harsh enough to express our abhorrence of the foul massacre of the Cabool army, nor can anything extenuate the perfidious conduct of the Affghans; but in condemning, however justly, the actions of others, we must also consider how far we may have drawn on-ourselves the dreadful calamities left us to deplore. Does the review of the past in Affghanistan justify us in maintaining that our conduct there was without reproach? Had all our arrangements and engagements with the natives of that country been strictly and inviolably observed? Was there no breach of faith, no disregard of promises, to cause doubts of our integrity, or of our intentions, should fortuitous events have placed the army, which was afterwards destroyed, in a position where might would have empowered, if a sense of right would not have justified, our non-observance of those obligations? I fear to these questions no satisfactory answer can be given: it therefore becomes an additional source of humiliation, that we cannot assert that our actions were irreproachable. It must ever be borne in mind, that the rights of the Affghans, as a nation, had been causelessly assailed—their feelings wantonly insulted; that they felt degraded by our *surveillance*, and were anxious to throw off our yoke. They had grounds for the indulgence of revengeful passions; and had their course not been stained by the commission of those acts of treachery by which our disasters were completed, they must have claimed the admiration which would have been due to a people combating to the death for their assaulted freedom.'—*Neill*, pp. 152-154.

Into the immediate stimulants, any more than the atrocious circumstances of the fatal outbreak, it is not necessary for us to enter in any detail. As to both, the result of an equally laborious and candid examination of all the evidence of English witnesses is to be found in Mr. Thornton's History; and we may refer for some interesting supplementary particulars to the curious performance of Mohan Lal.\* This worthy Mussulman, attached for many years to the late Sir Alexander Burnes in all that able officer's diversified services and labours, ascribes much of the mischief to a certain jealousy arising out of the false position occupied by Burnes at the Court of Shah Soojah, as the subordinate of Sir W. M'Naghten, who was far inferior to him, if not in general capacity, certainly in knowledge and experience of the feelings and habits of the Affghan people. Mohan Lal, however, stands up, with generous steadfastness, for the purity of the Envoy's intentions throughout; and Mr. Thornton, we are

\* See especially his account of the death of Sir A. Burnes. He appears to have met his fate with a most Roman dignity (vol. ii. pp. 405-9).

convinced, does his memory no more than justice in asserting that whatever may have been his previous delusions and errors—however blindly he may have miscalculated, however weakly vacillated, however indefensibly he may have allowed considerations of immediate convenience to seduce him into the infringement of what the rude Affghan Chiefs at all events had accepted for arrangements of permanent efficacy—when the abyss of danger at last disclosed itself, Sir William showed no want of manhood: on the contrary, whatever energy can be said to have been displayed in the crisis itself, was displayed by this unfortunate diplomatist. Mohan Lal also undertakes to defend Burnes, and some others of the Political order, from charges in which no whisper ever involved M'Naghten. The zealous Mohan admits freely that several of the English officers, civilians as well as military, engaged in private adventures 'abhorrent' to their Oriental neighbours. The temptations, he confesses, were abundant—the inmates of the Affghan harem were extremely liable to amorous seizures, and it was no easy matter to keep them from clambering over roofs and gardens to the quarters of any handsome Feringhee. But in none of these intrigues, says Mohan Lal, had Burnes any share—neither he nor any of the gentlemen immediately attached to him:—how could they, he asks, have ever been suspected of such trespasses, seeing that, as 'no just man can deny,' they were all provided with Cashmerian females of their own? (vol. ii. p. 399.) However pitiable Mohan Lal's advocacy may appear, it would be unjust not to notice his evidence.\*

It was on the night of Christmas-day that the whole extent of the disaster became public at Candahar—and that same night there were insurrectionary movements in the immediate neighbourhood. The strong man was not frightened at the bursting of the storm, as the 'small birds' at Cabool had been by the first of its mutterings. He instantly called in all his detachments that were within reach, secured all his artillery within the walls, laboured indefatigably on his fortifications, despatched foraging parties in every direction, and having fully stored the place, and rid it of such of the native population as were either anxious to depart, or had given grounds for suspecting their fidelity, he calmly confronted what he well knew was to be a long Alpine

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\* Mohan Lal, *Esq.*, states, in his preface, that his book was written entirely by himself, and printed without having been revised by any English friend. This being so, the book is truly a curiosity. Nothing can be more absurd than the contrast between his excellent mimicry of John Bull phraseology, and the thoroughly Asiatic modes of thinking and feeling which have survived all his Feringhee training. His services in Afghanistan have been rewarded by a pension of 1000*l.* a-year from the East India Company,

winter of uninterrupted watching and fighting. Most animated are Neill's descriptions of the midnight onslaughts on the city, of the gallant sorties headed commonly in person by the veteran chief, of his toilsome marches to meet advancing hordes and crush them before they could combine. Overwhelming as the numbers of the insurgents were, and joined as they soon were by one of Shah Soojah's own sons with all his dynasty's adherents in the lower provinces, the defence was maintained with uniform success—there was not one discomfiture. In every skirmish and in every battle Nott witnessed the unfaltering devotion of his 'beautiful regiments'—three of which, as it fortunately chanced, had been of old attached to his person in the closest manner—regiments each of which had formerly had him for its commandant.\* More than this—before the end of December, 1841, General Nott felt so confident in his small army that he wrote to the Governor-General, beseeching him not for a moment to be disheartened notwithstanding all that had occurred, for that he would cheerfully undertake to march from Candahar to Cabool as soon as the roads were passable and General England's outlying brigade could join him from Quetta. Such were his actions—and such from the very hour of the calamity was his strenuous, unwavering advice. During six months he reiterated his advice and his offers—in spite of orders to retreat, at first peremptory and afterwards shuffling and evasive, he still maintained that there was no honour, no safety even, in any course but the bold one—and 'catching at an if,' he kept his post. He '*never*,' as he says, '*had contemplated falling back.*' It can detract nothing from his credit that, from perhaps as early a period, his brave compeer General Pollock, at Peshawur, adopted views not less worthy of a British soldier. It was Nott's proud position as the man who had kept an army together in consummate discipline, and organised in constantly successful energy, *in the heart of Affghanistan*—it was this and this alone that enabled him to speak with that authority which compelled a pause—until at length it found everything to plead for in the native impulses of the new Governor-General of 1842.

'The despatches of General Nott,' says Capt. Neill, 'notwithstanding the many faults which have been attributed to them, will be generally confessed, from their singular clearness and conciseness, to be the most soldier-like productions with which of

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\* Viz. the 16th, the 38th, and the 43rd. Captain Neill says:—'Of the splendid regiments of Bengal Sepoys stationed with us at Candahar, viz. the 2nd, 16th, 38th, 42nd, and 43rd B. N. I., it would have been difficult to say which had the superiority. I think, however, that without being accused of making any invidious distinction, I may particularize the 16th as being *the finest infantry regiment I have ever seen.*'—p. 150.



late years we have been favoured." (p. 228.) The despatches deserve this eulogy—to them, therefore, and Captain Neill's own Journal, we may safely refer for the military history of the sequel. There are, however, one or two passages in the Captain's book which we must insert here—for reasons that will be obvious. After narrating the splendid feats of January 12, 1842—the first of the *battles* properly so called—in which Nott overthrew the united force of the rebel Prince Suftur Jung, and the great Ghilzee chief, Atta Mohammed Khan—Captain Neill says with honest warmth:—

'Thus ended the Battle of Urghundaub, *the first success after our recent disasters at Cabool*, although that honour had been awarded to another distinguished force, the Governor-General having, in a notification dated Benares, the 22nd of April, 1842, communicating the defeat of Akbar Khan by the "illustrious garrison at Jellalabad," congratulated the army on *the return of victory to its ranks*.

'The success at Candahar on the 12th of January was most complete, and in its results most important. The victory having been obtained over a force so immensely superior to that which was opposed to it by the British, most effectually damped the spirit of our enemies in this part of the country, and destroyed the prestige prevailing, that with the disasters of Cabool the glory of our arms had departed.

'A despatch detailing the events of the 12th was forwarded to Government, but no notification proclaimed them to the world. The exploits of "that army which was for so long a time neglected," were then unnoticed, if not disregarded.'—Neill, p. 164.

There could be no use, certainly no pleasure, in following minutely the vexing series of weak and contradictory orders that reached General Nott. One, dated as late as March, particularly annoyed him; it was signed by Lord Ellenborough: but it must be remembered that he had only just reached Calcutta:—

'What are the people in Calcutta making such a foolish noise about? Stupid blunders caused disasters at Cabool. Is that a reason for the despair of a mighty empire? I *do* greatly wonder at such deep folly. I *am ordered* by Government to withdraw the garrison from Khelaut-i-Ghilzie; I suppose I shall be abused by the press for this, though it is not my act! That fort was attacked on the 21st instant by 4000 Ghazees, but they were gallantly repulsed with great loss. I have sent Wymer with four of my beautiful regiments and eight guns to bring off the garrison of Khelaut-i-Ghilzie. The people here have heard by some means that we are to retire, and therefore they are raising the whole country to plunder and destroy the Peringhees on their retreat. Do not you be alarmed; I will *lick* them as long as I live; if I die it shall be with honour, therefore do you rest content. I had nearly tranquillized this part of the country and restored confidence; but this determination of Government came upon me like ——— Well; well, perhaps I am no judge of the honour of nations—it is mine to obey.'

The

The attempt to withdraw the garrison at Khelaut-i-Ghulzie failed, the country being as yet impracticable; and not long after Nott, instead of withdrawing it, relieved and strengthened it:—for among the earliest acts of the new Governor-General had been one that, at all events, enabled him to follow much more freely than hitherto the dictates of his own judgment. Captain Neill says:—

‘ The arrival of Lord Ellenborough had long been looked forward to with the greatest anxiety: that event had at length taken place; and daily we anticipated receiving some intelligence from which we might form an idea of the line of policy his Excellency would pursue for the redemption of our national honour. The worse than want of all information which might enable Lord Ellenborough, on his arrival in India, to form an opinion of the actual extent of our disasters, the correct position of our troops in Afghanistan, and the means at the disposal of our Generals there to carry out such operations as he should think conducive to the interests of the empire, is well known, notwithstanding the unworthy endeavours to throw a shade over every act of his Lordship’s government, and to deprive him of the laurels he won so nobly; and to this cause must be attributed the delays and seeming indecision which at first marked his counsels.

‘ Among the first acts of his Lordship’s administration was the placing in the hands of the General officers in Afghanistan the chief political power. Of the wisdom of this bold step the strongest proof that can be adduced is, the new and better spirit which distinguished our operations after the power of acting for themselves had been conferred on the Generals. No longer were the proceedings of these distinguished men cramped by the interference of juniors who, however talented, however conscientious, however well versed in the history of the country, and in a knowledge of its language, were frequently too deficient in experience to understand aright the responsibility of, or to wield circumspectly, the power which their false position gave them.’—*p.* 191.

The fall of Ghuznee was heard of at Candahar in the last days of May, and soon after the misfortune of General England in his first attempt to move from Quetta. But these new disasters made no change in Nott’s opinion; he gave General England peremptory orders to move again, and sent a strong detachment to meet and support him—and meantime he himself sought another triumphant battle close to his walls. Well may Captain Neill say, ‘ Fortunately, in General Nott there was a man at the head of affairs, formed for the emergencies of the times: the only thought that actuated him was a desire to maintain the character of his country, to wipe off the stains that had tarnished our arms; and in this one sacred hope, every other consideration was absorbed.’

‘ *Candahar, 1st June, 1842.*

‘ MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Since writing to you on the 25th ult. we have

have had a battle close to the city. The famous chief of Zamindawar, who has been fighting for the last three years, but who last year after the battle of Secundrabad retired to Heerat, has reappeared. He assembled 3000 men, crossed the Helmond, and joined the rebel army under Prince Suftur Jung and Atta Mahomed, on the right bank of the Urghundaub. A large portion of our force had been detached into the Ghilzie province under Brigadier Wymer. The chiefs, under an impression that the troops left at Candahar were not sufficient to hold the city and attack them in the field, brought forward on the 29th ult. about 10,000 men, placed 8000 in position upon some steep and rocky hills, about a mile from the city walls, and had 2000 guarding a pass and roads leading to their camp. I immediately moved out with 1500 men of all arms. Our troops carried all their positions in the most gallant style; I never saw anything so fine. The bravery of our men was such that in ascending the hills there was not a moment's pause—to which, and a *little* management, I attribute our trifling loss. The Affghans, as I have often told you, cannot stand before the Bengal Sepoys, who, properly managed, are the finest soldiers in the world. Our loss, considering the heavy fire, was certainly very trifling. I have remarked that the Affghans always fire high. I am quite well. Give an old man's thanks to Mrs. Hume for her kindness to dear Letitia. I am very tired.

‘Yours ever,

‘W. NOTT.

‘P.S.—I received an *order* from the Supreme Government months ago to fall back; I did not do so, and laid hold of an “*if*” in the letter as my excuse; but now, what now? Well, never mind, murder will out. The keen wind blowing over the bleached bones of our comrades, now in heaps on the rugged Affghan mountains, will whistle the imbecility of some high functionaries over Asia; and the thousand petty states that *did* tremble even at the noble lion's breathing, will in future crow in derision if he attempt to roar. And now, just like Englishmen, the cry is, “Sepoys cannot stand Affghans.” Not stand Affghans, indeed! One thousand Sepoys, properly managed, will always beat ten thousand Affghans. I saw them do this on the 29th.’

General Nott's representations were now at last to have their due effect at head-quarters. In the beginning of July Lord Ellenborough assented to his long-urged proposal for an advance on the scene of our disastrous humiliation. The assent was, however, so expressed as to have occasioned a controversy, on which our readers would willingly have the opinion of Captain Neill:—

‘The craven portion of the press of India had long been urging the policy and propriety of withdrawing our armies from Affghanistan; its columns teemed with letters, purporting to be from officers of our division, proclaiming the foul falsehood that our army desired to return unavenged. For the honour of the cloth it is to be hoped that those letters never were written by officers; from whomsoever they emanated, they were the productions of hearts in which the spirit of a soldier

had

had never existed ; and the general enthusiasm with which the prospect of our advance on Cabool was hailed, gave the lie to the dastardly assertions they contained.

‘ Our gallant chief had “ *not contemplated falling back ;*” he had succeeded by his representations to Government in proving that all that was required to enable him to advance, and strike the grand blow, for the honour of “ dear Old England,” was carriage ; that he had now procured ; and the sanction of Government to his forward movement *had been obtained*. “ I defy any man, if Nott had failed in his advance, to attribute any blame to Lord Ellenborough ; and, if no blame could attach to him in failure, surely no merit should accrue to him from success.” Such is the specious argument formed for this event. But would such reasoning have been adopted or admitted, had failure, instead of success, attended the operations of General Nott ?”—*Neill*, p. 315.

The question as to which we have quoted Capt. Neill’s decision is, however, one on which our readers are entitled to decide for themselves. We consider it as our duty to place here the letter which gave Nott permission to march on Cabool, and the General’s answer :—

‘ *The Governor-General of India to Major-General Nott.*

‘ *Allahabad, July 4, 1842.*

‘ GENERAL,—You will have learnt from Mr. Maddock’s letters of the 13th May and 1st of June, that it was not expected that your movement towards the Indus could be made till October, regard being had to the health and efficiency of your army.

‘ You appear to have been able to give a sufficient equipment to the force you recently despatched to Khelaut-i-Ghilzie, under Colonel Wymer ; and, since his return, you will have received, as I infer from a private letter addressed by Major Outram to Captain Durand, my private secretary, a further supply of 3000 camels.

‘ I have now, therefore, reason to suppose, for the first time, that you have the means of moving a very large proportion of your army, with ample equipment for any service.

‘ There has been no deficiency of provisions at Candahar at any time ; and immediately after the harvest you will have an abundant supply.

‘ Nothing has occurred to induce me to change my first opinion, that the measure commanded by considerations of political and military prudence, is to bring back the armies now in Affghanistan, at the earliest period at which their retirement can be effected, consistently with the health and efficiency of the troops, into positions wherein they may have easy and certain communication with India ; and to this extent the instructions you have received remain unaltered. But the improved position of your army, with sufficient means of carriage for as large a force as it is necessary to move in Affghanistan, induces me now to leave to your option the line by which you shall withdraw your troops from that country.

‘ I must

‘I must desire, however, that in forming your decision upon this most important question, you will attend to the following considerations:—

‘In the direction of Quettah and Sukkur there is no enemy to oppose you: at each place occupied by detachments you will find provisions; and probably, as you descend the passes, you will have increased means of carriage. The operation is one admitting of no doubt as to its success.

‘If you determine upon moving on Ghuznee, Cabool, and Jellalabad, you will require, for the transport of provisions, a much larger amount of carriage; and you will be practically without communications from the time of your leaving Candahar. Dependent entirely upon the courage of your army, and upon your own ability in directing it, I should not have any doubt as to the success of the operation; but whether you will be able to obtain provisions for your troops during the whole march, and forage for your animals, may be a matter of reasonable doubt. Yet upon this your success will turn.

‘You must remember that it was not the superior courage of the Afghans, but want, and the inclemency of the season, which led to the destruction of the army at Cabool; and you must feel as I do, that the loss of another army, from whatever cause it might arise, might be fatal to our Government in India.

‘I do not undervalue the aid which our Government in India would receive from the successful execution by your army of a march through Ghuznee and Cabool, over the scenes of our late disasters. I know all the effect which it would have upon the minds of our soldiers, of our allies, of our enemies in Asia, and of our countrymen, and of all foreign nations in Europe. It is an object of just ambition, which no one more than myself would rejoice to see effected; but I see that failure in the attempt is certain and irretrievable ruin; and I would endeavour to inspire you with the necessary caution, and make you feel that, great as are the objects to be obtained by success, the risk is great also.

‘If you determine upon moving by Ghuznee, and entirely give up your communications by Quettah, I should suggest that you should take with you only the most efficient troops and men you have, securing the retreat of the remainder upon Killa-Abdoola and Quettah.

‘You will, in such case, consider it to be entirely a question to be decided by yourself, according to circumstances, whether you shall destroy or not the fortifications of Candahar; but before you set out upon your adventurous march, do not fail to make the retirement of the force you leave behind you perfectly secure, and give such instructions as you deem necessary for the ultimate retirement of the troops in Scinde, upon Sukkur.

‘You will recollect that what you will have to make is a successful march; that that march must not be delayed by any hazardous operations against Ghuznee or Cabool; that you should carefully calculate the time required to enable you to reach Jellalabad in the first week in October, so as to form the rearguard of Major-General Pollock’s army. If you should be enabled by a *coup-de-main* to get possession of Ghuznee

nde and Cabool, you will act as you see fit, and leave decisive proofs of the power of the British army, without impeaching its humanity. You will bring away from the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee, his club, which hangs over it; and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the Temple of Somnaut. These will be the just trophies of your successful march.

'You will not fail to disguise your intention of moving, and to acquaint Major-General Pollock with your plans, as soon as you have formed them. A copy of this letter will be forwarded to Major-General Pollock to-day; and he will be instructed, by a forward movement, to facilitate your advance; but he will probably not deem it necessary to move any troops actually to Cabool, where your force will be amply sufficient to beat anything the Affghans can oppose to it. The operations, however, of the two armies must be combined upon their approach, so as to effect, with the least possible loss, the occupation of Cabool, and keep open the communications between Cabool and Peshawur.'

'One apprehension upon my mind is, that in the event of your deciding upon moving on Jellalabad, by Ghuznee and Cabool, the accumulation of so great a force as that of your army, combined with Major-General Pollock's, in the narrow valley of the Cabool river, may produce material difficulties in the matter of provisions and forage; but every effort will be made from India to diminish that difficulty, should you adopt that line of retirement.

'This letter remains absolutely secret.

'I have, &c.,

'ELLENBOROUGH.'

*Major-General Nott to the Governor-General of India.*

*Candahar, July 26, 1842.*

'MY LORD,—Having well considered the subject of your Lordship's letter of the 4th instant; having looked at the difficulties in every point of view, and reflected on the advantages which would attend a successful accomplishment of such a move, and the moral influence it would have throughout Asia; I have come to a determination to retire a portion of the army under my command, *viâ* Ghuznee and Cabool. I shall take with me not a large, but a compact and well-tried force, on which I can rely. Your Lordship may rest assured that all prudence and every military precaution shall be observed: there shall be no unnecessary risk; and if expedient, I will mask Ghuznee, and even Cabool. But if an opportunity should offer, I will endeavour to strike a decisive blow for the honour of our arms.

'The greatest difficulty I am likely to experience will be the want of forage in the neighbourhood of Cabool, and thence to Jellalabad, in consequence of the large bodies of horse which have so long consumed, and still continue to consume it. I therefore hope that measures will be taken to have supplies of forage and a few comforts for the European troops stored at Jellalabad, which place I shall endeavour to regulate my march so as to reach in the first week of October.

'I have commenced arrangements for the remainder of the force retiring upon Sukkur, under the command of Major-General England, who

who will receive the necessary instructions for his guidance in withdrawing the troops from Candahar and the different posts between this and Shikarpore.

‘I am most anxious, notwithstanding the conduct of the Affghan chiefs, that our army should leave a deep impression on the people of this country, of our character for forbearance and humanity.

‘All our guns, also six brass pieces belonging to the late Shah Soojah-ool-Molk, shall be taken to Sukkur. All unserviceable articles not worth the carriage will be destroyed.

‘Having now acquainted your Lordship with my determination, I shall not fail to keep your Lordship constantly informed of my proceedings.

‘I have, &c.

‘W. NOTT.’

Mr. Thornton (vol. vi. p. 368), after quoting the most important passages of these two letters, proceeds thus:—‘Lord Ellenborough, writing to General Pollock a few days afterwards, when, as his Lordship stated, he expected General Nott was in possession of his letter of the 4th, says, *My expectation is that General Nott will feel himself sufficiently strong, and be sufficiently provided with carriage, to march upon Ghuznee and Cabool.* Believing, therefore, that Nott was sufficiently strong to take this step, the Governor-General had notwithstanding used language calculated to make the commander doubt its success; and which, if addressed to many men, would certainly have led to its abandonment.’ This is one of the few occasions on which we are forced to impute sophistry to Mr. Thornton: he desires here to impute to Lord Ellenborough a bit of double-dealing: we see not the shadow of a reason for such an imputation. Lord Ellenborough knew well that during six months Nott had been constantly urging the march from Candahar on Ghuznee and Cabool—that he had from December to June held precisely the same language—*I have perfect confidence in my army; only help me to the necessary camels, and the moment the harvest is over I am ready and eager for the march.* Lord Ellenborough had been, ever since he reached the Upper Provinces, exerting all his powers to supply Nott with sufficient means of carriage—he knew that Nott must now, by the first days of July, be in possession of those means—and he knew that the Candahar harvest would soon be over. He knew his man, too, by this time thoroughly. He no more doubted that now Nott’s conditions were fulfilled, Nott would stick to and execute his purpose, than that Pollock would be delighted to co-operate with Nott. The Governor-General, in writing to Nott on the 9th, dwelt on the difficulties Nott would have to encounter in a march on Cabool, not with the remotest idea of diverting Nott from that march, but simply because he thought it was much more likely that Nott should march in spite of some deficiencies in his equipment (such as might

might still after all exist) than that Nott should pause with the Governor-General's permission, however cautiously worded, once in his hands. Perhaps Lord Ellenborough needed not to have harboured any doubt of Nott's prudence any more than of his enterprise; but assuredly he neither wrote that letter with any apprehension that Nott would avail himself of it to shelter retractation, nor with any shabby *arrière pensée* that, in case Nott marched and failed, the letter of the 4th of July would shelter the Governor-General from all blame in that failure.

Though the force, at the head of which Nott wished to start, consisted of at most 6000 soldiers, such were the necessities of such an expedition in such a country, that he required to have a retinue of full 10,000 camels, besides other beasts of burthen. He now had the required supply. He answered, therefore, the permissive despatch on the 26th of July—the day that it reached him—and on the 8th of August, while General England moved towards Quetta with the troops that Nott did not consider it necessary to take with himself, the latter finally broke up from his cantonments and began what Neill may well call 'the illustrious march!'

The language of the Governor-General had not overstated its difficulties or its dangers; and the skill and energy on which he at last was content to rely proved adequate for the trying occasion. We have said that we should leave the detail to the graphic pages of Neill and the General's own despatches. Were we ambitious of attempting a summary, we might well be checked by reperusing, as we have just done, the speeches of the Chairman and other leading men of the India Company, when the Court of Directors were moved and unanimously agreed to mark their sense of General Nott's unsurpassed merits by the grant of a life pension of 1000*l.* per annum. On that day Mr. Shepherd, Sir Henry Willock, and Mr. Weeding, reviewed and put together the whole series of his military and civil services, with a fulness and an effect worthy of their animating subject. The march was an uninterrupted series of success; but the success was achieved by as consummate management and, at many a step, as indomitable gallantry as ever illustrated the page of our Indian history.

The grand reception at Ferozepore and the subsequent festivals of Agra, with all the honours showered on Nott and his companions, fill a lively page in the record of Captain Neill. We shall only quote a short note of the General to his children:—

'Agra, March 17, 1843.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am still detained here. Pollock arrived yesterday, but the grand preparations have not yet been completed. However,



However, the ceremony is to take place at sunrise on Monday, in the palace of the fort of Agra. Then we are to have a breakfast; in the evening a dinner; then a ball and supper; and so this gorgeous affair is to end. All very fine and delightful for the mere spectators, but not so very pleasant for the actors, especially for a modest fellow like me. I have a cold this morning. I do not wonder at it. I go four miles every day to dine with Lord Ellenborough, and have to return at night after sitting in a hot room. But what can I do? He is so kind, and treats me with so much warm friendship, that I cannot deny him any request he makes. I have much to tell you when we meet about this noble gentleman.'

His Lordship concluded these rejoicings by nominating General Nott to be Resident at the Court of Oude: and we must copy his farewell to his army:—

'Major-General Nott cannot leave the Candahar force without returning his best thanks to the officers and men composing it, for the assistance he has constantly received from them, which enabled him upon all occasions to uphold the honour of our country and the reputation of British arms.

'It is with feelings of deep regret and admiration that the Major-General now bids farewell to his brave and gallant comrades of the Candahar army.'

With the announcement of these hard-won honours, some drops of the bitter element were mingled. Hardly had the vindicators of the national fame, the saviours of the Indian empire, recrossed the Indus, before certain conductors of the press began once more to fill their columns with malignant libels; under the impudent disguise of 'Letters from Officers,' and the like, which being translated into the various native dialects, and greedily circulated by all the internal enemies of our administration, seemed to be producing an effect so serious that Lord Ellenborough judged it right to counteract the poison by the directest antidote. By his Lordship's command, therefore, the implied or insinuated charges were reduced to the shape of a series of questions, and the victorious leaders were invited to answer these, each in his own manner. The indignation with which General Nott set about such a task may be readily conceived; indeed it flashes out in every sentence of his reply:—

'Lucknow, April 4, 1843.

'SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, calling upon me, by directions of the Right Hon. the Governor-General of India, to report upon certain excesses said to have been committed by the British troops in retiring from Afghanistan. I will confine my remarks to that veteran and highly-disciplined army which I had the honour to command for so long a period, and I will leave it to my gallant comrade, Sir George Pollock, G.C.B., to defend the honour of the troops he commanded,

1. I am called upon to state, "upon what private property, and upon what private buildings, injury was inflicted by my orders, or under my toleration, at Ghuznee." I answer, upon none.

2. I am desired to state "whether unresisting individuals were destroyed in cold blood, for mere vengeance, or whether women were either violated or murdered for their ornaments?" I will endeavour to suppress my scorn and indignation while I shortly reply to this charge, or suspicion, or whatever it may be called by the persons from whom it emanated. And this is the return made by the people of England, or rather I would believe by a few individuals, to the gallant Candahar army—that army which was for so long a time neglected; but which nevertheless nobly upheld our national honour, and during a period of four years acted with the greatest forbearance and humanity to the people of Afghanistan!

*Ghuznee.*—Colonel Palmer, at the head of a brave garrison, surrendered Ghuznee to various tribes of Affghans. The city was occupied by these people for months; it was evacuated by the enemy on the arrival of the army under my command. On its being entered by the British troops, it was found that not a single person was in the city—neither man, nor woman, nor child. There was no property, and I do not believe there was a house left completely standing in the town; the whole had been unroofed and destroyed by the contending Affghans, for the sake of the timber, &c. I have said there were no inhabitants in Ghuznee, and therefore "unresisting individuals" could not have been destroyed in cold blood; women could not have been "murdered and violated for their ornaments." These, I boldly say, are gross and villainous falsehoods, whomsoever they emanate from.

I ordered the fortifications and citadel of Ghuznee to be destroyed; it had been the scene of treachery, mutilation, torture, starvation, and cruel murder to our unresisting and imprisoned countrymen. Look at the contrast; see the conduct of the noble British soldier; and are calumny and gross falsehood to rob him of the honour? They shall not, while I have life to defend his fame.

*Rosa.*—The extensive village or town of Rosa is situate about two miles from Ghuznee, and is lovely to behold. When this city was taken by the force under my command, Rosa was full of inhabitants, men, women, and children: my troops were encamped close to its walls; its gardens and its houses were full of property, its barns and farm-yards were well stored, its orchards were loaded with fruit; its vineyards bore beneath a rich and ripe vintage; the property taken from our murdered soldiers of the Ghuznee garrison was seen piled in its dwellings. Were not these tempting objects to the soldier who had undergone four years of fatigue and privation? Some of these soldiers had seen, and all had heard of, the treacherous murder of their relations and comrades, by these very people; but why should I enlarge? Four days the victorious Candahar army remained encamped close to this village, with all these temptations before it, and at its mercy; but not a particle of anything was taken from the Affghan: the fruit brought for sale was paid for at a rate far above its value; no man, no living thing, was injured. Much  
more

more I could say ; but so much for the noble British soldier, for Ghuznee, and for the beautiful, rich, and tempting town of Rosa.

‘ I did not command at Cabool. I did not interfere in its concerns. I never was in its bazars. My division was encamped at a distance, with the exception of one regiment, against which corps I never received a complaint. My division was not in Cabool after Sir George Pollock's troops left ; General Pollock's army and my troops marched the same day. No man under my command was ever detected in plundering without being immediately punished. How am I to have patience to reply to “ Whether Affghans were permitted to be wantonly treated or murdered ? ” Is this a proper question to put to a British general officer, who has ever had the honour of his country uppermost in his mind, and deeply impressed upon his heart ? “ Permitted ! ” indeed. Is it supposed that I am void of religion—that I am ignorant of what is due to that God whom I have worshipped from my childhood ? Am I thus to have my feelings outraged because a few people in India and in England have sent forth villainous falsehoods to the world ? I have confined my reply for the present as much as possible to the questions in your letter. I will only further say that never did an army march through a country with less marauding and less violence than that which I commanded.

‘ In Lower Affghanistan I put down rebellion, and quelled all resistance to the British power—in spite of the fears and weaknesses of my superiors. By mild persuasive measures I induced the whole population to return to the cultivation of their lands, and to live in peace. I left them as friends, and on friendly terms. On my leaving Candahar no man was injured or molested ; no man was deprived of his property ; and my soldiers and the citizens were seen embracing. It is on record that I informed the Indian government that I could hold the country for any time ; it is on record that I informed Lord Auckland, as far back as December, 1841, that I would with permission re-occupy Cabool with the force under my command : there was nothing to prevent it but that unaccountable panic which prevailed at the seat of government. And now I am rewarded by a certain set of people in England taxing me with that which would be disgraceful to me as a religious man, as an honourable gentleman, and as a British officer.

‘ I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. NORT, Major-General.

‘ To Major-General J. R. Lumley,  
Adjutant-General of the Army.’

He says on the same subject in a letter to his brother of May 8th:—

‘ A dreadful panic had seized every man, and for six long months all I could do failed to make them act as Englishmen ought to do. I was sometimes obliged to be severe and harsh, and there are men who will not forget or forgive, and I have, therefore, been misrepresented and abused in the public press. If there is anything praiseworthy in having asserted the honour of dear old England in Affghanistan, and in making

making the British arms and character feared and respected throughout central Asia, the credit is mine, and mine alone : and history will do me justice. Had I not remained sternly determined, there would have been no advance on Ghuznee and Cabool, and we should have left Afghanistan in disgrace, laughed at by the whole world, and all India would have been up in arms. I was obliged more than once to tell even my own officers that I would save their honour and their lives in spite of themselves. Our sepoys always acted nobly, and I could have done anything with them ; and at the very time that the press abused and calumniated these brave men, I would in perfect confidence have led 5000 sepoys against 20,000 Affghans. But when among our own countrymen all was panic and infatuation, from Lord Auckland down to the drum-boy, what could have been expected but disaster and disgrace ? When I endeavoured to uphold the honour of my country and to save it from disgrace, I was told—mark this—it is on official record—I was told, “ Your conduct has been injudicious, and shows that you are unfit for any command.” ’

It is proper to extract in this place the concluding sentences of Captain Neill's Narrative :—

‘ A writer in a Review sums up an article on Lord Ellenborough's administration in these words :—“ To leave behind him no monument of his greatness *but a few captured cannon, a volume of proclamations, and an infinite quantity of parti-coloured ribbon*, is but a poor achievement after all ; and, when years hence we inquire what great works are associated with the name of Ellenborough, we may point to a *fantastical gun-carriage*, a new road to Government House, *and an immense number of half-crown pieces pendent from manly breasts in every ball-room in the country* !” ’

‘ We live in an age of faction ; the time has not yet arrived when the acts of Lord Ellenborough's administration can be viewed calmly and dispassionately : but when the veil is withdrawn, which is now thrown over them by the prejudice or bitter acrimony of party, they will elicit that universal admiration which their wisdom and beneficial results so justly merit ; and Lord Ellenborough, *the regenerator of India*, will be classed among those distinguished men whose names are inseparably associated with the glory of our Eastern Empire.’—p. 317.

A few words must suffice for the sequel of General Nott's personal history. The sudden release of a man of the energetic temperament from a situation involving the continual excitement of urgent duties and high responsibilities, is always a hazardous experiment. The General had compressed into four years the toils and the anxieties that would have been more than sufficient for a longer space in the life of a younger man. In the first buoyancy of his gratified feelings he fancied himself young again, and he re-married : a step which may perhaps startle the younger readers of some of the preceding letters, but did not surprise those who, in daily intercourse, had measured the nature of the man, the  
ready

ready warmth of his affections, and that vivid imagination which, as our readers have seen, animates his unlaboured style. With new dreams of happiness he sat down at Lucknow; but the illusions soon began to fade, and the bodily fabric gave way as rapidly. He found it necessary to leave Oude in December, and India soon after.

On returning to this country, he sought shelter in his native district, and was received at Carmarthen with raptures that kindled his cheek, though tears ran from his eyes as the people dragged his carriage by the churchyard, at the thought that his father could not witness such an hour—but the excitement of the whole scene is supposed to have had a great influence in hastening on his malady. The heart had been enlarged—this trial was too much for it. He lived to repurchase Job's Well, and to see the foundations laid for a new and better house; but the house appointed for him was that in which his worthy father had found rest many years sooner; and by his side he was interred in January, 1845. We have already alluded to the pension which he received in 1844 at the hands of the East India Company. We also, by the way, extracted various letters in which he expressed his anxiety about a cadetship for one of his sons, and his fear that, according to the usual bestowal of the Directors' patronage, he had little chance of obtaining a nomination. If it ever has been a difficult thing to procure a cadetship for the son, in himself unobjectionable, of such a Company's officer as *Colonel Nott of the 38th*—so much the worse for British India. We very much doubt its ever having been so—that is to say, provided the case were properly stated in Leadenhall-street—which the cases of proud or shy veterans are very apt not to be. But, at all events, there was no difficulty as to the son of the Nott of Candahar. Before his march on Cabool began, he had had not only one cadetship, but two at once, placed at his disposal by members of the Direction, who knew nothing of him but the worth of his services. To conclude, Her Majesty had given him the highest military distinction in her power—the Grand Cross of the Bath; and since his death both Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell have gratified alike, we are sure, their own feelings and those of the nation by ministering in different ways to the comfort and advancement of the children of a great man who died poor, because his life had been upright and merciful.

We hope, as we said at the outset, that the public may be admitted to see the greater part of Sir William Nott's Letters during the Afghan campaigns, which might be advantageously interwoven with his military despatches and political documents; but

but such a work would require a careful editor—one well acquainted with India, and fitly impressed with the conditions under which alone a man like Nott would have countenanced the publication, either of a private correspondence or of official communications of a confidential nature. Such caution will be especially needful in this case, for the General thought strongly and felt keenly, and there is a scorching vehemence in his language whenever his bile had been stirred. But, under proper revision, the materials are here for a book of most lively interest, and of no transitory value; for here are the details of a great national lesson. His history is one that may well rouse deep reflection—almost as deep as had been roused in Prussia before she could look back from the heights of Montmartre to the defiles of Jena. It carries the same lesson that we ourselves were taught at Waterloo in 1809; and which we ought to have been taught by the Burrard monitorship of 1808;—the lesson that no state can afford to entrust her armies to incompetent men merely because they are men of rank and influence, but, least of all, when she has a competent man on the spot, to permit his being thwarted, trammelled, and superseded by imbeciles, however splendidly his superiors in everything save the knowledge of their calling and the sense of their duty. British India needed that lesson, and she has largely profited by it already. She needed also a lesson which is enforced by every line of Nott's history—the folly of undervaluing any rank or class of the Company's armed force; the upper officers of which are proved and examined before they are trusted with any work of importance—and are compelled, if they have either brains or hearts, to be well acquainted with the feelings of the men whom they command; and to treat them with the courtesy to which they are in every way entitled; for the brave Sepoy is the son, generally speaking, of the respectable landholder and cultivator, holding a station quite on a par with our own excellent yeomanry, and he will endure as well as dare everything when he is treated and led as he deserves to be; he will shrink neither from the Alpine winter nor from the desert march—he will brave thirst, hunger, watching, and die where he stands with an English huzza on his lips, whenever he knows that he is under the guidance of a Nott or a Pollock, a Smith or a Hardinge.

There is another great lesson still, which the whole history of our Afghanistan interference might at least have been expected to stamp in ineffaceable characters. We are, nevertheless, afraid it will be very difficult to satisfy the world that we have come clean handed out of the subsequent transactions with the Princes

of Scinde. There is no question of Sir Charles Napier's high military qualities; but his own letters and despatches leave the political and diplomatic preliminaries under a dense cloud of suspicion. We expect with anxiety his answer to the work of Colonel Outram; but neither will the tortuous manœuvres by which he at least profited, nor the flimsy evidence on which he states, himself to have finally proceeded, be approved of in the High Court of British Justice, unless he can bring with him to the Bar, at which he stands arraigned, facts very different from what our Blue Books as yet furnish, and logic somewhat more athletic than that of his vociferous advocate in the 'Conquest of Scinde—a History.'

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ART. VIII.—1. *Hochelaga; or, England in the New World.*

Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq.. Author of 'The Crescent and the Cross.' 2 vols. London. 1846.

2. *The Emigrant.* By Sir F. B. Head, Bart. London. 1846.

'HOCHELAGA' puzzled us as much as 'Eöthen' did many fair readers of book-advertisements. We guessed it was a name affixed by the Scandinavian forerunners of Columbus to the coast of North America, or the part of it where they disembarked—and as all young ladies are now German scholars, they will understand our interpretation of its meaning: but it turns out that *Hochelaga* is an aboriginal Indian name for Canada. The name, however, is sonorous, and looks grand on the title-page of a book which might have dispensed with anything liable to be classed in the category of claptrap. The editor in a very modest preface intimates that the author is a friend of his, who could not personally superintend the printing, and who, though unwilling to blazon his own name, felt that the public were entitled to some guarantee for the character of one whose work included many statements of a somewhat startling description. We see no reason to doubt that the nameless writer is worthy of Mr. Warburton's friendship, and therefore of our full confidence. We infer that he is a regimental officer, employed during several years past in Canada. His composition is not to be ranked with that of 'The Crescent and the Cross,' but it is still very meritorious; and his principles and feelings appear to be in every respect those of an enlightened English gentleman. Without any regular arrangement of his materials, he has contrived to include in these two little volumes a very entertaining

view

view of the scenery and the manners of our Canadian provinces, not a few striking sketches of their past history, and a sober estimate of the results of recent legislation—down to the period at which he wrote. We are sorry that he dismissed his MS. before the great measures of last session had reached our fellow-subjects in Hochelaga; but, from his bright picture of their anticipations as to the working of some not old arrangements then abruptly overturned, we can hardly doubt that he has entered warmly into their present feelings of alarm and despondency.

Mr. Warburton's friend, though a hearty Conservative and Churchman, and of course anything but an admirer of the political institutions of the United States, or approver of the motives, any more than of the proceedings, of the late Canadian rebels, writes on the transactions of the insurgent period and of their consequences, as far as developed under his observation, with the calmness of a bystander—with perfect temper—sorry evidently for much that had been done under British authority, but modestly willing to hope that what vexed him might have really been considered matter of unavoidable necessity by the responsible advisers of the Crown. Far different, it will readily be supposed, is the tone in which Sir Francis Head once more recurs to the incidents of that short period to which he looks back as the marking epoch of his own life—the two years during which he represented his Sovereign in one of our noblest dependencies—witnessed an unprovoked invasion of Her Majesty's territory by Republican Sympathisers, acting in combination with her rebellious subjects—appealed to the loyalty of the people of Upper Canada—saw his appeal enthusiastically received and seconded by them—suppressed insurrection—repelled invasion, and vindicated and maintained the rights and the honour of the flag committed to his trust; returning, with imminent hazard of his life, through the native State of the 'Sympathisers,' and greeted on his arrival in England by the astounding intelligence of the beginning of a series of measures on the part of the British Government, the obvious intention of which was, as their effect has been, to rebuke and sadden the loyal spirit of Canada, and to instal not only in the tranquillity of amnesty, but in the triumph of legalized predominance, the provincial faction by whom the Queen's authority had been insulted, her faithful servants massacred, every effort made to dis sever from her Crown the magnificent possessions so well entitled to the name of 'England in the New World.' He assuredly, if he should live for thirty years to come, would be as incapable then as he is now of writing coolly on these subjects; and far, very far, be it from us to quarrel with his warmth. In



that short period was condensed for him the poetry of a lifetime—every feeling and every energy strained to the topmost pitch—hope, zeal, gallant devotion, generous confidence, the magic of loyal brotherhood, the exultation of conscious heroism and of complete success—to be followed and darkly relieved by a most disheartening series of reversals. Suddenly, without solicitation or expectation—without ever having dreamt of such a thing any more than of the Mitre of Canterbury—he had been appointed to a Viceroyalty in British America. Repairing thither, he had been called on to encounter difficulties as unforeseen as his own elevation, but as he had fortunately been in his earlier life trained and exercised in arms under the great Captain, these difficulties were not found too severe for his resources. As the impartial author of 'Hochelaga' says, 'the daring policy of Sir Francis Head was eminently successful.' As suddenly, his work done, he was dismissed from his high position. A title of hereditary honour had been given to him to withhold that would have outraged the universal sentiment of the country, as well as the grateful heart of the Sovereign he had so well served. But from that moment the chill of official discountenance enveloped him: and how could it be otherwise, since he had made himself the very type and symbol to all the British colonies of the principles which were now to be put under ban? Since then six years have passed over his head in private obscurity; but he is still looked to with undiminished regret and respect by the old friends of England in the 'England of the New World,' and his heart beats in unison with theirs, while the features of his personal intercourse with them, and of their adopted country, remain stamped in ineffaceable vividness on the memory and imagination (usually commensurate) of a man of genius—a man whose powers of description and declamation are answerable to the keenness of his eye and the glow of his sentiments, and which, we must at once say, have never been displayed more brilliantly than in 'The Emigrant.'

We read with gratification and benefit every year many new books, well worthy of all that their authors aspire to—the popularity of a season or two. We are pleased and thankful: we soon read, and we perhaps too soon forget them, but with what different feelings do we turn the leaves of a new book when, after advancing a few pages or chapters, it is, as the Methodists say, 'borne in upon us' that we hold in our hands a document which is certain to be opened with undiminished interest long after we, as well as the author, shall have 'joined the majority'—a record which must fix itself into the abiding literature of our language, and be studied by

by whoever shall attempt in future times to master the history of this wonderful age of the British empire! Such, we venture to say, is the character which every mature reader will at once perceive to be that of this *Emigrant*. From this the future Mahon will gather the means of enlivening the detail of our annals—from this the Macaulay of another day will draw the minute circumstances which preserve the very form and image of the past.

It is not, however, our purpose to write a political article on *Hochelaga* and *The Emigrant*. We are content to recommend the former work most heartily, in case any of our readers may as yet be unacquainted with it, and to avail ourselves of the opportunity to enrich our own pages with some specimens of the other, which, from accidental circumstances, as we are told, cannot be published for some weeks to come. And, in selecting these specimens, we shall adhere for the most part to the purely descriptive chapters of the book—leaving the properly political ones to produce their own just impression upon those who peruse them by-and-by in the author's own arrangement, as constituting in themselves a complete portraiture of a most remarkable episode in British history—one to be linked on, no question, to great coming events.

We begin with the beginning—Sir Francis Head's chapter entitled *'A New Sky'*—being his bold and rapid summary of the to him novel aspects of nature under the climate of the Canadas. This chapter is an excellent specimen, not only of his very peculiar talent for painting with the pen, but of his skill in bringing science down to the humblest capacity—a skill in which he has not been surpassed by even the very reverend cancerologist of Westminster. What a lecturer he would have made for a merry tiffing of the British Association!

However deeply prejudiced an Englishman may be in favour of his own country, yet I think it is impossible for him to cross the Atlantic without admitting that in both the northern and southern hemispheres of the new world Nature has not only outlined her works on a larger scale, but has painted the whole picture with brighter and more costly colours than she used in delineating and in beautifying the old world. The heavens of America appear infinitely higher—the sky is bluer—the clouds are whiter—the air is fresher—the cold is intenser—the moon looks larger—the stars are brighter—the thunder is louder—the lightning is vider—the wind is stronger—the rain is heavier—the mountains are higher—the rivers larger—the forests bigger—the plains broader; in short, the gigantic and beautiful features of the new world seem to correspond very wonderfully with the increased locomotive powers and other brilliant discoveries which have lately been developed of mankind.

The difference of climate in winter between the old and new world amounts, it has been estimated, to about thirteen degrees of latitude. Accordingly, the region of North America which basks under the same sun or latitude as Florence, is visited in winter with a cold equal to those of St. Petersburg or of Moscow; and thus, while the inhabitant of the Mediterranean is wearing cotton or other light clothing, the inhabitant of the very same latitude in the new world is to be found either huddled close to a stove hot enough to burn his eyes out, or muffled up in furs, with all sorts of contrivances to preserve the very nose on his face, and the ears on his head, from being frozen.

This extra allowance of cold is the effect of various causes—one of which I will endeavour shortly to describe. It is well known that so far as temperature is concerned, 300 feet of altitude are about equal to a degree of latitude; accordingly, that by ascending a steep mountain—the Himalayas, for instance—one may obtain, with scarcely any alteration of latitude, and in a few hours, the same change of temperature which would require a long journey over the surface of the earth to reach; and thus it appears that in the hottest regions of the globe there exist impending stratifications of cold proportionate in intensity to their respective altitudes. Now, as soon as moisture or vapour enters these regions, in southern countries it is condensed into rain, and in the winter of northern ones it is frozen into snow, which, from its specific gravity, continues its feathery descent until it is deposited upon the surface of the ground, an emblem of the cold region from which it has proceeded. But from the mere showing of the case, it is evident that this snow is as much a stranger in the land on which it is reposing, as a Laplander is who lands at Lisbon, or as in England a pauper is who enters a parish in which he is not entitled to settlement; and, therefore, just as the parish officers, under the authority of the law, vigorously proceed to eject the pauper, so does Nature proceed to eject the cold that has taken temporary possession of land to which it does not owe its birth; and the process of ejection is as follows: The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the surface of the snow; and as soon as the former has taken to itself a portion of the cold, the wind bringing with it a new atmosphere, repeats the operation; and thus on, until the mass of snow is either effectually ejected, or materially diminished.

But while the combined action of sun and wind are producing this simple effect in the old world, there exists in the northern regions of the new world a physical obstruction to the operation. I allude to the interminable forest, through the boughs and branches of which the descending snow falls, until reaching the ground it remains hidden from the sun and protected from the wind; and thus every day's snow adds to the accumulation, until the whole region is converted into an almost boundless ice-house, from which there slowly but continuously arises, like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the north-west prevailing wind wafts over the south, and which freezes everything in its way. The effect of air passing over ice is curiously exemplified on the Atlantic, where, at certain periods of the year, all of a sudden, and

often during the night, there suddenly comes over every passenger a cold mysterious chill, like the hand of death itself, caused by the vicinity of a floating iceberg. In South America I remember a trifling instance of the same effect. I was walking in the main street of San Jago in the middle of the summer, and, like every human or living being in the city, was exhausted by extreme heat, when I suddenly felt as if some one was breathing upon my face with frozen lungs. I stopped, and turning round, perceived at a little distance a line of mules laden with snow, which they had just brought down from the Andes. And if this insignificant cargo—if the presence of a solitary little iceberg in the ocean can produce the sensation I have described, it surely need hardly be observed how great must be the freezing effects on the continent of North America, of the north west wind blowing over an uncovered ice-house, composed of masses of accumulated snow several feet in thickness, and many hundreds of miles both in length and breadth.

'Now it is curious to reflect that—while every backwoodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, in clearing his location—every tree which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth, in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been said scarcely to exceed that which the seams of a coat bear to the whole garment, it is evident, that although the assiduity of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt affected the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any important change.

'But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she often unobservedly produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost invisible; and accordingly while the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are labouring almost in vain in the regions in question, swarms of little flies, strange as it may sound, are, and for many years have been, most materially altering the climate of the great continent of North America.

'The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them *there*. The wily Indian observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that by setting fire to the forest the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed, that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America.'

But.

But, besides the effect that this small machinery is producing on the thermometer, it is simultaneously working out another great operation of Nature.

Although the game, to avoid the stings of their tiny assailants, come from distant regions to the smoke, and therein fall from the arrows and rifles of their human foes, yet this burning of the forest destroys the rabbits and small game, as well as the young of the larger game; and therefore, just as brandy and whisky for a short time raise the spirits of the drunkard, but eventually leave him pale, melancholy, and dejected, so does this vicious, improvident mode of poaching game for a short time fatten, but eventually afflict with famine all those who have engaged in it; and thus, for instance, the Beaver Indians, who fifty years ago were a powerful and numerous tribe, are now reduced to less than one hundred men, who can scarcely find wild animals enough to keep themselves alive. In short, the red population is diminishing in the same ratio as the destruction of the moose and wood buffalo on which their forefathers had subsisted: and as every traveller, as well as trader, in those various regions confirms these statements, how wonderful is the dispensation of the Almighty, under which, by the simple agency of little flies, not only is the American Continent gradually undergoing a process which, with other causes, will assimilate its climate to that of Europe, but that the *Indians themselves* are clearing and preparing their own country for the reception of another race, who will hereafter gaze at the remains of the elk, the bear, and the beaver, with the same feelings of astonishment with which similar vestiges are discovered in Europe—the monuments of a state of existence that has passed away!

After some more dissertation on the climate generally of North America, as constituting the most extraordinary feature in its physical character—and especially on the contrast between its West Indian summers and its Norwegian winters—he comes to the Christmas scenery of Canada in particular.

Even under bright sunshine, and in a most exhilarating air, the biting effect of the cold upon the face resembles the application of a strong acid; and the healthy grin which the countenance assumes, requires—as I often observed on those who for many minutes had been in a warm room waiting to see me—a considerable time to relax. In a calm almost any degree of cold is bearable, but the application of successive doses of it to the face, by wind, becomes occasionally almost unbearable; indeed I remember seeing the left cheek of nearly twenty of our soldiers simultaneously frost-bitten in marching about a hundred yards across a 'bleak open space, completely exposed to a strong and bitterly cold north-west wind that was blowing upon us all.'

Of late years, English fireplaces have been introduced into many houses; and though mine at Toronto was warmed with hot air from a large oven, with fires in all our sitting-rooms, nevertheless the wood for my grate, which was piled close to the fire, often remained till night covered with the snow which was on it when first deposited there in the

morning. And as a further instance of the climate I may add that several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my dispatches, I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink; again, after washing in the morning, when I took up some money that had lain all night on my table, I at first fancied it had become sticky, until I discovered that the sensation was caused by its freezing to my fingers, which, in consequence of my ablutions, were not perfectly dry.

In spite of this intensity of cold, the powerful circulation of the larger quadrupeds keeps the blood in their veins, as the movement of the waters does the great lakes, from freezing; but the human frame not being gifted with equal vigour, many every winter lose their limbs, and some their lives, from sheer cold.

I one day inquired of a fine ruddy honest-looking man who called upon me, and whose toes and insteps of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest, and that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet he took off his boots, and from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again. His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as rising on his insteps he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without feeling the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick, and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log house, where he remained suffering great pain till his cure was effected.

On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving one bright beautiful day in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unfortunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north west wind, felt himself gradually as it were turning into marble, and by the time he stopped, both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen that he was obliged to have them amputated.

Although the sun, from the latitude, has considerable power, it appears only to illuminate the sparkling snow, which, like the sugar on a bridal cake, conceals the whole surface. The instant however the fire of heaven sinks below the horizon, the cold descends from the upper regions of the atmosphere with a feeling as if it were poured down upon the head and shoulders from a jug.

If any Canadian artist aspires to rival the famous sign-posts of 'Les Quatre Saisons' at Wiesbaden, he will find his materials ready to his hand in what follows:—

In the Summer, the excessive heat—the violent paroxysms of thunder—the parching drought—the occasional deluges of rain—the sight of bright-red, bright-blue, and other gaily-plumaged birds—of the brilliant humming-bird, and of innumerable fire-flies that at night appear like the reflection upon earth of the stars shining above them in the

the heavens, would almost persuade the emigrant that he was living within the tropics.

As Autumn approaches, the various trees of the forest assume hues of every shade of red, yellow, and brown, of the most vivid description. The air gradually becomes a healthy and delightful mixture of sunshine and frost, and the golden sunsets are so many glorious assemblages of clouds—some like mountains of white wool, others of the darkest hues—and of broad rays of yellow, of crimson, and of golden light, which without intermixing radiate upwards to a great height from the point of the horizon at which the deep red luminary is about to disappear.

As the Winter approaches the cold daily strengthens, and before the branches of the trees and the surface of the country become white, every living being seems to be sensible of the temperature that is about to arrive. The gaudy birds, humming-birds, and fire-flies, depart first; then follow the pigeons; the wild-fowl take refuge in the lakes—until scarcely a bird remains to be seen in the forest. Several of the animals seek refuge in warmer regions; and even the shaggy bear, whose coat seems warm enough to resist any degree of cold, instinctively looks out in time for a hollow tree into which he may leisurely climb, to hang in it during the winter as inanimate as a fitch of bacon from the ceiling of an English farm-house; and even many of the fishes make their deep-water arrangements for not coming to the surface of the rivers and harbours during the period they are covered with ice.

Notwithstanding the cheerful brightness of the winter's sun, I always felt that there was something indescribably awful and appalling in all these bestial, birdal, and piscial precautions; and yet it is with pride that one observes that while the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating before the approaching winter like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-Saxon race stand firm:—and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as the winter, when it does arrive, turns out to be a season of hilarity and of healthy enjoyment. Not only is the whole surface of the ground, including roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamised with a covering of snow, over which every man's horse, with tinkling bells, can draw him and his family in a sleigh; but every harbour becomes a national playground to ride on, and every river an arterial road to travel on.

In all directions running water gradually congeals. The mill-wheel becomes covered with a frozen torrent, in which it remains as in a glass case; and I have even seen small waterfalls begin to freeze on both sides, until the cataract, arrested in its fall by the power of heaven, is converted for the season into a solid mirror. Although the temperature of the water in the great lakes is infinitely below freezing, yet the restless rise and fall of the waves prevent their congelation. As a trifling instance, however, of their disposition to do so, I may mention that during the two winters I was at Toronto, I made a rule from which I never departed, to walk every morning to the end of a long wooden pier that ran out into the unfrozen waters of the lake. In windy weather and during extreme cold the water, in dashing against this work, rose in the

the air; but before it could reach me it often froze, and thus, without wetting my cloak, the drops of ice used to fall harmless at my feet. But although the great lake, for want of a moment's tranquillity, cannot congeal, yet for hundreds of miles along its shores the waves, as they break on the ground, instantly freeze—and this operation continuing by night as well as by day, the quiet shingled beach is converted throughout its whole length into high, sharp, jagged rocks of ice, over which it is occasionally difficult to climb. I was one day riding with a snaffle-bridle on the glare ice of the great bay of Toronto, on a horse I had just purchased, without having been made aware of his vice, which I afterwards learned had been the cause of a serious accident to his late master, when he suddenly, unasked, explained it to me by running away. On one side of me was the open water of the lake, into which if I had ridden, I should almost instantly have been covered with a coating of ice as white as that on a candle that has just received its first dip; while on every other side I was surrounded by these jagged rocks of ice, the narrow passes through which I was going much too fast to be able to investigate. My only course, therefore, was to force my horse round and round within the circumference of the little troubles that environed me, and this I managed to do, every time diminishing the circle, until, before I was what Sydney Smith termed "squirrel-minded," the animal became sufficiently tired to stop.

'The scene on these frozen harbours and bays in winter is very interesting. Sleighs, in which at least one young representative of the softer sex is generally seated, are to be seen and heard driving and tinkling across in various directions, or occasionally standing still to witness a trotting-match or some other amusement on the ice. In the midst of this scene here and there are a few dark spots on the surface which it is difficult to analyze even when approached, until from beneath the confused mass there gradually arises, with a mild "Why-disturb-me?" expression of countenance, the red face and shaggy head of an Indian, who for hours has been lying on his stomach to spear fish through a small hole which, for that purpose, he has cut through the ice. In other parts are to be seen groups of men occupied in sawing out for sale large cubical blocks of ice of a beautiful bluish appearance, piled upon each other like dressed Bath-stones for building. The water of which this ice is composed is as clear as crystal, resembling that which has lately been imported to England as well as to India, and which has become a new luxury of general use.'

We have now a charming bit of lecture on the most delightful novelty of our own London summer—the *Wenham ice*:—

'I have often been amused at observing how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England. People talk of its being "as hot as fire," and "as cold as ice," just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe. The heat of boiling water is a fixed quantity, and any attempt to make water hotter than "boiling" only creates steam,



steam, which flies off from the top exactly as fast as, and exactly in the proportion to, the amount of heat, be it great or small, that is applied at the bottom.

Now, for want of half a moment's reflection, people in England are very prone to believe that water cannot be made colder than ice; and accordingly if a good-humoured man succeeds in filling his ice-house, he feels satisfied that his ice is as good as any other man's ice; in short, that ice is ice, and that there is no use in any body attempting to deny it. But the truth is, that the temperature of thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, that at which water freezes, is only the commencement of an operation that is almost infinite; for after its congelation water is as competent to continue to receive cold as it was when it was fluid. The application of cold to a block of ice does not therefore, as in the case of heat applied beneath boiling water, cause what is added at one end to fly out at the other; but on the contrary, the extra cold is added to and retained by the mass, and thus the temperature of the ice falls with the temperature of the air, until in Lower Canada it occasionally sinks to forty degrees below zero, or to seventy-two degrees below the temperature of ice just congealed. It is evident, therefore, that if two ice-houses were to be filled, the one with the former, say Canada ice, and the other with the latter, say English ice, the difference between the quantity of cold stored up in each would be as appreciable as the difference between a cellar full of gold and a cellar full of copper; in short, the intrinsic value of ice, like that of metals, depends on the investigation of an assayer—that is to say, a cubic foot of Lower Canada ice is infinitely more valuable, or in other words, it contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of Upper Canada ice, which again contains more cold than a cubic foot of Wenham ice, which contains infinitely more cold than a cubic foot of English ice; and thus, although each of these four cubic feet of ice has precisely the same shape, they each, as summer approaches, diminish in value, that is to say, they each gradually lose a portion of their cold—until long before the Lower Canada ice has melted, the English ice has been converted into lukewarm water. The above theory is so clearly understood in North America, that the inhabitants of Boston, who annually store for exportation immense quantities of Wenham ice, and who know quite well that cold ice will meet the markets in India, while the warmer article melts on the passage, talk of their "crops of ice" just as an English farmer talks of his crop of wheat.

On seeing for the heading of a chapter 'The Emigrant's Lark,' we confess we anticipated the details of some spirited episode in the personal history of Lieutenant Governor Sir F. B. Head; but no—it is a simple humble story about a poor emigrant cobbler—told with all Sir Francis's quaintness of humour, and, that, as is so often the case with him, delightfully mellowed with a subdued and amiable pathos;—

Henry Patterson and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec.

' Patterson

Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London called Charley Nash. Now Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good sky-lark to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called "a real good'un" among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to "trap one." In this effort he succeeded; but when he returned to London he found that his friend Patterson had embarked, and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the Tower Stairs. He therefore jumped on board a steamer that was starting, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend, where he hired a small boat, and then sculling along-side, he was soon recognised by Patterson and his wife, who, with a crowd of other male and female emigrants, of all ages, were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing. "Here's a bird for you, Harry," said Nash to Patterson, as, standing up in the skiff, he took the frightened captive out of his hat; "and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard." Patterson, descending a few steps from the gang-way, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called *Charley* in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the vessel was wrecked; almost every thing was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board excepting Charley, whom he had preserved and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking.

After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoe-maker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a nail into the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common sky-lark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side, and then to raise it, for a second or two, towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer.

The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous songs of his pure, unadulterated English voice upon the people of Canada can hardly

bably be imagined by those only who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long continued absence and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their father-land, of their parent home. All sorts of men, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs of a common homely-dressed English lark! Reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even *they* could desire to improve. I believe that in the hearts of the most obdurate Radicals he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. I must own that, although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet, while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events, for his size) the most powerful advocate of Church and State in Her Majesty's dominions; and that his eloquence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.

'Three times as he sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying in purgatory on his lap-stone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows like a scaramouch, three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him one hundred dollars for his lark; an old farmer repeatedly offered him one hundred acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex carter who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du pays*, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all he possessed in the world, his horse and cart; but Patterson would sell him to no one.'

We infer that Henry Patterson turned out, like many others of his class, when Sir F. Head called on the liegemen of the Crown to withstand and chastise the 'Sympathizers,' and that the poor cobbler was slain in his humble effort to discharge what he was so unenlightened as to regard as his duty. The historian's method of alluding to the fact is highly characteristic, it must be allowed—as much so as his Excellency's own procedure in consequence thereof.

'On a certain evening of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop-windows were half closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold, and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner—the lord and the master of poor Patterson's lark.

'It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and  
I certainly

I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this "Charley-is-my-darling" sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was that in the conservatory of Government House at Toronto Charley missed the sky—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather *want* of movement, in my elbows—or whether from some mysterious feelings, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black, I can only say that during the three months he remained in my service I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would never sing to me.

On leaving Canada I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patter-on, and accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing again as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work—he sang after the Legislative Council—the Executive Council—the House of Assembly of the province had ceased for ever to exist—he sang all the while the Imperial Parliament were framing and agreeing to an Act by which even the name of *Upper Canada* was to cease to exist—he sang all the while Lords John Russell and Sydenham were arranging, effecting, and perpetuating upon the United Provinces of Canada the baneful domination of what they called "responsible government," and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of His Majesty's dominions—he died.

Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him.

'I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words—*This Lark, taken to Canada by a poor Emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843. universally regretted.—Home! Home! sweet Home!*

This little story has tempted us into the border-land of politics—but not surely so as to hurt the feelings of any bird-fancying Exaltado. We are afraid we cannot promise quite as much for our next quotation. Nevertheless, we fancy even Sir Francis Head's stiffest political opponents will (now that his days of governorship are so well over) bear with his, however weak and feverish, enthusiasm about what was to him the sacred symbol of a creed that they would consign to the same department of the  
British

British Museum which contains the skin of Pharaoh and the wig of Potiphar. We are about to plunder a chapter called 'The British Flag':—

'On my arrival at Toronto, people from all parts of the Province, propelled by a variety of feelings which they could not control, were seen centripedally riding, driving, or walking towards Government House. One, in pure English, described to me the astonishing luxuriance of the western district; another, in a strong Irish brogue, the native beauty of Lake Simcoe; another, in broad Scotch, explained to me the value of the timber trade on the Ottawa; one confidently assured me that in his district there were veins of coal—another hinted at indications of copper—one raved about a fishery—another was in raptures about the college—some described to me Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario—several the Falls of Niagara—all praised the climate; "and yet," said I to myself, as absorbed in deep melancholy I imperfectly listened to their descriptions in detail, "and yet how is it that in the foreground of this splendid picture I can nowhere see the British Flag? Except by its powerful influence, how can I, inexperienced and unsupported, expect to stand against the difficulties which are about to assail me? Except by its eloquence, how can I advocate the glorious institutions of our country? Except under its blessing, how can I even hope to prosper? With nothing to look up to, and nothing to die under, an admiral might as well attempt to fight a ship without a pennant, or to go to sea in a ship without a bottom, as that I should vainly undertake to govern Canada from a house with nothing on its roof to greet the winds of heaven but starks of reeking chimneys."

'In building, I know quite well that it is usual to commence by laying what is vulgarly called the foundation stone; however, I determined that I would begin to build my political edifice from the top, and accordingly in due time there appeared on the roof of Government House, first, half a dozen workmen mysteriously hammering away, as if at their own skins, then a tall strait staff wearing a small foraging cap on its head appeared, as if it had started up by magic, or like a mushroom had risen in the night; and lastly, an artilleryman, in his blue jacket and red cuffs, was seen, with extended arms, to haul up, hand over head, and to leave behind him, joyfully fluttering in the wind, the British Flag.

'What were my own feelings when I first beheld this guardian angel hovering over my head I had rather not divulge, but the sensation it created throughout the Province I need not fear to describe. "There's no mistaking what that means!" exclaimed an old Canadian colonel of militia who happened to be standing with a group of his comrades, at the moment the artilleryman finished his job. "Now what's the use of *that*, I should just like to know?" muttered a well-known supporter of republican principles. However, the latter observation was but an exception to the rule, for the truth is, that the sight of the British Flag extinguished rather than excited all narrow jealousies, all angry feelings, all party distinctions, all provincial animosities. Its glorious history  
rushed

flushed through the mind and memory to the heart of almost every one who beheld it. The Irish Catholic, the Orangeman, the Scotch Presbyterian, the Methodist, the English reformer, the voters for ballot, for universal suffrage, for responsible government, or, in other terms, for “No Governor,” for liberty and equality, and for other theoretical nonsense which they did not clearly understand, as if by mutual consent forgot their differences as they gazed together upon what all alike claimed as their common property, their common wealth, their common parent; and while, as if rejoicing at the sight of its congregation, the hallowed emblem fluttered over their heads—it told them they were the children of one family—it admonished them to love one another—it bade them fear nothing but God, honour their sovereign, and obey their own laws. From sunrise till sunset this “bit of bunting” was constantly, as from a pulpit, addressing itself to the good feelings of all who beheld it—and especially to the members of both branches of the legislature, who, in their way to, and return from, Parliament-buildings, had to walk almost underneath it twice a day during the session. In all weathers it was there to welcome them, as well as all conditions of men; sometimes, in the burning heat of summer, it hung motionless against the staff, as if it had just fainted away from the dull, sultry mugginess of the atmosphere; at other times it was occasionally almost veiled by the white snow-storm, termed “poudré,” that was drifting across it. Some one truly enough declared that “the harder it blew the smaller it grew;” for, as there were flags of several sizes, it was deemed prudent to select one suited to the force of the gale, until, during the hurricanes that occasionally occur, it was reduced from its smallest size to a “British Jack” scarcely bigger than a common pocket handkerchief; nevertheless, large or small, blow high or blow low, this faithful sentinel was always at his post.

For many years the English, Irish, and Scotch inhabitants of Upper Canada had been in the habit, on the days of their respective patron saints, of meeting, and (very prudently before dinner) of marching together, arm-in-arm, hand-in-hand, or “shoulder to shoulder,” in procession, down King-street to Government House, which forms the western extremity of that handsome thoroughfare of the city. These assemblages were naturally productive of glorious recollections and of noble sentiments; and, as I have already stated, they allayed rather than excited all provincial disputes. It was highly desirable to encourage them; and as for some time there had been carefully preserved in the government store an immense silk standard, sent from England, and which had been hoisted on a flag-staff opposite Parliament-buildings on the opening of the Provincial Legislature, on the birth-day of the Sovereign, and on other State occasions, I directed that on the three days alluded to the artilleryman who had charge of the flag-staff on Government House should lower the ordinary flag so soon as the head of the procession, preceded by its band, made its appearance; and then, as it approached, to haul up this great Imperial Standard.

It would be difficult to describe to those who have never been long from England, and quite unnecessary to explain to those who have, the

feelings with which the followers of each of these three processions received the compliment, so justly due to the distinguished day on which they had respectively assembled. Every man as he marched towards the Imperial Standard, which he saw majestically rising in the sky to receive him, felt convinced that his stature was increasing, that his chest was expanding, that the muscles of his legs were growing stronger, and that his foot was descending firmer and heavier to the ground. The musicians' lungs grew evidently stouter, the drummers' arms moved quicker; the national airs of "God save the Queen," "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," resounded louder and louder; and as the sacred object upon which every eye was fixed in its ascension slowly floated and undulated across the pure deep blue sky, it gradually revealed to view a glittering mass of hieroglyphics out of which every man ravenously selected those which he conceived to be especially his own.

"*What animals are those?*" said a man through his nose, on St. George's Day, as he pointed to the congregation of Lions with fists clenched ready to box, and of Unicorns quite as eager to butt, that were waving over his head. "*Is it animals you're spaking after?*" sharply replied a young Irishman, who like the querist had been standing in the crowd, waiting to see the procession of Englishmen arrive: "*one of thim animals I tell ye is THE IRISH HARP; and so get out o' that, ye — Yankee, or I'll bate the smel out o' ye!*" Now it so happened that by the time the last words were ejaculated, the young Irishman's white teeth had almost reached the middle-aged querist's eyebrows; and as they were evidently advancing, and as the surgical operation proposed strongly resembled that of taking the kernel out of a nut, or an oyster out of its shell, the republican naturalist deemed it prudent instantly to decamp, or, as it is termed by his fellow-countrymen, to *absquantilate*.

A number of instances, more or less amusing, were mentioned to me exemplifying the strong feelings of attachment to the mother country elicited by the parental presence of the British Flag. A compliment, however, was paid to it by one of its most bitter enemies, which, as it forms part of an important subject, and elucidates a serious moral, I will venture to relate.

Sir Francis now mentions what occurred to him on his arrival in Toronto after the suppression of the M'Kenzie outbreak:—

"On entering the room which to me, as well as to my predecessors, had, by day and by night, been the scene of many an anxious hour, and in which I had been in the habit of transacting the whole of my public business, my first feeling was, naturally enough, one of humble gratitude to that Supreme Power which had given victory to our cause; and I was in the pleasing enjoyment of reflections of this nature when one of my attendants entering the room delivered to me a card, and informed me that Mr. Bidwell was in the waiting-room, and that he appeared extremely desirous to see me.

"When I first arrived in the province this Mr. Bidwell was Speaker of the Commons' House of Assembly, in which he commanded a republican

lican majority. Without, however, repeating details which are now matters of history, I will briefly remind the reader, that after I had dissolved the House of Assembly, and had appealed to the people to assist me in resisting the principle of "responsible government" which Mr. Bidwell and Mr. Baldwin had endeavoured to force upon me, the former not only ceased to be Speaker, but he and almost every other member of his republican majority lost their election, and were replaced by members firmly attached to British institutions.

'The insignificant gang of conspirators whose declamations had caused so much sensation in England, seeing that they had irrecoverably lost all power in the legislature of Upper Canada, were induced by a secret influence, which I shall shortly have occasion to expose, to endeavour to attain by force of arms that system of "responsible government" which by argument they had failed to obtain. In this conspiracy, as well as in the rebellion which had just been suppressed, Mr. Bidwell had been deeply implicated; and, indeed, up to the very moment of the outbreak he had been in communication with Dr. Rolph, Mr. M'Kenzie, and other leaders of the rebellion. Although, however, he had acted with extreme caution, and although, being what is commonly called "a man of peace," he had prudently refrained from taking arms, yet in consequence of the political part he had acted and the sentiments he was known to entertain, a number of people in the United States, as well as in different parts of Upper and Lower Canada, addressed to him letters which arrived in such numbers, that on and from the moment of the rebellion the Post-office authorities deemed it their duty to seize them, and then to forward them to me unopened. As soon as Mr. Bidwell, on inquiring for his letters, ascertained this fact, as also that M'Kenzie had inscribed his [Bidwell's] name alone on the rebel flag which the militia had just captured at Gallows Hill, he felt that his own caution was no longer of any avail to him, for that by the incaution of others he was no doubt already betrayed. His only hope had been that the rebels might succeed in massacring the loyal, and in thus deposing the power and authority of the Crown; but so soon as he learnt that the former had not only been completely defeated, but that M'Kenzie, Dr. Rolph, and their other leaders had absconded to the United States, Mr. Bidwell felt that his life, that his existence, hung upon a thread. His obvious course was to fly to the United States; but the coast was already guarded—and besides, as he was no horseman, he had not courage to attempt to escape; and yet his conscience told him that the hand of any loyal man might, in retributive justice, now be raised against him: and as he knew how exasperated the militia had been by the barbarous murder of the brave Colonel Moodie, he had reason not only to fear the vengeance of the Crown, but that any one of the militia-men he met might become his executioner; in short, he knew not what to do, where to go, or how to hide himself.

'In this agony of mind his acquaintance with the magnanimity of British institutions, his knowledge of British law, British justice, and British mercy, admonished him to seek protection from the sovereign authority he had betrayed—from the executive power he had endeavoured



to depose; and accordingly with faltering steps he walked towards Government House; and entering the waiting-room he there took refuge under the very BRITISH FLAG which it had been the object of the whole of his political life to desecrate.

'On the day before the outbreak I had had the windows of the room in which I was sitting when I received Mr. Bidwell's card, blocked up with rough timber, and loop-holed; and on his opening my door, the instant this strange and unexpected arrangement caught Mr. Bidwell's eyes, he remained at the threshold for some moments, and at last slowly advanced until he stood close before me. He neither bowed to me nor spoke; but fixing his eyes on the tied-up bundle of his sealed letters which I held in my hand, he stood for some time broken down in spirit, and overwhelmed with feelings to which it was evident he had not power to give utterance.

'As I had not sent for him, I of course waited to hear what he desired to say; but as he said nothing, and appeared to be speechless, I myself broke the solemn silence that prevailed by saying to him, as I pointed with his letters to the loop-holed windows at my side, "Well, Mr. Bidwell, you see the state to which you have brought us!" He made no reply, and as it was impossible to help pitying the abject, fallen position in which he stood, I very calmly pointed out to him the impropriety of the course he had pursued; and then observing to him, what he well enough knew, that were I to open his letters his life would probably be in my hands, I reminded him of the mercy as well as the power of the British crown; and I ended by telling him that, as its humble representative, I would restore to him his letters unopened, if he would give me in writing a promise that he would leave the Queen's territory for ever.

'Mr. Bidwell had concealed in his heart some good feelings as well as many bad ones; and as soon as his fears were removed, the former prompted him to express himself in terms which I will not undertake to repeat. Suffice it, however, to say, that he retired to the waiting-room, wrote out the promise I had dictated, and returning with it I received it with one hand, and with the other, according to my promise, I delivered to him the whole of his letters unopened.

'The sentence which Mr. Bidwell deliberately passed upon himself he faithfully executed. He instantly exiled himself from the Queen's dominions, and repairing to the state of New York, he very consistently took there the oath of allegiance to the United States, and openly and publicly abjured allegiance to all other authorities, and "*especially to the Crown of Great Britain!*" In return, he instantly received all the honours which it is in the power of Republicans to bestow; and such was the feeling in his favour, that, contrary to custom, precedent, and I believe contrary even to law, he was elected by acclamation a member of the American bar.

'The sequel of the story is an odd one.

'At the very moment that Mr. Bidwell, with the barred light from my loop-holed windows shining on and shadowing his pallid countenance, was standing before me, tendering with the hand that wrote it his

his own sentence of condemnation, the Queen's Government were relieving me from the relative position in which I stood, because I had refused to promote this Mr. Bidwell to the bench over the heads of Archibald Maclean, Jonas Jones, Henry Sherwood, Sir Allan MacNab, and other Canadian-born members of the bar, who throughout their lives had distinguished themselves, in the field as well as in the senate, by their attachment to the British throne. I had told the Queen's Government (*vide* my despatches printed by order of Her Majesty, and laid before Parliament) that Mr. Bidwell's "object had been to separate Canada from the parent state, to create disaffection for the paternal Government of the King, and by forming an alliance with M. Papineau's party, to exchange the British constitution for the low grovelling principles of democracy;" and "that for these reasons publicly to elevate Mr. Bidwell to the bench, would deprive me of the respect and confidence of the country."

'But the picture I here drew of Mr. Bidwell's principles and of the objects he had all his life had in view was highly attractive rather than repulsive:—and accordingly, in reply to my sketch, I was boldly informed that Her Majesty's Government "could not regard the part which Mr. Bidwell formerly took in *local* politics as an insuperable barrier to his future advancement in his profession, and that *on the contrary*, adverting to the general estimate of Mr. Bidwell's qualifications for a seat on the bench, it appeared that the public service (*i. e.* Lord John Russell's object) would be *promoted* by securing his service." I was therefore ordered, in case of another vacancy, to offer the appointment to Mr. Bidwell: this, rightly or wrongly it now matters not, I refused to do: and thus while Mr. Bidwell, in consequence of having abjured his allegiance to the British Crown, was receiving in the United States compliments and congratulations on his appointment to the American bar, it appeared from the *London Gazette* that the Queen's Government had advised Her Majesty to relieve his opponent from the administration of the Government of Upper Canada; in short,

"The man recovered from the bite,  
The *dog* it was that died!"

'The above epitaph so graphically describes my decease, that I have not a word to add to it.'

Although we have transcribed Sir Francis's official epitaph, we would fain indulge ourselves with the detail of his personal escape from the rebels and their sympathisers. We have not room, however, for the inimitable chapter good-humouredly entitled 'The Hunted Hare.' Our readers will recollect that the dismissed Governor had received many hints and warnings that there was an organized conspiracy to murder him if he passed by the route of Halifax. These he disregarded until the very day before his successor was to be sworn in, when a confidential dispatch from Sir John Colborne, in Lower Canada, gave him such distinct information of the fact, that it would have been madness to persist. He, therefore, took the bold course of passing through the

the territories of the United States ; and after a sharp run before an ardent pack of 'sympathisers,' he at last distanced them, and reached in safety the Albany steam-boat, just starting for the civilized city of New York.

'On our arrival at New York, I was quite aware that I was not only out of reach of border-excitement, but that I was among a highly-intelligent people, and that I had only to conform to their habits to ensure generous treatment during the week I had to remain among them, until the sailing of the packet. Instead, therefore, of living in any way that might offensively savour of "exclusiveness," I resolved to go to one of the largest hotels in the city, and while there, like everybody else, to dine in public at the *table d'hôte*.

'I accordingly drove up to the American hotel ; but, thinking it only fair to the landlord that he should have the opportunity of (if he wished it) refusing me admission, I told him who I was, and what I wanted. Without the smallest alteration of countenance, he replied by gravely asking me to follow him. I did so, until he led me into his own little sitting-room, and I was wondering what might be about to happen, when, raising one of his hands, he certainly did astonish me beyond description by pointing to my own picture, which, among some other framed engravings, was hanging on the wall !

'When the dinner hour arrived, my worthy companion and I proceeded at the usual pace to the room, but everybody else, as is the custom, had gone there so very much faster, that we found the chairs appointed for us the only ones vacant. There was evidently a slight sensation as we sat down ; but of mere curiosity. A number of sharp glittering eyes were for some little time fixed upon us, but hunger soon conquered curiosity, and in due time both were satiated.

'During the week I remained at New York, I had reason not only to be satisfied, but to be grateful for the liberal reception I met with. Although as I walked through the street I saw in several shop-windows pictures of the "Caroline" going over the Falls of Niagara, detailing many imaginary, and consequently to my mind amusing horrors, yet neither at the theatre which I attended, nor elsewhere, did I receive either by word or gesture the slightest insult. Several American citizens of the highest character in the country called upon me, and I certainly was gratified at observing how thoroughly most of them in their hearts admired British institutions.

'On the morning of my departure I was informed that an immense crowd had assembled to see me embark. Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, also gave me intimation of this circumstance ; and as among a large assemblage it is impossible to answer for the conduct of every individual, Mr. Buchanan kindly recommended me, instead of going in a carriage, to walk through the streets to the pier arm in arm with him. I did so ; and though I passed through several thousand people, many of whom pressed towards us with some little eagerness, yet not a word or a sound, good, bad, or indifferent, was uttered. I took a seat on the deck of the packet, and when almost immediately afterwards the moorings of the vessel were cast adrift, I felt that the mute silence with which I had been allowed to depart was a suppression of feeling highly

highly creditable, and which, in justice to the American people, it was my duty ever to appreciate and avow.’

‘The chapter on his arrival in ‘the old country’ must be drawn upon for one paragraph more :—

‘During my residence in Canada I had read so much, had heard so much, and had preached so much about “*The Old Country*,” that as the packet in which I was returning approached its shores, I quite made up my mind to see in the venerable countenance of “my auld respectit mither” the ravages of time and the wrinkles of old age. Nevertheless, whatever might prove to be her infirmities, I yearned for the moment in which I might exclaim—“This is my own, my native land!”

‘I disembarked at Liverpool on the 22nd of April, 1838, and, with as little delay as possible, started for London on the railway, which had been completed during my absence.

‘Now, if a very short-sighted young man, intending to take one more respectful look at the picture of his grandmother, were to find within the frame, instead of canvas,

“A blooming Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty’s pride,”

he could not be more completely, and, as he might possibly irreverently term it, *agreeably* surprised than I was when, on the wings of a lovely spring morning, I flew over the surface of “Old England.”

‘Everything looked new! The grass in the meadows was new—the leaves on the trees and hedges were new—the flowers were new—the blossoms of the orchards were new—the lambs were new—the young birds were new—the crops were new—the railway was new. As we whisked along it, the sight, per minute, of an erect man, in bottle-green uniform, standing like a direction-post, stock still, with an arm extended, was new; the idea, whatever it might be intended to represent, was quite new. All of a sudden plunging souze into utter darkness, and then again into bright dazzling sunshine, was new. Every station at which we stopped was new. The bells which affectionately greeted our arrival, and which, sometimes almost before we even could stop, bade us depart, were new.

‘During one of the longest of these intervals, the sudden appearance of a line of young ladies behind a counter, exhibiting to hungry travellers tea, toast, scalding-hot soup, sixpenny pork pies, and everything else that human nature could innocently desire to enjoy—and then, almost before we could get to these delicacies, being summarily ordered to depart;—the sight of a crowd of sturdy Englishmen, in caps of every shape, hurrying to their respective carriages, with their mouths full—was new. In short, it was to new and merry England that after a weary absence I had apparently returned; and it was not until I reached Downing-street I could believe that I really was once again in “*The Old Country*,” but there I found everything old :—old men, old women, old notions, old prejudices, old stuff, and old nonsense; and what was infinitely worse, old principles.’

‘Old principles!’ We presume Sir Francis Head remembered ‘who was the first Whig?’

We must not refuse ourselves the sad pleasure of appending  
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to these fragments of Sir Francis Head's Canadian biography a brief paragraph from 'Hochelaga.' It is the story of one of the very few who suffered death for their concern in the rebellion of 1837—almost all of them for cruel murders perpetrated in cold blood, but not so in the case to be quoted. The author says:—

'Six of the Prescott brigade, and three of the assassins of Dr. Hume, were executed. The leader of the former was the first tried, and hanged; his name was Von Schoultz, a Pole by birth, and merely a military adventurer. He had fought with skill and courage; and he died bravely and without complaint, except of the false representations which had caused his ruin, by inducing him to join the godless cause. Doing all that lay in his power to repair his error, he left his little property, about eight hundred pounds, half to the Roman Catholic College at Kingston, and the remainder to the widows and orphans of the English soldiers and militia who had fallen in the combat where he was taken.'—*Hochelaga*, vol. i., p. 73.

We have filled so many pages from 'The Emigrant,' that we cannot afford to copy much from the 'Hochelaga.' It is due to such a writer, however, that we should give one sufficient specimen of his performance, and we select the very striking history of one of those nondescript adventurers so abounding in the New World, both south and north. Our readers will not, however, be mistaken in supposing that we fixed on the following chapter on account partly of the special interest attached at this moment to the name of CALIFORNIA.

'In one of my Transatlantic voyages in the steamer, I met with a very singular man, a German by birth, who was on his return from Europe to America. He was about thirty years of age, of a rather small but active and wiry frame, his features very handsome, of a chiselled and distinct outline; his bright black eye never met yours, but watched as you looked away, with penetrating keenness; the expression of his mouth was wild and somewhat sensual, with two perfect rows of large teeth, white as ivory; his hair was black, worn long behind; complexion fresh and ruddy, but swarthed over by sun and wind. He was never still, but kept perpetually moving to and fro, even when seated, with the restlessness of a savage animal, always glancing round and behind, as though he expected, but did not fear, some hidden foe. His voice was soft and rather pleasing, very low, but as if suppressed with effort.

'This strange being had been educated in a German university, and was very well informed; the European languages were all equally familiar to him; he spoke them all well, but none perfectly, not even German; in several Indian tongues he was more at home. When still young he had left his country; struggling out from among the down-trampled masses of the north of Europe, he went to seek liberty in America. But even there the restraints of law were too severe; so he went away for the Far West, where his passion for freedom might find full vent, under no lord but the Lord on High. Hunting and trapping for some months on the upper branches of the Missouri, he acquired money

money and influence enough to collect a few Indians, and mules, and drive a dangerous but profitable trade with the savage tribes round about. In course of time his commerce prospered sufficiently to enable him to assemble twenty-four men—hunters, Canadian voyagers, and Indians—well armed with rifles, with many mules and waggons laden with the handywork of the older states.

‘He started with his company, in the beginning of April, for the Rocky Mountains, from Independence—the last western town, originally settled by the Mormons, four miles from the Missouri River. They travelled from twelve to fifteen miles a-day through the “Bush” and over the Prairies, and were soon beyond the lands of friendly or even neutral tribes, among the dangerous haunts of the treacherous and warlike Blackfeet. By day and night the party was ever on the watch; though they rarely saw them, they knew that enemies were all around. The moment there was any apparent carelessness or irregularity in their march, they were attacked, with horrible whoop and yell; if there was sufficient time, they ranged their waggons round, and used them as rests for their rifles, and for protection from the bullets and arrows of the Indians.

‘Occasionally these adventurers had lack of water; but when they got five hundred miles on, and into the Rocky Mountains, they found abundance, with many mineral springs, some of them of rare virtues, and a few salt lakes. The peaks of this grim range are here ten thousand feet high, always white with snow; but the company, keeping in the gorges and the valleys, felt no great cold at any time. They steered their course by the compass through the wilderness.

‘For five hundred miles more, their way lay through these Rocky Mountains; for six hundred beyond them, they still veered for the north-west, till they struck on the upper forks of the Columbia River. Here they met with more friendly natives, and some of a race mixed with French-Canadian blood, besides a few lonely hunters and trappers. Here, and further on, they traded and got great quantities of rich and valuable furs, in exchange for their blankets, knives, guns, and other products of civilization.

‘California, to the south of these regions, has a soil of exuberant fertility; the climate is genial, rich woods cover it, lakes and rivers suited to the uses of man intersect it. San Francisco has a noble harbour. American emigrants are crowding in every day; they are already nearly strong enough to seek annexation to the Giant Republic, and to drive out the feeble Mexicans: but the powers of Europe will be more cautious in allowing the game of Texas to be played a second time, and on this will arise a question between England and America far more difficult of adjustment than that of Oregon.

‘The adventurer prospered very much in his traffic; the next few years’ gain enabled him to increase his party of traders to the north-west to sixty or seventy men, with three or four hundred mules; while he, with a small body, crossed the Rocky Mountains to the south-west from Independence, and journeyed nearly a thousand miles, entering the province of Santa Fe, and bartering his goods with great advantage for the gold and silver of the rich Mexican mines.

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'The burning of the Prairies is one of the dangers and hardships to which these traders are exposed. In the autumn the tall rich grasses dry up and wither; the slightest spark of fire suffices to set them alight, and then, whichever way the wind may carry it, the flame only ends with the mountain, the lake, or the river. The heat is but for a few moments, as the blaze sweeps by, but it leaves no living thing behind it, and the smoke is dense and acrid. When the fire approaches, no man mounts his horse and trusts to its speed; that would be vain; but they fire the prairie to leeward and follow the course of the burning, till enough desolation lies between them and their ravenous pursuer to starve it into tameness. The German once found the blackened track of the fire for nine hundred miles, and could only obtain scanty grazing for his cattle by the borders of the lakes and rivers on his route.

'In the year 1844 he was delayed much beyond his usual time in collecting mules sufficient for his expedition, and could not start for Santa Fé till the middle of September. There is a low, hollow country, many miles in extent, about fifty days' journey on their road; it is covered with gravel, sand, and stone; there is no hill, rock, or shelter of any kind; it supports no animal or vegetable life, for a strong, withering wind sweeps over it, summer and winter. The adventurers have named this hideous place—probably from the wind—the Simoom. Great caution is always taken to pass it before the winter begins; this year they were late, and the rigour of the season set in very early; and when they were well advanced into the danger, a thick snow-storm fell. There was no track; the cattle moved painfully; they were without fuel, and the stock of forage was soon exhausted. Many animals dropped by the way; and, in one night, a hundred and sixty mules died from cold, weariness, and hunger.

'Then the hunters, who had faced many great dangers and hardships before, became appalled; for the snow still fell heavily, and the way was far and dark before them. The next morning they consulted together, and agreed to abandon the convoy and hasten back to save their lives. An old hunter, who had served long and faithfully, and was known to be much esteemed by their leader, was chosen to state this determination to him. The delegate came forward, and, in a quiet but determined way, declared the mutiny. As he spoke, the German shot him dead: the rest returned to their duty. Leaving orders to his company to remain where they were, the leader, escorted by two Indians, rode back to the settlements: they had but little food with them; the journey was seven hundred miles, and they had to cross many rapid, swollen streams—but he arrived safely, procured supplies, returned to his people, and, after a prosperous expedition, they all came back in safety.

'His narrative of these events was as free from bravado as it was from the expression of human feeling or remorse.

'The adventurer, being now wealthy, went to Europe, with the intention of settling, or at least of spending some time with his friends in Germany. He remained in London for a month, where he met some connexions who treated him with kindness. But the bonds of society proved intolerable to him; he gave up his plan of going home, and once again

again turned to seek the wild but fascinating life of the Prairie. This strange man was thoroughly well informed on all political and social conditions of the nations of the earth, in their poetry, philosophy, and even their novels. He had read and thought much: with an anxious effort to overcome this love of savage life, he felt deeply the evil of yielding to its influence, but succumbed. By this time, he is again in the deep gorges of the Rocky Mountains, or chasing the buffalo on the Prairies of the West.'—*Hochelaga*, vol. ii. p. 161.

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ART. IX.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, on Wednesday the 9th of February, 1842, on the Corn-Laws.* London. 1842.

2. *Letter to the Bishop of Winchester on Free Trade.* From Henry Drummond. London. 1846.

WE presume that the great majority of those who honour this Journal with their countenance and any share of confidence, will expect a continuation of our record of the progressive stages of the financial, commercial, and, as we fear, political revolution in which the astounding proceedings of the late administration—or, to speak more justly, of Sir Robert Peel—have involved the country.

We shall not waste our readers' time or patience in abstract disquisitions or conjectural speculation on the general policy or probable consequences of the repeal of the Corn-Laws. The theorem is now become a problem—it is no longer a question, but an experiment—and an experiment of which we cannot for three years at least arrive at anything like a solution. The daily discussions to which present prices and passing circumstances give rise are, as to its ultimate effects, premature and idle. Neither the English nor the foreign agriculturist was prepared for this sudden change, and it will take some years to develop fully its operation on either. Corn-land is not brought into nor thrown out of a course of cultivation as easily and rapidly as politicians shift their opinions; and the quantities of wheat grown at home and abroad this year can have been in no degree affected by the new law, nor probably will they be to any considerable extent for the next year or two.

There are also other causes that may for this year, and perhaps longer, affect the progress of the experiment. The renewed and more extensive failure of the potato-crop, and a very considerable deficiency, as we are told, of barley, oats, and all spring crops, will naturally increase the consumption and enhance in certain states of the markets the price of wheat. The continental harvests have been generally short, and as the foreign farmers have not  
had



had time for any extension of cultivation, they will have little to export. But, above all, it must be remembered that the British farmer has now, and will for three years have, a 10s. protection against very low prices, and a 4s. protection against any price—in fact, more protection than under either of the former corn-laws, by which the *minimum duty*—now 4s.—was only 1s. It is an additional proof of the inconsistency and heedlessness with which this measure was patched up, that, professing to operate a reduction of duty to meet an expected scarcity, it has—if corn should really rise to scarcity prices—*quadrupled* the duty that would have been payable under the former Act. The effect of this will be exemplified by the fact that of 15,000,000 quarters of wheat imported between 1828 and 1842 under what was thought the high protection corn-law, above 6,000,000 quarters came in at 1s., and near 4,000,000 more at 2s. 8d. per quarter (*Q. Rev.*, Sept., 1842, p. 526); and though from four plentiful harvests the duty under the late law had not fallen so low, it would certainly on any real pressure have done so. The new scale of corn-duties will therefore, we expect, be found to afford a considerable degree of protection; and it was for this reason that in our last Number we urged the Protectionist party, in both the Commons and the Lords, to direct their most strenuous efforts to throwing out the limitation of the Act to three years. This was attempted in the House of Lords, and lost chiefly, we presume, from an inconsiderate statement made by some zealous protectionists, and readily seized on by many lukewarm Conservatives, that the proposed scale was a mere ‘remnant of protection’ not worth contending for—which we cannot but think was in reasoning a poor excuse, and, in fact an evident mistake. It might, we admit, be inadequate, but in our present condition it would be well worth contending for. We do not venture to anticipate experience, nor to say how at the end of three years it will be most prudent to deal with this matter. Many most important elements of judgment will grow up in the interval. We must watch their progress, and weigh the results as they arise. The new measure may fail to fulfil, even as to the foreign supply, the promises of its promoters; or if it should really cheapen bread, cheap bread must inevitably produce *low wages*. We have already seen that a recent temporary fall in the price of bread—not in the slightest degree produced by the new corn-law—prompted some of the master manufacturers to speculate, if not actually to resolve, on a reduction of wages; and it is by no means impossible, or even improbable, that at no distant day a general stagnation and distress in the manufacturing districts may make the repeal of the corn-laws, and what is called *Free Trade*, as unpopular in Manchester as in Chichester.

We accept, for brevity's sake, the term *Free Trade*, though it is a very inadequate designation of this new line of policy, which also, for brevity's sake, we call Sir Robert Peel's—though he is but a recent convert to its doctrines, and we are sure no party to its ulterior design—which we believe to be a scheme of revolutionary innovation, of which the commercial part is really of the least importance.

We will not stop to debate whether there can be, under any circumstances, such a thing as *Free Trade* in the abstract; it is enough for our immediate purpose to say that, in the present condition of mankind, it is utterly unattainable as regards the intercourse of independent states. In countries united under the same sovereign and identified in national feeling and commercial and financial interests, it may be possible indeed, but it is rarely carried out. Between England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands you might have perfect free trade—but you have not; you might collect in each a like rate and species of revenue—but you do not;—which might be applied—though it is not—without distinction of local interests, to the common expenses of the empire. In such a case, we say, a very near approach to free trade is possible, and may perhaps (though with many exceptions) be said practically to exist. But how can any such community of interests or concert of measures be expected from independent countries? Is there any man so Utopian as to believe that the nations of the world can ever concur in a general abrogation of all custom-duties? Some countries, particularly America, have hardly any other permanent source of revenue, and as long as there are custom-duties there can be no free trade, even in the loosest meaning of the term. Each nation will lay on such duties as will be most profitable to its exchequer with the least disadvantage to its own subjects, or, in other words, as will ensure the greatest favour to its native industry and the greatest discouragement of foreign rivalry. This is common sense, and the first and most obvious duty of a statesman; and it would be thought the silliest, if it were not the most mischievous, of delusions to expect that, because *we* are mad enough to sacrifice our national exchequer or our native industries, other nations will follow the suicidal example. On the contrary, they will act on the actively antagonist principle. France now levies a duty on the export of corn, which was originally so graduated as practically to meet and counteract any reduction of our duties. On the 31st August last the French export duty on wheat, as against England, was no less than 15s. per quarter; and we have no expectation, but indeed quite the reverse, that she will now alter her policy. When, a few years since, we removed

the duty on the export of coals, the French government immediately imposed a corresponding import duty, and transferred to their exchequer the revenue lost to ours. We do not quarrel with this reduction of our duty on coals (which was afterwards re-imposed by Sir Robert Peel himself, and again by him abandoned), but we adduce it as a practical instance of what we have to expect of the promised reciprocity of foreigners. They will be guided by a compromise and balance between their own financial and domestic interests, and not by our cosmopolitan theories.

We hear just now a great deal of the vast advance made in free-trade principles by the American tariff: but this is, we believe, a gross misrepresentation. The new American tariff has substituted a general system of *per centage on the value*, graduated by a certain *classification*, instead of *specific* duties on enumerated articles. It is obvious that one of the effects of this substitution must be to reduce the protection which some articles enjoyed under the old specific rates, while in other articles it may increase it; and of course the details of the argument in Congress turned a good deal on the claims to protection of the classes that were about to be deprived of it; but, whether in individual items the rates be increased or diminished, it is obvious that the general principle of an *ad valorem* duty, varying from 10 to 100 per cent., and which may be taken at the average (as far as an average can be conjectured) of some 30 per cent., contains in its very essence a differential principle wholly irreconcilable with any theory of free trade. The American tariff does not *in terms* recognise protection; and it is doubtful whether under their constitution, and considering the diversity of interests in the several States, *protection*, as such, could or would be avowedly given to any class of interests; but it is in America as, we repeat, it must be in every country in the world, and as, in defiance of all modern tariffs, it still is amongst ourselves—any system of custom-duties, but especially if classified and graduated, must inevitably be, in fact and substance, protective of domestic industry; and, if we are rightly informed of the state of the public mind in America, it seems very probable that the next Congress may give to their tariff a still greater protectional influence—though rates averaging probably 30 per cent. on the value, are already a tolerably efficient protection.

On the whole, then, we are more and more convinced by all we read, and see, and hear from all quarters, that the promise that our free-trade mania is likely to meet with anything like reciprocity from any foreign powers of the New World or the Old, will turn out to be a lamentable deception. It may, indeed,  
be

be asked why, if wise men, or men reputed wise amongst us, adopt these doctrines, should not the ministers of other countries fall into the same course? Sir Robert Peel, it appears, expects that they will. We should still have, as we so long had, great confidence in Sir Robert Peel's *unbiased* judgment; but, unluckily, he is here become a party in the cause; and we question the value of his evidence. We are convinced they will not; for two reasons, equally obvious, and neither of them very creditable to our policy or our good faith. The first is, that our concession has been made not to conviction or principle, but, as we are forced to believe, to a panic created by a league of agitators—falsely imagined to be more powerful than it was—and to conciliate certain formidable classes of the people—still more falsely supposed to be very anxious for this change; while in foreign countries there is more community of feeling amongst the people, and more of power and independence in the governments, than to submit the national destinies to the accidents of a season, or the clamour and menace of greedy agitators. But the second answer is still more conclusive. Foreigners see through our free-trade pretences. They believe that neither in the design nor in the execution has there been any real adoption of free-trade principles. They think the scheme, as we do, as flagrant an instance of mere *class legislation* as ever was attempted—legislation in favour of master-manufacturers, and specifically against the landed interest. We do not say that other interests will not be incidentally damaged—they assuredly will, and to a wide extent; it is a strong point of our argument—but the measure has been in principle *calculated* for the benefit of one manufacturing class; and foreign governments, without any great exertion of either observation or argument, see in these measures not a *bonâ fide* approach to free trade, but, on the contrary, a wolf in sheep's clothing—a scheme which, under the guise of liberality, is in a peculiar degree narrow and partial, and intended to give the cotton-manufacture of Lancashire a preference to all the other industry of England, and a monopoly of all the cotton-markets of the world. Can we believe that foreigners will be disposed to help this gigantic monopoly, to the early and certain ruin of such of their own manufacturing interests as may directly or remotely stand in any kind of competition with ours? They will not be the dupes of such a juggle—they will send us their corn, first laying on it, for their own use, the duties which we have sacrificed, and—awakened still more sharply to their own interest by this gross attempt to deceive them—they will, with greater vigilance than ever, recur to the old Continental text,—

——‘timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,’—

and

and will refuse to admit within their walls the monstrous imposition calling itself Free Trade, but which is really pregnant with hostility and ruin.

We think it, therefore, highly improbable that Sir Robert Peel, or any other man of not merely common sense but high talent and experience in public affairs, should have been really influenced by any idle speculation of a reciprocity which seems absolutely impossible.

But the only other excuses for the ministerial measure were, first, and indeed the only one originally produced, the certainty of a famine in Ireland; and subsequently, some very loose and desultory complaints of the bad working of the corn-law of 1842, and the consequent danger of dearness and scarcity of food in Great Britain. It were an idle waste of the time and patience of our readers to trouble them with long refutations of a now-acknowledged delusion; but there are a few short and pithy facts, which have been furnished by Parliamentary documents since our former article, and are worth selecting, to mark historically the futility of the pretences on which this advanced step of revolution has been made. Let us then bring these assertions to the unerring test of fact and figures; and first, the Irish case:

We need repeat no more of our former explanations of the causes of Irish famines than to say there is *every year* a partial dearth of potatoes in spring; every third or fourth year it amounts to scarcity; once in eight or ten years there is a more general failure. On these occasions the chief remedy had been an increased consumption of *oatmeal*—at all times a great portion of the food of the people.

Now, mark! We find by the Parliamentary papers of the Session, that during four months of the season of famine there had been EXPORTED from the starving country into England, the following

*Quantities of Grain and Flour imported into Great Britain from Ireland in the first Four Months of 1846.*

Months.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Flour.	Oatmeal.
	<i>Qrs.</i>	<i>Qrs.</i>	<i>Qrs.</i>	<i>Cwt.</i>	<i>Cwt.</i>
January . . . .	34,189	17,610	102,658	95,739	98,930
February . . . .	25,775	8,390	91,654	107,650	83,831
March . . . . .	19,540	10,148	80,803	89,048	50,360
April . . . . .	33,372	11,089	93,888	101,898	69,192
May and June .	59,478	18,417	245,967	242,251	138,241
Totals . . . .	172,354	65,754	614,370	646,592	440,554

*Parl. Pap., Com. 74, 273, 584; Lords, 153.*

During

During the six months of the greatest pressure of that alleged *famine* there were exported 852,478 quarters of corn, and 1,077,146 cwt. of flour and meal; and more especially, 614,370 quarters of *oats*, and 440,554 cwt. of *oatmeal*—the natural and usual food of a large portion of that people at all times, and the natural, frequent, and best resource of the whole Irish population in any difficulty.

There had been—it was so hinted, and we believe truly, in Lord John Russell's letter from Edinburgh—some talk in the cabinet, and there was some discussion in the Press, about opening the Irish ports by proclamation. *Opening the Irish ports!* Why, the real remedy, had any interference with the law been necessary, would have been to *close* them—the torrent of food was running *outwards*.

And this was the practical result in 1846, even *after* the alarm. But let us see how the facts were in the autumn of 1845, the period when Sir Robert Peel must have been planning his measure.

In the last half-year of 1845 there were exported from that starving country into Great Britain:—

	Quarters.		Cwt.
Wheat . .	223,116	Flour . .	605,917
Barley . .	66,863	Oatmeal . .	452,144
Oats . .	703,314		
Total . .	993,393	Total . .	1,058,061

It was while this remarkable superfluity of Irish produce was pouring into England, and exciting some surprise and dissatisfaction in the British producer who was overwhelmed and undersold in his own market, that it was discovered that Ireland was on the point of starvation for want of corn, and could only be saved by a measure which, if ever so successful, could have no other present effect than additional distress to the poorer classes of Irish farmers.

Although the apprehension of danger last year turned out fortunately to be greater than the reality, no one can disapprove the measures taken by the Government for the introduction of Indian corn, which, though it was a food unknown to the people, and, at first at least, so distasteful that there were riotous attempts to prevent its distribution, had the advantage of being cheap and plentiful, and thus very useful on such an emergency; but we must think that it would have been still better if more active measures had been taken to supply the people with oatmeal, a food of their own growth, and the use of which would have had the double advantage of feeding the destitute poor and benefiting

the farmer—himself almost as poor and destitute. The Government did make some attempt (though it seems rather tardily) in this direction; for we have heard that oatmeal, which had been exported to England at the price of 15s. the cwt., was re-purchased here and sent back to Ireland at 19s. It was soon proved, as we had stated in our article of last December, and as every one knew who knew anything of Ireland, that the want was not of corn-food, which never had been in greater abundance, but of means in an unemployed and moneyless population to buy it; and this latter want would be rather increased than diminished by the preference given to the produce of the American over that of the Irish farmer. The use, however, limited and occasional as it was, of this American corn was asserted with great solemnity and triumph by the Minister to be the first step of a great moral revolution, which was to regenerate Ireland. We believe, with him, that if the people could be persuaded (which would not be difficult), and enabled (which is not quite so easy), to eat bread instead of depending so exclusively on the potato crop, it would have a considerable moral effect—but does not that argument apply with at least equal force to their own flour and oatmeal, as well as to the produce of America? It may be said that the American corn is cheaper: perhaps so—nominally and for the moment! But is it really cheaper for a people to buy, even at a somewhat lower price, the produce of Carolina or Georgia rather than that of their own soil, which their own labour has contributed to raise, and the whole value of which is distributed amongst themselves and their neighbours? We have heard much of the misery of Ireland attributed to absenteeism, but this is the most gigantic scheme of absenteeism that ever entered the mind of man—to remove all the agriculture of Ireland to the banks of the Mississippi; and that without giving us a hint how a country essentially pastoral and agricultural, without mines or manufactures, and whose only industry you are about to transfer to the Mississippi, is to pay for this regenerating food. But, admitting that this nominal cheapness were real, how long will it continue? And what if, that new commerce were to be suddenly blighted, as the Minister at one time threatened, by an American war?—or, if not interrupted, can we expect that the new demand will not enhance the price?—or, which is the most serious objection of all—if the general measure deprives Ireland of the stimulus to grow and export the *two millions of quarters* of corn and the *two millions and a half cwt.* of flour and meal which she sends annually to England—where will she obtain the means of buying, be it ever so cheap, an article which has supplanted and destroyed the staple of her native industry? It seems to be  
always

always forgotten by these theorists that to a people the question of *dear* or *cheap* depends as much on the capacity to buy as on the price of the article.

These observations are rendered important by the recurrence this year, in a still more serious form, of the potato blight,—which warns us that we must consider the subsistence of the Irish peasantry not as a matter of temporary expediency or commercial experiment, but on some broad, safe, permanent, and *self-acting* principle; and in this view we think any dependence on foreign supplies highly dangerous, and that the idea of the moral regeneration of Ireland by the medium of Indian corn is absolutely ridiculous. What is the objection of the political economists to the potato? It is, they say, a low kind of food, too cheap, too easily obtained. Very well—but then what becomes of all the arguments in favour of cheap food? The new moral theory in Ireland, it seems, is to force the people on dear food. But the potato, moreover, is a precarious crop: this is true; but though somewhat more precarious than corn crops, and liable to local and, as it seems, capricious failures, there has generally been an average supply, and these occasional failures have, as far as they have gone, mitigated the former and more ancient objection of their being too cheap and too easily obtained. But these are discrepancies which we leave to the economists to settle—we at once admit that potatoes are too precarious in produce, and what is perhaps of hardly less importance, too perishable in their best condition (for they will hardly keep from one season to another) for the sustenance of a great people. But is Indian corn much better in these respects? First, is it not in a considerable degree precarious? It is, as we read, more sensitive than ordinary grain to the accidents of seasons; but it is also liable to political interruptions. If Ireland should become habitually dependent on the United States for Indian corn, she will be at the mercy of even a more formidable and perhaps more capricious enemy than the potato-rot. Nor has it the advantage of storing well; it does not, we believe, keep beyond the second year, and even at best it will not make what we call *bread*, at least not without large admixture of other kinds of flour. And this tropical curiosity, grown above 3000 miles off, which, sweet and agreeable as it may be in cakes and pastry, cannot be made into bread, is nevertheless to supply the staff of life by which Ireland is to be regenerated! It is certainly the strangest anomaly in the history of nations to see an attempt seriously made and gravely boasted of, to force the most overcrowded population in the world to depend for daily subsistence on an *exotic* plant. This is indeed a reliance on the powers of



free trade, at which we should have thought the wildest theorist would have hesitated. And on what country would our dependence be? It has been considered sufficiently alarming that our chief manufactures may be paralyzed by the supply of cotton from the United States being withheld: how much more alarming would be our condition if the food of millions were liable to be thus arrested? This double dependence would greatly increase the chances of its being hostilely interrupted. If Ireland is to be regenerated by any *cereal* process, it will be by stimulating her native industry, and, above all, her agriculture—by encouraging her people to sow the natural grain of their climate—by enabling them to eat their share of it—by ensuring them the markets of Great Britain for their surplus, and thus helping them to assimilate their food, habits, and condition to ours. It is not by encouraging the American farmer and the Polish serf that Ireland is to be regenerated! Sir Robert Peel's recent legislation, *if it should fulfil its promise*, would turn out to be one of the severest blows ever made at the improvement and tranquillization of Ireland.

Such is the Irish case, on which we have dwelt longer than we intended, because the new calamity which has befallen the potato crop has been insisted upon as a practical illustration of the wisdom of Sir Robert Peel's policy, with which it has no other relation than that Sir Robert Peel's measures, as far as they could have any effect whatsoever upon it, would aggravate the evil.

Let us now turn to the English case—the operation of the corn-law of 1842—in Great Britain. Here are the quantities of wheat sold in the English markets,\* and the average prices for each year since the passing of that law:—

Years.	Quarters.	Price per Quarter.
1842 . . .	4,091,234 . . .	60s. 2d.
1843 . . .	5,322,279 . . .	50 1
1844 . . .	5,556,306 . . .	51 4
1845 . . .	6,666,240 . . .	50 10

So that the quantity of corn (brought to the markets which furnish the returns) in the year of alarm, was above two millions and a half greater than in the year in which the law was passed, and the price was near 20 per cent. lower.

Let us next look at the foreign importation for home consumption in the same period, prefixing as a *terminus à quo* the year before the late law which came into operation on the 29th of April, 1842:—

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\* These returns of the inspectors do not of course include the whole quantities sold in Great Britain, but only the business of certain great markets, which, however, indicate proportionably the produce of the country at large.

Years.	Quarters.
1841 . . . .	2,361,732
1842 . . . .	2,764,222
1843 . . . .	847,381
1844 . . . .	787,984
1845 . . . .	89,819!

So, that in seven months of the year in which Sir Robert Peel thought his corn-law necessary, 2,700,000 quarters of corn were imported, while only 90,000 were required in the whole of the year in which famine terrified Sir Robert Peel to murder, like Medea, his own promising infant scarce four years old.

If it could be for a moment suspected that this great diminution of the foreign importation was owing to the high duties rather than to our increased production at home, we have luckily a most conclusive and very remarkable answer to such a supposition. The duty on Canadian corn had been reduced from 5s. to 1s. Yet the quantities of Canadian corn shipped at that merely nominal duty in the years ending 1845 and 1846 respectively were as follows :—

	Wheat, Qrs.	Flour, Cwt.
1845 . . . .	442,228 . . .	396,252
1846 . . . .	310,665 . . .	306,313
Decrease in 1846 . . .	131,563 . . .	89,315

*Report of the Board of Trade, Montreal.*

This is, we think, a crowning proof that there existed last year an abundant and increasing domestic supply, and no colour or pretext for Sir Robert Peel's precipitate proceedings. We carry this argument no further, being well convinced as a general rule that the foreign and colonial farmers can undersell the British farmer even to ruin; but as against the pretended apprehension under which the new system was proposed, the answer is complete. We must add, that we see with more sorrow than surprise in the report of the Board of Trade of Montreal from which we have extracted the above table, unmistakable evidence that the first fruits of Sir Robert Peel's new policy are likely to be the loss of that important colony: but that most grave affair will demand a separate discussion.

A main object in all corn-laws is to prevent violent fluctuations of price. No human power can prevent the vicissitudes of seasons, but the best system is that which tends most to redress the inequality; and this is not only a merit in itself, but a test of other merits in the working of the law. In this most important point the corn-law of 1842 was eminently successful. The fluctuation of prices, which on an average of twenty years had been

been about 80 per cent. under the previous corn-law, had been reduced for the years 1843-4-5 to less than 33 per cent.

Our readers will also remark that the home supply had been increasing, even more rapidly than the importation diminished, or, in other words, that under the confidence of security which the late law inspired, agriculture made a great, yet gradual, advance, and that we were supplying ourselves instead of buying from the foreigner, or even from Canada, and, we believe, as cheaply. This is shown, not merely by the general averages, but by the details which we find in the Parliamentary Returns.

At Chelsea Hospital the whole ration was,

In 1843 . . . . .	7 $\frac{3}{4}$ <i>l.</i> per diem,
And in 1845 a fraction less . . . . .	7 $\frac{1}{4}$ <i>l.</i>

The Greenwich Hospital return is made in a different form, and gives the following prices of bread per lb. :—

1791 . . . . .	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i>
1843 . . . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ <i>d.</i>
1844 . . . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ <i>d.</i>
1845 . . . . .	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i>

So that bread was as cheap in the *year of alarm* as it had been 55 years ago, and cheaper than it had been in 1842 when Sir Robert Peel passed his corn-law, or any of the succeeding years in which he defended it against the annual assault of Mr. Villiers and the constant attacks of the League.

But while the manufacturing interests had, no doubt, been benefited by the steady and moderate prices of food, had they been cramped in their exports by the diminished importation of foreign corn? The following return of the exports of *manufactured goods* for five years will best answer :—

Years.	Official Value.*	Declared Value.
1842 .	99,906,288	47,381,023
1843 .	117,574,044	52,279,709
1844 .	131,335,854	58,584,292
1845 .	134,385,892	60,111,082

*Parl. Paper*, Nos. 91 and 262.

And to show in the most convincing manner how little necessary is the importation of foreign corn to our manufacturing prosperity, and how fallacious is the promise that exportation of goods to foreign countries is to be proportionable to the importation of their corn, we abstract from the latest return of the 'Sta-

\* 'Official value,' our readers know, is only a measure of quantities; and the 'declared value' an approximation to the real value.

tistical department of the Board of Trade' the following most curious and conclusive

*'Account of the value of BRITISH AND IRISH MANUFACTURES exported to the countries from which the principal supplies of WHEAT have been imported, and the quantities thereof imported from those countries in the corresponding years.'*

	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.
<b>DENMARK—</b>						
Goods exported to . . . £	143,732	201,462	191,481	194,304	260,176	286,679
Wheat imported from [Qrs	107,986	153,480	238,867	59,643	69,863	94,198
<b>RUSSIA—</b>						
Goods exported to . . . £	1,776,426	1,602,742	1,607,175	1,885,933	1,895,519	2,128,926
Wheat imported from [Qrs.	372,820	268,281	99,620	297,798	33,667	104,526
<b>PRUSSIA—</b>						
Goods exported to . . . £	206,866	219,345	363,821	376,651	431,004	505,384
Wheat imported from [Qrs.	767,735	807,203	889,886	738,731	639,503	551,015
<b>GERMANY—</b>						
Goods exported to . . . £	4,989,900	5,215,155	5,654,433	6,202,700	6,168,038	6,151,528
Wheat imported from [Qrs.	428,737	370,380	60,774	202,239	126,320	103,922

This document proves, if there be any faith in statistics, a fact of which we had already had some indication in the comparison of our German and Prussian trade, but of which we had not such detailed proof as this account affords, namely, that the export of our manufactures to foreign countries does not only not increase with the import of their corn, but seems to have an opposite movement—and this not with regard to one country in one year, but, as if by a general rule and without exception, to all countries, and during a series of years. This is really so curious, that we think our readers will be glad to see the results of the above account in a still more striking form :—

**DENMARK—**between 1839 and 1844—

*Increase of British manufactures exported to, £142,927*

*Decrease of corn imported from, qrs. 113,488*

**RUSSIA—**

*Increase of British manufactures exported to, £352,500*

*Decrease of corn imported from, qrs. 268,294*

**PRUSSIA—**

*Increase of British manufactures exported to, £298,524*

*Decrease of corn imported from, qrs. 216,720*

**GERMANY—**

*Increase of British manufactures exported to, £936,373*

*Decrease of corn imported from, qrs. 319,448*

We know very well that in the countries where wheat is cheapest, and which of course export the most, the population are poorly clad as well as poorly fed, and of course very bad customers to Manchester and Leeds; but we confess we were not prepared to find this principle working in so regular and continuous a manner as to indicate, as a general fact, that the more corn we import from

from any country, the less of our manufactures that country consumes. This seems at first sight a strange result from a document furnished by the Statistical department of the Board of Trade, the individuals of which so strenuously advocate a free trade in corn as the best mode of extending our manufactures; but *there* are the indisputable facts and figures! and the result, on consideration, is easily explained on the obvious principle we have before alluded to—that as the interior districts of those countries advance in civilization, and use a larger proportion of manufactured necessities or luxuries, there must also be a general improvement of their own domestic habits and diet; they consume more of their own produce, and have less to spare to us, and contrive to balance their accounts with us by some other medium than corn.

This problem also we leave to the political economists to solve, and revert to our general statements, which establish that we had not only no symptoms of scarcity in Great Britain, but, on the contrary, evidence of the greatest abundance both of food, and of work to enable the poor to purchase it; and the advantageous effects which, contrary to the apprehensions of many of our agricultural friends, we at the outset predicted for the new sliding-scale of 1842, were exhibiting themselves, not suddenly, nor partially, nor doubtfully, but by a gradual, yet rapid, increase of all the elements that indicate the joint prosperity of agriculture and manufactures, and, of course, of the nation at large. It was in this most satisfactory state of the public mind, and of all public interests—such as we believe it would be hard to parallel in recent times—that the Ministry itself—stronger; and more powerful, and more popular than we ever had expected to see *any* ministry under the Reform Bill—in an hour of insanity, to call it by the most charitable name, overturned the system it had so lately erected and under the protection of which all those great national interests were enjoying such unexampled prosperity. Sir Robert Peel, strong, like Samson, to his own hurt and ours, destroys by an artful accombination of foxes and fire-brands the ‘wheat-harvests’—and pulls down in general ruin the edifice on whose pillars he professed to lean!

But there have arisen out of these economic and financial discussions, questions of a far deeper and more important nature than the mere repeal of the Corn-Laws. That measure may produce more or less inconvenience, more or less distress to this or that class; but it is, we trust, still within reach of the obvious, though perhaps not very easy nor very complete, remedy of a recurrence to something of our former policy—the continuation, for instance, of the present scale. But the principles and systematical views which have been since developed by the advocates  
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of what they call *Free Trade*, and more especially by Sir Robert Peel, are fraught, as we think, with mischief and danger to all our national institutions and interests, not only immediate and extensive, but permanent in their nature and progressive in their effect.

We speak of Sir Robert Peel's share in the whole of this unhappy affair with the deepest pain, and with a reluctance which nothing but a sense of public duty could overcome. We had given him throughout his administration a cordial, disinterested, and, to the best of our power, efficient support; we adopted from his own lips his profession of faith, both commercial and political; and our readers will not have forgotten that in several successive articles on the Whig budget of 1841—on his own financial legislation of 1842—and on the Anti-Corn-Law League, in January, 1843—we recorded our own confidence, and solicited that of our readers, in his principles and his measures. He has changed his opinions—we have not—he has even run into the adverse extreme, and we must oppose him. But differing, as we have the misfortune to do, from every opinion that he has recently delivered on these subjects—disapproving all his measures, and deploring both the form and the substance of his whole course of proceeding—it is the more due to his character, and to our own feelings, to declare our entire conviction of the purity of his intentions—nay, of his goodwill to the very interests which he seems to have sacrificed. We believe that Sir Robert Peel has convinced himself that the Reform Bill has so entirely changed the practical constitution of this country that it can no longer be worked in the old channels, or by its former machinery—that the ancient balance of government by the antagonism of parties is obsolete and impracticable. He believes, we have no doubt, that the popular power, commonly called public opinion, is supreme, and that it is safer to yield to its first impulses than wait to be overthrown by its compressed but, when at last it frees itself, irresistible force. And there is, no doubt, some truth in such views. It is what we always expected from the Reform Bill, and what we still think must be the final result of that measure; but that danger had not, in our opinion, yet arrived. The House of Commons of 1841 proved the still existing predominance of the Conservative principle; and our wonder is that, having for four years experienced the growing strength of that principle, Sir Robert Peel should have not merely despaired of its continuance, but turned his own power—and he only could have done it—to realise his own fears—

‘And not content the fruits to gather free,  
He lends the crowd his arm to shake the tree.’

At the time Sir Robert Peel made this turn, the state of the country

country afforded, in our judgment, no ground nor even colour for any apprehensions. There must have been in Sir Robert Peel's mind some predisposition to receive those discouraging impressions.

Madame de Stael used to repeat (what Mr. Burke had said before her), that '*Foreigners are a kind of contemporaneous posterity*,'—meaning that the distance of space and difference of manners and feelings have something of the effect of distance of time in enabling them to judge of men, unbiassed by the partialities or prejudices of near and more interested observers. In this view the following speculations on Sir Robert Peel's character, written previous to the session, in 1845, are worthy of serious attention. The author, M. Capefigue, is a man of ability, who—though strangely ignorant, as most foreigners are, of the details of our social and political life—is still, as will be seen, a very keen observer, and sketches strong outlines with a curious felicity. After giving a summary view of Sir Robert Peel's public life, of which he says that the adoption of the opinions of his adversaries, and a disposition to abandon principle for expediency, have been the most marked characteristics, he proceeds to prophesy what his future course is likely to be. We shall quote the passage in the original, that we may not run the risk of giving a colour to any expression of this French prediction:—

‘ Certes, M. Peel dispose d'une belle majorité dans le Parlement ; il sent que rien ne peut le renverser ; les Torys n'osent le contredire parce qu'il est des leurs, et les Whigs le caressent avec assez d'attention parce qu'il fait de larges concessions à leurs idées d'économie politique. Mais de ce qu'on est maître d'une majorité, il ne s'ensuit pas qu'on puisse toujours dominer sa position : cela peut durer quelque temps, mais *on n'étouffe pas un pays d'honneur sous les chiffres*. . . . M. Peel change en ce moment toutes les combinaisons financières de l'Angleterre ; il crée un impôt permanent sur le revenu, c'est-à-dire qu'il enlève à la Grande-Bretagne la ressource extraordinaire qui l'a sauvée pendant les guerres de la révolution et de l'empire. Pourquoi est-il tant applaudi, même par le parti Radical ? *C'est que ce parti a l'instinct du dernier mot de cette révolution financière qui change toutes les combinaisons du gouvernement d'Angleterre, et tend à tuer l'aristocratie Britannique*. Dans cette voie, il faudra toujours marcher ; et, sur ce point, M. Peel est un homme parfaitement commode, puisque sa doctrine est d'incessamment céder lorsque l'opinion se prononce. Ainsi, d'abord, il ne voulait pas l'émancipation des Catholiques, et ministre il y a consenti ; il était le plus vif opposant à la réforme parlementaire, et il s'en est aujourd'hui accommodé. *Si l'Irlande persiste, ce sera M. Peel qui consentira à sa séparation*, à son parlement national, à défaire l'œuvre de cinquante ans. Que les Radicaux, à leur tour, persistent, il viendra peut-être un jour où *M. Robert Peel accomplira la réforme absolue*, avec le parlement annuel, à la façon de Cobbett et de Hunt. Pourquoi les Whigs renverseraient-ils M. Peel, puisqu'il

qu'il fait si bien leurs affaires? *Je persiste donc à dire que Sir Robert a tué le parti Tory; que le jour où ce parti s'est mis dans les mains de cet homme d'état, il a été perdu*, parce que M. Peel n'avait ni l'instinct de sa gloire, ni son éducation, ni la présence de ses grandes destinées!—*Hommes d'Etat* (1845), pp. 43, 44.

This is undoubtedly a remarkable prophecy, for it is one of which, when it was written, none of those who thought they knew Sir Robert Peel best, could have imagined anything like the fulfilment. The same view of his character was taken by Dr. Arnold, on whose opinions we set no great value, but whose testimony—when adverse to liberalism—is worth notice. He writes, in 1836, to Archbishop Whately, the following slight sketch of Sir Robert Peel's character:—

'Peel has an idea about currency, and a distinct impression about it, and, therefore, on that point I would trust him for not yielding to clamour; but *about most matters*—the Church especially—he seems to have no idea, and therefore I would not trust him for *giving it all up to-morrow, if the clamour were loud enough*!'*\*—Arnold's Life*, vol. ii., p. 57.

When two such wholly different and unconnected observers, as M. Capefigue and Dr. Arnold, arrived at the same conclusion, it raises a strong presumption of its truth; and we cannot but admit that they seem to shadow out one, and perhaps the most powerful, of the motives which produced the late phenomenon.

Sir Robert Peel saw the League audacious, and thought it formidable—he heard it loud, and fancied it was powerful: with that propensity which conscientious men will often have of undervaluing friends and over-rating enemies, he viewed the League with serious apprehensions, and believing (a complete mistake) that it had a strong hold on the sympathies of the working classes, and that it threatened a kind of *servile war* against all landed property and all eminence of station, he thought—most erroneously, we believe, but conscientiously—that the best course he could take for these menaced interests was to make an early and judicious retreat. This, upon a careful and, we need hardly add, painful review of the whole case, is the most rational conjecture we can make as to Sir Robert Peel's conduct: and it is corroborated by a passage in his valedictory speech, which gave, for the first time as far as we know, some intimation of this motive:—

'Our object was to avert *dangers which we thought were imminent*, and to *avoid a conflict*, which we believed would soon place in *hostile collision* great and powerful classes in this country.'

This phrase, though it may appear to derogate from Sir Robert

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\* We confess that we think the 'currency idea' would also fail if the clamour were loud enough.



Peel's candour and his courage, is characteristic of his extreme prudence, and seems to us to afford the most rational and honourable clue to the whole of his proceedings.

We must take this opportunity of expressing our more than regret at some imputations which have been made in private and in print, of his having some low personal motive in the depreciation of the landed interest. The accusation is not merely wholly groundless—it is absurd. Sir Robert Peel's interests—as we stated in defence of his Corn Law of 1812—are essentially identified with the land; and his measure is the more anomalous and alarming from its being contrary to those personal interests. But we take higher ground. Sir Robert Peel is infinitely superior to any influence of that low nature. His heart, if not as stout, is as pure as Mr. Pitt's. He may be deficient in official candour and frankness—in fidelity to political friendships—in firmness against political adversaries—in contempt of the *civium ardor prava jubentium*—in the wise courage that prefers to meet the storm in the deep waters rather than in shoals and straits—these defects, we say, may be imputed to him, and they are probably in some degree constitutional; but his mind was never sullied by even the passing cloud of any sordid or unworthy thought. It is an over-cautious and over-sensitive ratiocination that reduces him to the level—below his spirit and alien from his taste—of a temporizing Utilitarian. If his heart were as firm as it is pure—if he were as inaccessible to the delusions and plausibilities of theorists, the hypocritical applause of adversaries, the insidious and interested flatteries of the foreign press, and the menaces of popular agitation, as he is to either passion, corruption, or any other ignoble motive—if he could trust himself as he requires others to trust him—he might, as we once hoped he was destined to do, have stayed the revolution, instead of, as we now fear, rapidly accelerating it. And this fear—very strong and very sincere—must be our justification, for the frank severity with which, while doing justice to his private virtues and splendid talents, we must question and even censure so many circumstances of his public conduct.

We commence this portion of our task by some observations on the speech of the 29th June, by which Sir Robert Peel announced his resignation to the House of Commons. That Sir Robert Peel had ample grounds for congratulating himself and claiming the approbation of the country for the general merits of his administration, it is not we, who have been—*usque ad aras*—his humble followers and admirers, that can be disposed to question. It was, as we have just said, beyond all expectation powerful and popular, and deserved to be so. Our domestic prosperity was  
unexampled;

unexampled; our Navy had been most judiciously and effectively managed by Lord Haddington and Sir George Cockburn; our Army was in the hands of the *Duke of Wellington*! Ireland had been treated not merely with '*justice*,' but a compassionate and politic indulgence. The Colonies were safe and satisfied under the vigorous protection of their essential interests by Lord Stanley. The mistakes and misfortunes of our proceedings in India had been repaired by victory, to be followed up, we trust, by a prudent and unambitious policy; and the tribute paid by Sir Robert Peel to the able, dignified, and successful conduct of our foreign affairs by Lord Aberdeen was eminently just. He was well entitled to claim for his noble friend, and, we must add, for himself, the praise of having maintained and improved the friendly dispositions and confidence of the European powers, and of having skilfully and honourably arranged with America two most intricate and delicate questions, which had been festering for near half a century, and at last, by long neglect and mismanagement, had grown to a state of inflammation that imminently menaced the peace of the world.\*

But of all the rest of that speech—its topics, its language, and its spirit—we are bound to record our strong disapprobation. It seems to us pregnant with the most mischievous principles and consequences, and to require that every means—even those so humble as ours—should be exerted to counteract its—as we think—most dangerous tendencies.

That such is its character is testified by the universal feeling of the whole country—by the astonishment and alarm which it produced in all the friends of the Constitution—and by the exultation of every class of religious dissent or political disaffection. Nor is this impression confined to England. The Conservative and Revolutionary parties on the Continent have taken, respectively, the same view of it, and the following literal extract of a letter from an intelligent American gentleman to a friend in England proves that it receives the same interpretation beyond the Atlantic:—

'If any man on this side of the water had made the same appeal to the hungry masses, he would have been branded with the name of demagogue—"Food untaxed by injustice" was a master-touch. But it would have been enough for him to have carried his measures—he need not have given a *parting stab to the interests he had abandoned*.

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\* We trust that we, too, may be allowed to refer with some degree of satisfaction to our own labours in the same cause—our articles on the North-eastern and North-western Boundaries. We beg leave particularly to observe that the views which we took in our April number of the Oregon question were, by a curious and happy coincidence, exactly, even to minutiae, the same that were so soon after to be ratified by the definitive treaty.

'Our impression is, that matters *more ancient and more sacred* will follow the fate of your Corn Law!'

When such is the opinion of an intelligent and impartial republican—well acquainted with our social, political, and commercial condition—we may be excused for having received similar impressions; and we particularly concur in his suggestion that the objectionable portions of the speech were wholly gratuitous, and not to be justified even if the measures themselves were to turn out to be wise, consistent, and successful.

Of the many surprising passages of that speech, none perhaps, all circumstances considered, is more so than Sir Robert Peel's direct glorification of Mr. Cobden and his indirect homage to the Anti-Corn-Law League. Sir Robert Peel believed, of course, that he was doing no more than justice when he attributed his sudden conversion to the 'unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden;' but we do not think that he sufficiently distinguished in his own mind the ingredients of which Mr. Cobden's influence over him was composed. The real 'eloquence of Richard Cobden' was as the representative and organ of a conspiracy which was permitted to agitate the public mind by incendiary meetings—to usurp the sovereign authority by levying half a million of money for illegal purposes—and to menace the Constitution itself and the independence of Parliament by the avowed fabrication of a hundred thousand fictitious votes. That it was not the legitimate eloquence of Mr. Cobden that worked on Sir Robert Peel is pretty evident from many collateral circumstances. It was in the very teeth of that eloquence that Sir Robert Peel carried his own former bill—it was in despite of that eloquence that he for four years maintained it; and on the very *last* occasion in which that eloquence was exerted—Mr. Villiers' motion on the 10th June, 1845—Sir Robert Peel *answered* Mr. Cobden's *last* speech in a long and, as it was thought, firm as well as conclusive argument. How between that day and the middle of October, when he announced his conversion to his astonished Cabinet, Mr. Cobden's eloquence could have operated we cannot conjecture. We can hardly suppose that Sir Robert Peel had been in the interval studying in the bald and disjointed reports of Hansard the eloquence which had failed to persuade him when delivered *vis à voce*.

But there was in the very form of this compliment an indication of the deeper influence under which it was pronounced. Sir Robert Peel took care to attribute his conversion; not to 'the honourable Member for Stockport'—that is, to the natural and legitimate effect of Mr. Cobden's *parliamentary* exertions—but to 'RICHARD COBDEN,' whom, as a Member of Parliament, it would have been disorderly to name; but for whom that  
historical

historical designation was not irregular when applied—as it was understood by all who heard it—in his very different character of prime agitator and leader of the Anti-Corn-Law League. This may seem a small circumstance; but it is indicative of an important distinction; and opens some still more serious considerations. Our readers cannot have altogether forgotten the long series of incendiary speeches pronounced by Mr. Cobden in various public meetings; but if those audacious instigations to rebellion and rapine be not fresh in their memories, they may turn, for some early specimens of '*Richard Cobden's eloquence*,' to our article on the Anti-Corn-Law Agitation in December, 1842. They will there find that, on the 17th July, 1841, Mr. Cobden, not yet in Parliament, made his first prominent appearance as a public man by suggesting 'a demonstration of *numbers* and *physical force* to *intimidate* the new House of Commons:—'Masters and men,' he said, 'must unite to *startle the House of Commons* by a meeting on *Kersall Moor*!' And subsequently, on the 11th February, 1842, in a meeting of delegates assembled to oppose the progress of the new Cabinet's Corn Bill, he described Sir Robert Peel's ministry as 'an oligarchy which had *usurped the Government*;' and he stated, amidst the vehement cheers of his excited auditory, that '*until these men were frightened, the people would never obtain justice.*' Notwithstanding Sir Robert Peel's testimony to the political sagacity of Mr. Cobden, we are unwilling to believe that '*these men were frightened*,' in the common sense of the word, into the repeal of the Corn Laws; but we cannot doubt that a degree of political fear, which is easily mistaken (particularly by the patient himself) for prudence, was one of the chief ingredients in that still incomprehensible proceeding: however that may be, it was with more candour than, we think, discretion, or a due regard to the future peace of the country, that Sir Robert Peel marked out as an object of public admiration and gratitude, and of course of imitation, *Richard Cobden*, the agitator and demagogue—in marked contradistinction from '*the honourable Member for Stockport.*'\*

Whether Sir Robert Peel and the Secretary of State for the Home Department may have had some secret reasons for thinking the League more formidable than it had for the last year or two appeared to them or to the public, we cannot presume to say; but there can be no doubt that they must have felt it to be an embarrassment, not to call it a disgrace, to their administration, that such an anti-constitutional association should be permitted to

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\* There were other circumstances of Mr. Cobden's eloquence, both in the League and in Parliament, that we will not more particularly allude to, the painful recollection of which increased our surprise at Sir Robert Peel's gratuitous panegyric.

exist. We can, however, easily believe that they were reluctant to embark in a legal struggle with it, which would involve, as a necessary consequence, another proceeding against the still more audacious and not less anti-constitutional association for the repeal of the Irish Union:—remembering the late prosecution of O'Connell and Co., they doubted too readily their own strength, and were too sensitive of their risk in waging a double war with the English and Irish agitators, and in their choice of difficulties willingly persuaded themselves that it was a safer or at least an easier course to invade the quiet and submissive *Ovilia* of the agriculturists than to grapple with the *reluctantes Dracōnes*—Cobden and O'Connell. This at least is in accordance with what we have already said and quoted as to the general predisposition of Sir Robert Peel's temper to underrate friends and overrate enemies, to conciliate what he takes to be public opinion by a too ready sacrifice of his own better judgment, and to get rid of dangerous or even troublesome agitation by submission and surrender rather than by resistance.

But there were other passages in Sir Robert Peel's valedictory oration as remarkable as the eulogium of Richard Cobden, and, we think, still more objectionable:—

'I do not hesitate to say, that in my opinion there ought to be established between England and Ireland a complete equality (*great cheering*) in all civil, municipal, and political rights.'

So we too would say—but is it not so now? We should be glad to learn what *rights* Scotchmen or Englishmen enjoy that are denied to the Irish. The only instance that Sir Robert Peel specifically mentions is the existence of Coercion Acts, or, as he justly calls them, acts for the protection of life and property in Ireland; but those acts he defends, and would maintain. To what, then, does he allude? A subsequent passage, we suppose, explains:—

'I think it ought to be impossible to say that there is a different rule substantially with regard to civil and municipal *franchise* in Ireland from what prevails in England.'

Does he mean an extension of the franchise?—a new and wider Reform Bill?—the main and most important topic of all Mr. O'Connell's harangues about *justice for Ireland*! Is then Sir Robert Peel about to supersede Mr. O'Connell as he did Mr. Cobden? But mark!—the greatest difference between the elective franchise in England and Ireland is that which Sir Robert Peel himself imposed on Ireland in his Emancipation Bill, the substitution of 10*l.* instead of 40*s.* freeholders. Is then Sir Robert Peel's own measure of 1829 to partake the fate of his measure of 1842? But we hesitate not to say that the complaint is wholly unfounded in law and

and in fact—that the differences which exist are already, and, we think, unduly, in favour of the Irish elector—and that if there were to be attempted a substantial equality of franchise—real, and *bonâ fide* freeholders for Irish counties, and 10*l.* householders for Irish boroughs, and *similar payments of rates and taxes* by all—more than half the present electors of Ireland would be at once disfranchised. But, even if it were otherwise—if any such grievances exist, why did not Sir Robert Peel, who had so large a share in making them, remedy them while he was in power? Why not allude to them in any of the Royal Speeches he has penned, or in any official speech that he has spoken? Why bequeath these *novissima verba* as a legacy of embarrassment to his successors, and of dissatisfaction and discord in that already distracted country? Can we hope that Lord John Russell will be able, even if he be willing, to maintain anything like a real elective franchise in Ireland, when the requisitions of Mr. O'Connell are thus endorsed by Sir Robert Peel?

This extraordinary speech concludes not inappropriately with this extraordinary sentence :

‘I shall leave office, I fear, with a name severely censured by many honourable gentlemen, who, on public principle, deeply regret the severance of party ties—who deeply regret that severance, not from any interested or personal motives, but because they believe fidelity to party engagements—the existence and maintenance of a great party—to constitute a powerful instrument of government. . . . I shall leave a name execrated by every *monopolist* (*loud cheering from the Opposition*), who, from *less honourable* motives, maintains protection for his own individual benefit (*continued cheering*): but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good will, when they shall *recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food*, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice. (*Loud and vociferous cheering.*)’ ‘*Cheering*’ from the Whigs, Radicals, and Repealers!

We shall notice presently the portion of this peroration which refers to party connexions; but we must take the liberty to object to both the justice and the policy of representing by the odious characteristics of greedy, selfish, and dishonourable *monopolists* those whose only crime was their fidelity to Sir Robert Peel's own principles; and, for *his* sake as well as ours, we indignantly protest against the implication, that, up to the commencement of this year, 1846, he, and all that have followed him, have been oppressors of the poor—*taxing unjustly*, and with the most sordid motives, the scanty subsistence of the children of toil. Was Sir Robert Peel speaking under some delusive excitement? Was he aware of what he was saying? Did he for the moment forget

that his political life had lasted for *six-and-thirty years*; and that during that long period he had been sometimes the able instrument, sometimes the original author, and always an active promoter, of those measures which he now, by this injurious contrast, holds up to the execration of mankind? Does he expect, by this kind of death-bed repentance, to obliterate all the censure, all the guilt, which he thus charges on his whole antecedent career? Is he content to be remembered with good will '*from and after the passing of this Act*,' and to be loaded with retrospective reproach and obloquy for the long antecedent portion of his political life? If he be—we are not. We never defended his corn-laws on any such grounds, nor for any such possible results as he indicates. We have no doubt of his own personal charity and benevolence—they are as great as his other private virtues; but we cannot admit that he feels more for the real interests of the poor than those who have supported a graduated Corn Law, and whose first argument and object has ever been to secure for the working population a steadier, more certain, more domestic, and therefore, in the end, *cheaper* and more abundant supply of the first necessary of life. They may be mistaken in their views; but did it become Sir Robert Peel, who had so large a share in leading them into the error (if error it were), to point them out to popular vengeance as monopolist oppressors of the poor? Was it not doing still more directly what he himself, in February, 1843, had reproached to Mr. Cobden? And was he blind to the danger to which his denunciation exposed the haggards and the persons of the *monopolists*? But hear how he himself had in his speech of 1842 anticipated and disposed of such clap-trap arguments:—

'Sir, it is impossible not to feel that those who advocate the repeal of every impost of every kind upon the subsistence of the people are enabled to appeal to topics which give them a great advantage—to urge that there is a tax upon bread, a tax upon the subsistence of the people—to urge that the tax is maintained for the protection or advantage of a separate class. (*Cheers from the Opposition*.) He who urges arguments of this kind must, of course, make a considerable impression upon those who listen to him. A comparison is made between the dearness of food in this country and the cheapness of food in some other countries, and the inference is immediately drawn that the people of this country ought to be placed upon the same footing in respect to the articles of subsistence, and that their condition will be benefited by the reduction of the price of food to that rate at which it can be purchased in other countries. Sir, it appears to me that any conclusion founded upon such a position will be altogether erroneous. (*Cheers from the Ministerial benches*.)'—*Speech of February, 1842, p. 12.*

And then for six pages more of the printed speech he enforced, by numerous facts and cogent arguments, the proposition that it is '*a hasty and unwise inference that the people of this country would*'

would be placed in a situation of greater comfort if the price of food should be reduced to the Continental standard' (p. 13); and he concludes that topic by expressing his

'firm belief—that if the House of Commons should be induced to pledge itself to a total repeal, which we on this side of the House deprecate so much, you will only superadd the severest agricultural distress, without relieving permanently the manufactures of the country. Any such disturbance of agriculture as must follow from a total repeal of the corn-laws would, in my opinion, lead to unfavourable results, not only with respect to the agriculturists themselves, but also to all those numerous classes who are identified with them in interest.'—p. 19.

But a new light has broken upon him, and, forgetting the six pages of elaborate facts and able and eloquent arguments of the speech of 1842, he selects in 1846 as the highest topic of his self-gratulation, that labourers are 'to recruit their exhausted strength with untaxed food.' *Untaxed?* Not yet; for though the measure was grounded on the scarcity of last season and the prediction of its continuance or even aggravation in the present year, the duty under the new law has been up to its own maximum, and nearly equal to what it would have been under the old. If the relief were necessary, it ought to have met the immediate emergency, instead of being postponed for three years—but let that pass. By and bye it is to be untaxed—yes, untaxed by *our* Exchequer, but taxed probably more highly by foreign and perhaps hostile treasuries. We have already shown that our nearest Continental neighbours had export-duties which rose pretty nearly as our import-duties diminished; and that at this moment there would be payable on wheat imported from France a duty *there* of 15s. 4d. the quarter. Lord Brougham, in reply to the argument that if we came to depend altogether on the Continental powers for our food, we should become dependent on them eventually for our political existence, stated that such a fear was visionary, for that Buonaparte, in the plenitude of his enmity and his power, permitted the exportation of some million quarters of corn to England. Lord Brougham assumed that Buonaparte was obliged to permit it, because he did permit it: but his Lordship overlooked, we think, the real motive of that permission. Buonaparte condescended to that departure from his system, because on those many millions of quarters he levied a duty of—we know not exactly what the extent of the exaction and corruption of his licence system may have been, but certainly some millions of pounds sterling!—so that Lord Brougham's argument, like every other argument that rests on facts, turns out to be the strongest confirmation of our opinion. And that will happen again and for ever, in anything like a similar case. Foreign states, even though at war with us, will probably never attempt, or at all events will



not be for any long period able, to close their ports hermetically against us—their own strong interest may prevent that—but they will do what, from the extent, the facility, and the results of the operation, will be worse; they will enhance their meted supply to famine prices, and will pay their soldiers and sailors to fight us by the tax which we shall be forced to pay them for our food; and this, as we have before shown, will happen exactly at the time when the other effects of war will have diminished our manufacturing exports, and consequently involved our manufacturing population in the double distress of want of labour and dearth of food. This argument, too, Sir Robert Peel in his speech of 1842 foresaw and enforced:—

‘I retain the opinion, which *I expressed some time ago*, that it is of the utmost importance to the interests of this country that you should be as far as possible *independent of foreign supply*.’—p. 21.

This, we see, was not a hasty *extempore* opinion—but a deliberate adherence to one that he had before expressed.

Again:—

‘My belief, and the belief of my colleagues, is that it is important for this country— that it is of the *highest importance to the welfare of all classes* in this country, that you should take care that the main sources of your supply of corn should be derived from *domestic agriculture*. (Hear, hear.)’—p. 45.

And it is not for the benefit of landlords that he advocates this independency of foreign supplies, but for the *labourer* on whose behalf he pleads that the food may *not be untaxed*:—

‘I say that it is of importance in a country like this, where the chief subsistence of the *labourer* consists of wheat, if we resort to foreign countries for supplies, to take care that those supplies should be for the purpose of making up deficiencies, rather than as the chief sources of subsistence.’ (Hear.)’—p. 22.

Again:—

‘I certainly do consider that it is for the interest of *all classes* that we should be paying occasionally a small additional sum upon our own domestic produce, in order that we might thereby establish a *security and insurance against those calamities that would ensue, if we became altogether, or in a great part, dependent upon foreign countries* for our supply. (Hear, hear.)’—p. 44.

In short, there is hardly a topic of the speech of June, 1846, which is not anticipated and refuted by that of February, 1842.

But there is another ‘*leaven*’ still more powerful than the indirect taxation of the Corn-laws by which Sir Robert Peel’s measures will both embitter and diminish the daily bread of those ‘whose lot it is to labour’—we mean the lowering of wages proportionably to the price of provisions. This is as inevitable as any of the physical consequences of the great laws of nature; and we will venture

venture to assert, that this promise of additional and permanent abundance to the poor, from the cheapness of bread, is a mere sophism, and that low wages will practically intercept Sir Robert Peel's verbal benevolence.

But if Sir Robert Peel's new light be the true one,—if the general principle be of such paramount importance as to have justified such a revolution as has been made—if the removal of taxation from the 'food that recruits the exhausted strength' of the labourer was really the object, and an object of such urgent duty—why was it not carried out by the abolition of all taxation on the many other articles of the poor man's subsistence and comfort—sugar, coffee, tea, malt? Let it not be thought that we advocate such sweeping changes—very far from it: we regret to hear of such wild schemes, and we adjure the Conservatives not to countenance such dangerous delusions. We allude to them only for the purpose of testing Sir Robert Peel's speech by his own principles. We may perhaps be answered, that Sir Robert Peel would do so, and that he wishes to see malt, sugar, coffee, and tea as free as bread or air. We believe it may be so; but, again, this would only be defending his esoteric consistency by the sacrifice of his candour. He has never, that we know of, avowed in the face of Parliament a preference for direct over indirect taxation, though it seems indicated in a letter quite recently addressed by him to the people of Elbing (of which we shall say more presently), and may have been, as we now suspect, lurking under all Sir Robert Peel's measures. Against this as a general principle we at once enter our protest. We are satisfied that in a free government the system of indirect taxation is the safest, and indeed the only one that can be long borne. A despot might levy a poll-tax, as under the pressure of a tyrant danger our Parliament consented to the temporary imposition of an income-tax; but the principle of that tax is so dangerous from the facility of abuse, that both at its original enactment during the late war, and its revival four years ago, its duration was carefully limited to the urgency. Full sure we are that direct taxation will not be long tolerable; and that indirect taxation, to be sufficiently productive, must bear on the necessities of life, or on such luxuries—wine, spirits, tea, sugar, malt, tobacco, &c.—as have become in fact necessities. To raise millions you must tax millions. Nothing but a taxation that shall in some degree reach *all*, will adequately supply the Exchequer, and nothing else admits of such easy and equitable adjustment and mutual compensation between the different interests—because such taxes on commodities enter into the adjustments of trade and the value of labour, and are eventually paid, not by the poor consumer, but by those who hire that consumer's labour, or buy the produce of it.

But

...But there is something still more serious than the mere theory of taxation in Sir Robert Peel's dealings with the Income-Tax. He had frequently, during the time that the Whigs were evidently involving themselves in the financial difficulties which finally overpowered them, recorded his strong disapprobation of such a 'tax in time of peace':—

'Such a tax is a great resource in time of necessity, and therefore I am unwilling, by establishing the *offensive inquisition* with which it must be accompanied, to create such an *odium* against it as may render it almost impracticable to resort to it in times of *extreme necessity*.'—*Speech*, 19th April, 1833.

'The only alternative for the *reduction of other taxes* is to resort to a property-tax, to which I am *decidedly opposed*.'—*Speech*, 30th April, 1833.

'Deprecating, as I do, *above all things*, the re-imposition of such an *inquisitorial tax in time of peace* without the most serious and *overwhelming necessity*.'—*Speech*, 27th Feb., 1834.

Now, the emergency of 1812, under which, in face of these objections, the income-tax was imposed, was perhaps not quite so 'overwhelming' as Sir Robert Peel's previous declarations might seem to require for the defence of the impost—at least it was not more urgent than the prospect before Sir Robert Peel's eyes when he made these denunciations—for it is at least as necessary to the public interests to prevent a deficit, as to remove one when incurred: but we will not dwell on that circumstance—though it is by no means unimportant in estimating Sir Robert Peel's financial sagacity. We admit that a sufficient case was made out—it satisfied Parliament and the country of the strong expediency of imposing the tax; it was therefore passed for three years—with, at most, a possible extension to five years—by which time it was argued that the development of the tariff system would have so improved the revenue as to render the income-tax—'odious' and 'inquisitorial,' and only to be justified by 'an overwhelming necessity'—no longer required. So, in our article on Sir Robert Peel's financial system, we concluded our defence of the income-tax by suggesting—

'that the unpopular nature of the tax suits it particularly to a *temporary purpose*; for the country, patient as it has been of its imposition as an *emergency*, will be very watchful to see that it shall *not be continued an hour longer* than shall be *absolutely necessary*.'—*Q. Rev.*, June, 1842.

And in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham, as an independent member who had had the largest share in enforcing the repeal of the tax after the war, and the Duke of Wellington, as representing the Cabinet, reiterated and recorded Sir Robert Peel's pledges that the duration of the tax was to be strictly limited to the *existing emergency*. Lord Brougham even moved a series of resolutions

to that effect. We are now told—and told in a most surprising way—that all this was a mere deception. It seems that the Prussian town of Elbing, near the mouth of the Vistula—one of the chief outlets of Polish wheat—presented an address of congratulation and thanks to Sir Robert Peel on the repeal of the British Corn-Laws. There is something so extraordinary in the idea of such an address from such a quarter—it seems so monstrous that a foreign people should, by way of doing him honour, record their gratitude to a British minister for sacrificing the interest of his own country to the profit of theirs; and, above all, it seemed so wholly impossible that a statesman of Sir Robert Peel's good sense and good taste could feel otherwise than humiliated at such an untoward compliment—that it was with sincere unbelief that we read in the papers an answer to this Elbing address (itself not published), bearing the signature of Sir Robert Peel, and not only responding gratefully to what we should have expected he would have thought an insult, but opening to his Elbing admirers certain arcana of his policy which he had never stated, we believe, to his own Cabinet, and certainly not to either Parliament or the country. As this extraordinary communication has not been disavowed, we are reluctantly forced to consider it as genuine, at least in substance—and in it we find, *inter alia mirabilia*, the following passage relating to the income-tax, which, remembering all that Sir Robert Peel had said about the objects and duration of that tax, struck us, and, we believe, the country at large, with the most painful astonishment:—

'The object of the income-tax was not only to make good a deficit, but also to lay the foundation of a more just system of taxation by putting an end to duties on many kinds of produce necessary to the comforts of the working classes.'

What! this 'odious and inquisitorial' tax—not to be thought of but under an 'overwhelming necessity'—and stated to the Parliament and people of England as so objectionable, so intolerable, that it must be limited to *three* or at the most to *five* years—was, it seems, secretly designed to be the *foundation*—the substantial and permanent basis of our whole financial system—to the eventual abrogation of all other modes of taxation. And this momentous disclosure is first made in August, 1846—and to the town of Elbing!

Another circumstance connected with the Income-Tax and the Corn Bill of 1842, is too remarkable to be passed over. These bills were proposed together as parts of the *same system*; but with this important distinction, that the Corn-law was supposed to be permanent, while the Income-Tax was to expire in three years: and this supposed *settlement* of the Corn question was  
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the consideration which induced the lauded interest to submit to the temporary income-tax. But see the result: the Corn-law is repealed, and a revenue, on the average of the last five years, of 1,000,000*l.* lost to the Exchequer, while the income-tax is not only not allowed to expire, but it is re-enacted; and who is bold enough to contemplate its termination—except by a revolution—of which indeed it now seems probable that financial disorder—produced by the discouragement of domestic industry, and interests, and the substitution of direct for indirect taxation—may be the more immediate impulse?

But it is not by fiscal and statistical considerations only, be they ever so sound, that a minister should regulate his own conduct or attempt to govern a nation. They are no doubt a highly important, but still secondary part of his duty—he should see that those financial considerations be reconcilable with considerations of another class—with those moral and social interests which constitute the spirit, as the others do the sinews of a people—and are, if the occasion of any such distinction should arise, to be preferred, as the soul is to the body. Sir Robert Peel solicited and obtained the confidence of the country in the general election of 1844, as against the whole scheme of Free Trade policy embodied in the Whig budget of that year. This budget he justly and ably ridiculed, spurned, and defeated; more especially and solemnly did he denounce the attempt to disturb the existing principle of agricultural protection; and he called upon the country to ratify the condemnation. They did so—they raised him to power as the representative and exponent of the principles which he and, as it appeared, the great majority of the constituencies, professed. How has he kept that solemn engagement—that most unequivocal obligation?—The budget of 1841, so scorned, so vilified, that it became the death-warrant of its authors, was destined, as it turned out, to be not the trophy but the equipment of its conquerors—as the Indian, after a victory, dresses himself in the bloody scalp of his adversary; and this unhappy and we still repeat, inexplicable tergiversation has shaken the moral confidence of the country in public men to a degree more injurious, at least for a time, than its material consequences are likely to be.

But we are asked: Is then a minister never to change his opinion; and is he bound, after such a change, to persist in an error grievous to his own conscience, and dangerous to his country? Before we answer these inquiries, we think we have a right to ask one or two previous questions—first, has not, in such a case, the country some claim to be fully and openly informed of the circumstances, and the immediate motive of such a conversion; and have we not that general claim in a more urgent degree when a period and a motive have been assigned which are admitted—or,

at least; cannot be now denied to have been either a mistake or a misstatement? The Irish famine was the ostensible cause. But the measure did not, and does not, and could not, and cannot by any possibility, relieve Irish famine, which is not a famine of corn, but of means to buy it; nor could the pretended remedy even come into operation till that emergency had passed away; and now when a new and unexpected emergency has arisen, the full relief—if there could be any relief at all—is deferred for three years. And, as we have just seen, the valedictory speech puts the policy on the altogether different ground of preventing 'hostile collision and conflict between great and powerful classes in the country.'

But, again, may we not ask to what degree of respect are opinions entitled which can be thus hastily changed without any cause visible to the world—may, without any cause intelligible to friends, companions, and colleagues? We conclude on this head that a man liable to this infirmity of purpose should be doubly cautious in giving pledges in which he himself can have no confidence, and undertaking for a degree of consistency and firmness, of which he must feel himself, from the timorous sensibility of his conscience, to be incapable. 'Ambition,' as Shakspeare says, 'should be made of sterner stuff;' and the officer who is not sure that he can smell gunpowder without fainting, or hear the whistling of the balls without running below, should not take the command of a ship—or, if he should be so rash, must be doomed to suffer the terrible penalty of his constitutional infirmity. This was the doctrine of Mr. Burke, the greatest authority that ever wrote on political ethics:—

'Every project of a material change in a government so complicated as ours, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a matter full of difficulties; in which a *considerate man will not be too ready to decide; a prudent man too ready to undertake; or an honest man too ready to promise. They do not respect the public nor themselves who engage for more than they are sure that they ought to attempt, or that they are able to perform.*'—*Thoughts on the present Discontents; Works*, vol. ii. p. 323.

But we leave these questions to return to that first put—What is a minister to do who has, no matter how or why, thus changed his individual opinion? We begin by answering that, with the utmost respect for the workings of a private conscience, we cannot bring ourselves to regard a minister—the selected and trusted leader of a party—as a mere individual.

We stated in our April number that we conceived Sir Robert Peel to be a more dangerous minister than Lord John Russell, would be—even when they moved in the same direction—because, Sir Robert Peel seemed to have adopted what we consider a most dangerous licence of holding himself absolved, by the vicissitudes of

of his own personal opinion, from the obligations of Party. This we conceive to be a great mistake, and quite incompatible with representative government. Lord Lyttelton, who lived in an atmosphere of faction, had not that perfect view of the utility under our constitution of 'Party,' and of fidelity to 'Party connexions,' subsequently developed by Burke, but he had a glimpse of it.

'In an absolute monarchy a tyrant has nothing to restrain him; whereas *parties* are not only a control on those that govern, but on each other—nay, they are even a control upon *themselves*; as the leaders of them dare not give a loose to their *own particular passions and designs* for fear of hurting their credit with those whom it is their interest to manage.'—*Persian Letters*, lv.

The leader of a party, though elected no doubt into that high station for very superior qualities, becomes, by accepting such a confidence, only the first partner in the concern—*primus inter pares*: his followers, if we may so call them, are not more bound to support than entitled to advise him. As the parliamentary party represents one portion of public opinion, so the leader represents the party; and cannot, in any rational theory of constitutional connections, hold himself independent of those whose *foreman* he is, and without whom the greatest orator or statesman can be, in our present political system, no more than a unit—whose utility and value must depend, in a great measure, on the numbers that follow it. Even Lord Chatham himself—a dictator in circumstances and times that never can return—always broke down (and once in a most humiliating way), from the overweening and, as we believe, insane arrogance of standing absolutely alone. The thing is impossible. The business of the country could not be done by 'one too powerful subject,' waited upon by slaves and puppets; and if it could, this country would not bear to be governed by a Vizier.

If we are asked, Is, then, a leader of a party to be in fact its slave—to have no opinion of his own? We might retort by a more apposite question—Is a party to be the slave of its leader? But we answer on higher principles—No. A leader is not fit to be in such a position if he is not able to guide the party to a unity of opinion by his superior tact and judgment, upon mutual explanation and concession; and it is the main use of Party, that in such confidential and preliminary explanations, measures on which there might be some original discordance, may be modified and ripened, and rendered generally acceptable. The reasons that influence a leader will seldom fail, if frankly and cordially communicated, to make a strong impression on his friends; but that in this country a minister or leader of a party can be entitled to the *sic volo* of an individual and despotic opinion we totally deny. A Party is a kind of republic, of which the leader is  
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only President,—owing to his party the same or indeed, rather stricter allegiance than his party to him, and that allegiance should be in direct proportion with the eminence to which the confidence of the party may have raised him. Let us look at the matter practically. A Party raises a man, or, which is nearly the same thing, affords him the footing and the force by which he raises himself, to great political distinction; the Sovereign in consequence raises him to power. What would be thought of the Minister who, *on any pretence whatsoever*, should turn against the Sovereign the power so confided? And are not gratitude and fidelity due at least equally to the Party as to the Sovereign—for the Party has been the earlier and the greater benefactor?

‘Certain it is,’ says Mr. Burke, ‘the best patriots in the greatest commonwealths have always commended and promoted such connexions. *Idem sentire de republicâ* was with them a principal ground of friendship and attachment; nor do I know any other capable of forming firmer, dearer, more pleasing, more honourable, and more virtuous habits. The Romans carried this principle a great way. Even the holding of offices together gave rise to a relation which continued for life; and it was looked upon with a sacred reverence. Breaches of any of these kinds of civil relation were considered as acts of the most distinguished turpitude. This wise people was far from imagining that those connexions had no tie, and obliged to no duty; but that men might quit them without shame, upon every call of interest. They believed private honour to be the great foundation of public trust; that friendship was no mean step towards patriotism; that he who in the common intercourse of life showed he regarded somebody besides himself, when he came to act in a public situation, might probably consult some other interest than his own.’—*Works*, vol. ii. pp. 332, 333.

But, after all, if a minister does conscientiously arrive at an opinion contrary to that of his whole life, and of his whole party, what is he to do? Why, obviously and undoubtedly, to *retire*—to divest himself at once and with scrupulous delicacy of every shred of power with which he was invested by the Party he is about to leave—to resign (as honourable deserters—for such we readily admit there may be—have done) his commission—his sword—and even the trifles of uniform and equipment, before he passes over to the enemy—to place himself as nearly as may be possible in the state in which he was before the partiality of his late friends had raised him to the power which he should scorn to use to their detriment—and, above all, he should take care to go over *alone*—neither to weaken those he leaves, nor to involve any other person in a proceeding only justified *ex hypothesi* on the plea of *individual* conscience. This may be a painful and difficult, but it is not therefore a less imperious duty.

Sir Robert Peel said in his resignation speech:—

‘I must also say that I did not propose those measures connected with



with our commercial policy at the commencement of this session without *foreseeing that, whether these measures succeeded or failed, they must cause the dissolution of the Government which proposed them.*

So we thought in April last, when we concluded our Postscript with these words:—

‘We implore the members of both the Houses of Lords and Commons to recollect and to act upon this short but, we believe, indisputable truth, that—do what they now will—*they cannot save the ministry*—but they perhaps may save the country.’

This advice was unfortunately disregarded—chiefly, we are satisfied, because the fact was disbelieved. The maintenance of Sir Robert Peel's Government, was confessedly the motive that influenced his Colleagues to resume their places; it was we know with some, and we believe with all of his 112 supporters in the House of Commons, the main inducement of their adherence to a policy which, we are convinced, not one of them originally approved. It is to *them*, and not to persons of our views and opinions, that Sir Robert Peel has to explain why, if he knew from the beginning that this measure, whether successful or not, was to dissolve his Government, he induced first his Cabinet, and subsequently his friends, to overcome their scruples and forfeit so largely their political influence and personal consideration, for the single purpose of maintaining a Government to which he had already administered so deadly a poison, that *he knew* it could not possibly survive the session. Is there any man so ignorant of the state of parties and of the temper of the House of Commons as to believe that, if Sir Robert had made at the commencement of the session the avowal made at its close, he would have had the concurrence of any 10 of his 112 followers in that House? In the House of Lords there would not, we believe, have been a single apostate. Just as if he had stated to the country in 1841, or to Parliament in 1842, what he has revealed to the corn-merchants of Elbing in 1846, he never could have carried his Income Tax, and, in fact, never would have been Minister.

But if Sir Robert Peel foresaw in his measure the certain dissolution of his administration, how is it that he seems not to have thought of or, at least, not given due weight to all the consequences of such an event?

First, should he not, on behalf of the country and of the Queen, have assured himself that an efficient Government could be formed to replace him? This was so far from being the case, that on the dissolution of his Government in December, it was found that none other was possible, in the circumstances in which he had placed parties and the country, and he was forced to clumsily reconstruct that which he had improvidently dissolved;—so clumsy and so improvident was the whole operation, that, to say nothing

nothing of many minor embarrassments, the Secretary for Ireland, a nobleman, until these unlucky times, universally and deservedly popular, was rejected in his own county by his own family and friends, and found, with great difficulty and by very unsatisfactory means, an obscure and unexpected seat; while there was exhibited a phenomenon never before witnessed in our constitutional history—an important session passed with a Secretary of State out of Parliament, not from any deficiency of personal merits—quite the reverse—but from being disabled by his connexion with the Minister's policy to obtain the confidence of any constituency.

But Sir Robert Peel's change of mind, in the form it has taken, has produced still more permanent and more serious mischiefs. It has broken down and for a season at least almost annihilated the only party in the country on which any solid Government can be founded and maintained—the *Landed Interest*. We do not call it exclusively the *Tory* party,—for though more peculiarly connected with the Tories, it has also a strong affinity with a powerful and influential body of the old Whigs, who are as deeply, though not so openly, alarmed at the revolutionary tendency of Sir Robert Peel's measures, and still more at the principles which he has recently promulgated. Sir Robert Peel also should have considered the personal difficulties into which, with his own eyes, he says, open to the result, he was leading his blindfolded friends. We know not how many of the 112 gentlemen, originally led astray, continue to adhere to their error; the number we are told is small, but whatever it be, most of them will be subjected to a very painful ordeal. Some have already been forced out of public life; others are notoriously doomed; almost all are in difficulty and apprehension. Nor will they be the only sufferers. The whole Conservative party will be seriously affected. Many of the Counties and Conservative Boroughs now represented by these new advocates of Free Trade will probably be disturbed by expensive contests, and in the struggle it is to be apprehended that some, not merely Whigs, but extreme Radicals, may slip in. We have already seen in some instances, and may (unless some healing policy be adopted amongst the Conservatives) soon see in many more, the peace of private families as well as of public constituencies destroyed—father against son—nephew against uncle—brother against brother—tenants against landlords—friends against friends—a general dislocation of interests, and a violent disruption of attachments, such as never, we believe, since the Revolution, distracted this nation. Is not this an evil—a more deep and lasting evil than even it at first sight appears—which might have been foreseen, and which, if there were no other motive, ought to have deterred a statesman from thus *experimenting* on the essential elements of social as well as political life!

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But when Sir Robert Peel—foreseeing the dissolution of his Government—embarked his friends for a stormy voyage and a certain shipwreck,—did he also contemplate his own spontaneous retirement from public life, on which he now appears to have resolved? In a letter to Lord Lyndhurst, read by the latter in the House of Lords on the 25th August, in reference to his Lordship's endeavour to reconcile the scattered elements of the Conservative party, Sir Robert says—

‘At our interview you informed me of a fact of which I was not previously aware, namely—that you had been in communication with some of the members of the late Government and of the party which generally supported it, with a view of healing animosities and reconstructing the Conservative party. That before you went further you had resolved to speak to me, and that the part you were taking is a disinterested one, inasmuch as *your return to office was out of the question*. My answer was, that I must decline being any party to the proceedings to which you referred. I said that *return to office was as little in my contemplation as in yours*, and that I was not prepared to enter into any party combinations with that view. I felt it incumbent on me, under the circumstances, to leave those with whom I had been previously connected in political life entirely at liberty to judge for themselves, with respect to the formation of any new party connexion.’—*Debates, 25th August.*

This, which is in itself as explicit as could be expected in a public declaration, has been, if we are rightly informed, repeated in private more circumstantially and still more decidedly. This declaration, in *terms*, only applies to the fatigues and anxieties of *office*; but we suppose that it means to indicate a withdrawal from parliamentary life also. It would be quite inconsistent with either the theory or practice of the Constitution, that so important a person as Sir Robert Peel, even if he stood alone must be, should take a share in the national counsels without incurring the responsibility of assisting to carry into effect the advice which he might persuade Parliament to adopt. It may be, in theory, very well to say, why should not an independent member sit by to watch, on behalf of the country, the proceedings of Parliament, without subjecting himself to any ulterior responsibility? he may feel himself capable of being a good critic, though not a working minister. This might be true of subalterns, but is an idle fancy as to men of Sir Robert Peel's rank and station. He well knows, and indeed distinctly stated, in 1841, that he who takes upon himself the great responsibility of disturbing an established administration, is bound to see his way clearly to the substitution of another. If ‘*office is as little in Sir Robert Peel's contemplation as in Lord Lyndhurst's*,’—that is, altogether ‘*out of the question*’—the logical and constitutional consequence would certainly be his leaving Parliament also. But his conduct appears to have been of late so little guided by logical or constitutional considerations, that we shall be

more grieved than surprised to see him taking a different course. Indeed we find in well-informed quarters a conviction that he means to attend regularly, taking a leading part in most great questions, and acting (with a small body of implicit adherents) the part of an arbiter between the Government and the Conservatives—a position anomalous in itself, and productive of the greatest embarrassment to all parties, and which would, we fear, perpetuate, and even exasperate, animosities, and not only render the reconstruction of the Conservative party more difficult, but smooth the way for those measures of gradual, or perhaps rapid, downward progress which Lord John Russell will in those circumstances be constrained—*volens volens*—to introduce; but which he will probably introduce as gradually as he can. Sir Robert Peel will more frequently be found voting with the Government than against them—and, even though sitting on the Opposition benches, as often urging them onward as restraining them. Sir Robert Peel's prominent occupation of the Opposition bench during the few last days of the session was observed upon as practical proof that he had not really given up Party: there are places which it is well understood that *neutrals* are supposed to occupy; and it seems, indeed, hardly consistent with that tact and delicacy—we had almost said pride—for which Sir Robert Peel is so distinguished, that he should sit in front of and appear to derive countenance at least from a party to which he does not belong, and in which his presence is thought intrusive and must be inconvenient. Those who entertain these opinions of Sir Robert Peel's intentions consider his repudiation of party connexions only as a dexterous promulgation of what has long been his real object, the freeing himself from all obligation and duty to his followers, but by no means renouncing the allegiance of his followers towards him. But again we say, such a course, if by the dissensions or coalitions of parties it should be successful, must lead to *office*. If his counsels prevail, he must assume the practical responsibility of carrying them into effect; an event that, in his present disposition, he himself we are satisfied would wish at least to postpone, and which we should be sorry, for his own sake and that of the country, ever again to witness. Great as are his administrative and parliamentary abilities, admired as he must be for many high qualities, we think we may venture to say that he has put it out of his own power, even if he should have the will, to maintain the institutions of the country. Whatever power he has left to himself is only, we fear, for destruction; he has now none at all for conservation;—he has, on the contrary, given a new impulse to revolutionary doctrines and hopes. The universal fears of every class of Conservatives, and the undisguised triumph of every class of Destructionists, attest this. Our whole Number would not suffice for the

the testimonies we could produce from various speeches and publications in corroboration of this opinion; but we will take two as far removed as possible from any community of interests or any identity of opinion, except on this single point. The first is Mr. Henry Drummond, than whom few men in England have a more extensive knowledge of both our commercial and agricultural interests:—

‘The measures now pending,’ he says, ‘must produce as great a revolution in the principles and framework of English society as the revolution in France caused in that country.

‘If the measure commonly known by the name of Free Trade contained in it nothing more than the sound conveys, it would be a measure of unmixed good. If it involved nothing more than the transfer of property from one set of men to another set of men of the same class, it would concern none but the parties interested; but it involves, not by far-fetched deductions, but by obvious necessity, the destruction of all those things which God has instituted in a Christian monarchy—as certainly as those things have been overthrown in France: such as the annihilation of entails, that is, of family and hereditary interests as distinguished from merely personal interests; the destruction of primogeniture; the ruin of many widows and orphans; the minute subdivision of lands as in France; a universal attack on tithes, and on the compulsory support of cathedrals and parish churches.’—*Letter*, p. 17.

On the other hand, we take from the polyglot of the League debates the first passage that comes to hand—an extract from a speech made by Mr. Bright at the great meeting of the League in Covent Garden Theatre, which avows the object for which the repeal of the corn-laws was urged:—

‘There is one thing which, above all, the people *should get rid of*, namely, their reverence for even the worthless portion of the *aristocracy*. It is a false and worthless idolatry; a bowing down to Baal. I reverence and respect the laws when they are the embodiment of just principles; but I cannot countenance the reverence paid by the people to those who *oppress, grind them down, and scourge them*. I hope the day will arrive when they will throw off the burdens with which they *are oppressed by this aristocracy*, and stand forth the bravest, the freest, and the most virtuous people on the face of the earth.’—*Speech at Covent Garden, Feb. 27th, 1844.*

We the rather quote this passage because it has been adopted as the motto of a seditious and libellous volume, called ‘*The Aristocracy of England, by John Hampden, junior*,’—which has been circulated with great activity; from the preface of which we subjoin an extract as a specimen of the spirit in which Sir Robert Peel’s proceedings are regarded by his new admirers and allies, and as an exposition of the ultimate objects which his measures are by them expected to accomplish:—

‘At the very moment that this volume is going through the press,  
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the most monstrous of the aristocratic impositions of which it complains—the corn-law—is doomed to extinction by the parliament and people of England. Providence, by the gift of a drenching summer, and the consequent disease of the potato, has sent the necessary pressure to compel the people to speak out. Public opinion, and that great organ of public opinion—the Anti-Corn-law League—have compelled the startled Government to listen to the people's voice. *Wonderful conversions of public men in the hour of terror have taken place.* The prime minister himself has stood forth, *as the apostle of Free Trade!* *These are glorious triumphs for a popular cause.* Never did public circumstances so auspiciously show themselves in England since the great revolution of 1688. Let the nation take care, *this time*, to secure the full fruits of them. Let the example of the League show that public opinion, if it please, is omnipotent. *Let it not stop short with the abolition of the corn-laws and the reduction of certain duties.* Let it remember that with the abolition of the corn-laws only *one of a thousand* aristocratic evils is eradicated. Time will show that cheap bread alone will not enable us to remedy all the mischiefs which remain. *Our debt is eight hundred millions; our annual taxation fifty millions; and these will lie as an incubus on our manufacturing exertions, and on the cheapness of everything in England.* Let the people remember that *aristocratic corruption* and the sources of its corruption still remain in the state; that the *root of the mischief is still there*; that the franchise is still restricted to a few; that Providence will not every year interfere with the seasons, to remedy what we should remedy ourselves. Public opinion, having now shown its power, should maintain its ascendancy till *every aristocratic evil is obliterated*; till the aristocracy are thrust back to their own house; till the dukes and lords cease to meddle in the election of the commons; in a word, till our constitution and prosperity are actually restored.

*Hampden Junior* is an obscure libeller, and, so far as he himself is concerned, utterly contemptible, but not so when we find him the ally and advocate of Sir Robert Peel's policy.

We are tempted to follow up his denunciations by the evidence of a more influential expounder of public opinion, or, we should rather say, public apprehension. Our readers will recollect that the *Times* newspaper was selected as the organ to announce Sir Robert Peel's conversion, and that it was throughout the strongest partisan of the ministerial measure, though not always of the minister himself, whose fall it seemed to anticipate, and whom it frequently handled with considerable severity, as it did even in announcing the division of the 16th June in the House of Lords, 'which decides,' it says, 'that the corn-law is gone; but gone,' proceeds the *Times*, 'soon probably to be followed by other changes, more curious and more striking than this'—which already it pronounces 'to have no parallel in the history of England':—

This curious retraction of opinions once confidently held and  
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strongly defended by men of understanding and integrity, *ought to prepare us for a RETRACTION more curious and a REVULSION more striking, when PRESSING QUESTIONS of social and economical import are brought home to the notice of the Legislature and the feelings of the people.*—*Times*, June 18, 1846.

What did this mean? What were *'those pressing questions of social and economical import?'* Where was to be the threatened *'revulsion?'* Was it as to the Church that we were menaced with a *'retraction'* of the minister's opinion?—or the Currency?—or the Union? We know not to what the *Times* may have specially alluded; but we now see in the speech of the 29th June, and in the Elbing letter, quite enough to justify our apprehensions that the fears of Mr. Drummond, and the hopes of the League, and these inuendos of the *Times*, are all well founded in the probabilities of experience. We believe that, since the unfortunate concession of 1829—unfortunate in being so long delayed—unfortunate in the circumstances in which it was made—unfortunate, above all, if it has indurated Sir Robert Peel's mind to the sacrifice of principles to expediency—we believe, we say, that since that event, and its logical and close-following consequence, the Reform Bill, everything has been gradually tending to a democratic revolution; but of all these successive triumphs over the Constitution, the last is the greatest—not merely on account of its material effects, for they are within control, but from its moral and political influences, and from the dangerous and unconstitutional process by which it has been accomplished—by the *will*, we hesitate not to say, of *one* man, and that man not exercising, we are convinced, a spontaneous and deliberate judgment of his own—but overpowered by the most disastrous and fatal principle that ever disorganized society—that whatever is audaciously asked must be submissively granted—that the most unreasonable, the most unconstitutional, the most demoralizing question, if only persisted in with a very moderate degree of clamour, must be *settled*—and that by one specific and only mode of settlement—*surrender!* With this doctrine what is safe?—and that this is the chief and master motive of Sir Robert Peel, who, after the speech of the 29th of June, can doubt?

These apprehensions of Sir Robert Peel's further views reconcile us in some degree to what we otherwise should have regretted—the means by which he was at last defeated. We were averse, on principle, to deny to his Government, which had certainly shown no other indisposition towards Ireland than the depreciation of her chief industry, any measures that it thought necessary to the peace of the sister kingdom; and we by no means liked the company in which the Conservatives found themselves in opposition

opposition to the Coercion Bill ; but we are forced to confess, and indeed Sir Robert Peel himself made indirectly a tantamount admission, that it had become necessary that the country should have a Government of whose principles and intentions (whether approving them or not) it should, at least, have some reasonable conjecture and guarantee. The Whigs are all more or less pledged to the same course of subversive innovation that Sir Robert Peel appears to have adopted, but they have not the same power of executing the mischief. The crisis of last December exemplifies the balance of danger. The Whigs were then reduced to confess that they could not repeal the corn-laws—not even with the cordial assistance of Sir Robert Peel out of office ; that transmutation was therefore left in the plastic hands of the *minister*, who, by their support, combined with the division in his own party and the influence of office, was enabled to accomplish what they had abandoned in despair. Under such circumstances we may regret the necessity of the vote of the Conservatives on the Coercion Bill, but we cannot presume to blame it. It seems to have been the only practicable mode of relieving the country from an unwelcome burthen, and Sir Robert Peel himself from what he has fully and candidly confessed to have been a false and, if persisted in, a discreditable position.

But it is another of the many fatal consequences of Sir Robert Peel's course of proceeding, that he has rendered the task of his successors more difficult and embarrassing than even their own characteristic indiscretion and former errors would have made it. We should not, under any circumstances, have had much hope of good and trustworthy government from the Whigs ; but we believe, that if Lord John Russell and his section of the Cabinet were really free agents—if he and his immediate friends were strong enough in Parliament or in the country to act on their own views—they would be disposed to adopt moderate—and what we may, not in a party sense, call—conservative counsels. Lord John intimated long ago, in a moment of discretion and candour, that he thought the country had had enough of revolution ; and we have no doubt that he and the majority of his colleagues are now more strongly of the same opinion ; but circumstanced as they are, how can we expect them to make any bold or effectual resistance when Sir Robert Peel's weight has been added to the *movement* faction ? Sir Robert Peel's intimations to this effect in the speech of the 29th June are the more embarrassing from their vagueness. If he had designated the precise extent to which he would have carried his concessions, the new ministry might have been controlled by his authority—but when he proposes in general terms his adherence to 'the same opinions which took



effect in the Charitable Bequests Bill and the additional endowments of Maynooth' \*—his wishes to remove 'the jealousy and suspicion that Ireland has *curtailed or mutilated rights,*' and to equalize, meaning, we suppose, to enlarge, '*civil and municipal franchises*'—his disposition 'to co-operate with those who feel that the present social condition of the people in respect to the *tenure of land* and the relation of *landlord and tenant* deserves immediate and cautious consideration'—his readiness, and that of those who supported his repeal of the corn-laws, to support measures of a similar character,†—all this appears to be but a paraphrase of Mr. O'Connell's watch-word, *justice for Ireland—justice*, which in its most indulgent meaning no one is disposed to deny her, but which, in the sense in which the Irish agitators employ it, means separation, spoliation, and revolution. And when, in addition to all this, we find in the Elbing letter the awful shadows of a perpetual Income-tax in order to effect 'a diminution of Custom duties,' and a removal of 'vexatious regulations' of Excise, we hardly know what extent of alteration in our institutions might not be comprised in these various categories, or at what point of a course of concession to Irish or English agitation Lord John's Cabinet might see reason to apprehend the resistance of Sir Robert Peel. Indeed, as we have already stated, it seems to be Sir Robert Peel's view of the present temper of the public mind and of the feebleness of authority, that nothing can be prudently or safely resisted, if pressed by any formidable degree of popular excitement.

The Whig ministry will certainly have no great desire—and if they had, they are not in a condition—to offer any effectual resistance. Their own independent force cannot, as we are told by those who are supposed to be the least biassed and most competent authorities, be rated so high as 170, nor the Protectionist-Conservatives so low as 300;‡ but whatever the exact

\* We cordially concurred in the expediency of those two measures—nay, we recommended the extension of the same principle to a stipendiary provision for the Roman Catholic clergy; but we did all this with the object, *inter alia*, of securing the Irish Church Establishment in all its property and power, an object as to which the vague expressions of Sir Robert Peel, combined with the other topics of his speech and Dr. Arnold's prediction, cannot but now create fresh anxiety.

† We subjoin a guess at the probable state of parties in the next House of Commons, without however vouching more for it than to say that we have had it from one well experienced and generally correct in such calculations—which, it must be admitted, are at the present moment peculiarly uncertain:—

Old Whigs . . . . .	160
Radicals and Repealers . . . . .	135
	— 295
Protectionist Opposition . . . . .	310
Peelites . . . . .	30
Doubtful and unknown . . . . .	20
Sudbury and Speaker . . . . .	3
	— 658

proportions

proportions may be, it is certain, and indeed admitted, that the ministers are daily and hourly at the mercy of their allies—the Repealers and Radicals, and must submit to their dictation. Of this we have already, short as their reign has been, had abundant proofs; the very composition of their ministry—the reluctant submission to the claims of persons ‘who might be troublesome’—the relaxation of opinions that might be embarrassing—the abandonment of the Arms Bill—the restoration of the Repeal magistrates—the admission of slave-grown sugar\*—the act that substantively emancipates the Colonies from the commercial jurisdiction of the mother country, and will inevitably lead to their political separation—in a word, many of their official appointments and all their legislative measures testify their feebleness and dependence. To many of these objectionable proceedings, and to more that will follow, we admit, as to a considerable proportion of the Whig cabinet, that ‘their poverty and not their will consents;’ but they are so intermixed and entangled with the Destructive party, and now so stimulated with the rival liberalism of Sir Robert Peel, that they have, we fear, no alternative but a persistence in their old course of disorganization and revolution.

For our part, we see—not in the misty suggestions of the *Times*—as through a glass darkly—nor even in the plainer denunciations of *Hampden, junior*, but by the full light of logic, reason, and experience, the ulterior and inevitable course of such a policy as Sir Robert Peel we think indicates, and as we fear Lord John Russell may, with whatever personal misgivings, be too likely to pursue—a general confiscation of property by the new plausibility of direct *graduated* taxation—the abolition of all church establishments (except, perhaps, that of Popery in Ireland)—and the application of all ecclesiastical revenues (at least in England) to latitudinarian purposes—extended franchises in Ireland and the repeal of the Union. How long the interest of the national debt will be paid in cash to be levied by direct taxation—how long primogeniture and the peerage will survive these changes, it is not difficult to guess—nor how long, under such circumstances, the

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\* One of the strangest passages of Sir Robert Peel's late conduct was his support of the Whig Sugar Bill in substitution of his own. This was properly no free trade question at all. It was a question of extending, of encouraging, by a large money premium, the African slave trade; and under the peculiar circumstances of the slave trade case this act has inflicted upon the counsels and character of England a heavy imputation of inconsistency and, which is worse, insincerity. This indeed Sir Robert Peel confesses. He and Mr. Sidney Herbert distinctly said on this subject,—‘It is no question of commerce and finance, but one of national character and public principle.’ How then has the nature of the question been changed in so short an interval? Nothing can excuse this, and the pretext is a vain and feeble one on which they affected to act, that they would not shake the new Government. On the same grounds, as Sir T. Acland justly observed, whatever the Whig-Radicals propose, Sir Robert and Mr. Herbert must support.

costly superfluity—as it will then be thought—of a Court and a Civil List will be tolerated. Thus we shall slide—possibly quietly, by due course of law, as Mr. Drummond suggests, and by the payment of dividends in a paper currency, or by a graduated property-tax—into a national bankruptcy, and a republic of the American fashion.

All this seems to us almost as certain in the consequential progress of such a policy as the harvests of autumn from the sowings of spring; and can only, after the late unhappy exhibition of the House of Lords, be arrested by the popular constituencies themselves; while, alas, the constitutional majority of those constituencies, already much weakened by former events, have been, by the recent schism and the consequent desertion of so many of their leaders, further divided and perplexed—so that on the whole we should look with utter despair at the prospect before us, if we did not believe as certainly in the moral as in the physical operations of a Divine Providence. The sacred lights of religion and reason may be clouded for a time, but they cannot be extinguished, and will always be alive for our use and guidance whenever a chastening trial may dispose us to seek them. If we are to have this total overthrow of all our existing institutions, the anarchy and agony, however sharp, will be of short duration; and we may be sure that this great and enlightened country will speedily (though after what intermediate suffering no one can conjecture) reconstitute itself.

It is possible, and we hope probable, that some early exhibitions of the growing mischiefs may give a more stirring alarm to the sound portion of the public mind, and arrest us in our descent. Events unforeseen may intervene to help us—

‘—quod optanti Divum promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultio.’

But it is a wise ordinance of Providence that its help is most certain and only efficacious to those who endeavour to help themselves—*Aide toi, Dieu t'aidera*. These alarming prospects have at least one advantage:—they render the duty of every man who is really attached to the present Constitution in CHURCH and STATE clear and imperative—they warn us to gather under one standard—to rally round the great principle of Conservatism—to range ourselves cordially under the guidance of those able and energetic members of both Houses of Parliament, who, in the extraordinary emergency in which the defection of our former leaders had placed us, have been, as it were, forced into the public service, and placed, without any wish of theirs, at the head of a Party—which, however for the moment divided and weakened, is certainly the most numerous, and will eventually prove itself to be—as long as the Constitution lasts—the most powerful and permanent in the country. One of these

these leaders is already pre-eminent: we need hardly say that we mean Lord Stanley. The practical readiness, as well as the brilliancy of his talents—the soundness of his religious as well as his political principles—the independence of his character—the firmness of his mind—and the distinguished station which he has occupied both in Parliament and in office—all concur to assign him the first place in the councils of the Conservative Party, which under his guidance—if he consent to undertake so arduous a task—may, it is to be hoped, be reunited in almost, if not quite, its former force, and restored to the influence in the councils of the State to which its numbers, wealth, and intelligence entitle it.

The crisis is approaching, if not impending. A dissolution must take place at no distant period, and may within a month. Some members of the Government are, we hear, averse to a dissolution, by which they could not hope to obtain any considerable accession of strength, and would lose the kind of claim which they have on the existing House of Commons, which may be said to have called them into office, and therefore owes them at least a longer trial. Others, however, we are informed, press for a dissolution, in the hope that the existing schism amongst the Conservatives will give them some chance of success in particular localities. But even if the former of these opinions prevails (as we believe it will), the event cannot be far distant, and all who profess any shade of Conservative principles should prepare themselves for this most important struggle—for we firmly believe that the next Parliament will have to deal with questions more momentous than any that have arisen since the Grand Rebellion, or at least since the Revolution—questions very much of the same character with those which agitated those critical periods of our history—the struggle between monarchy and democracy—between the Church of England and the Church of Rome—and between Irish independence and British connexion.

Let us, therefore, endeavour to reconstruct, under happier auspices and with safer guides, our Protestant and Protectionist majorities of 1841. The country has serious reason to complain of most, if not all, of the 112 gentlemen who, with more or less reluctance, permitted themselves to be involved in Sir Robert Peel's aberration. It is natural that the constituencies so betrayed should desire to execute the vengeance of exclusion on the 'apostates.' But mere vengeance is a low and unsubstantial motive of prospective conduct—and in politics there must be policy. Many of these gentlemen do not really deserve the reproach of apostacy; some erred through a mistaken sense of party allegiance; others felt that they were between two, as we must admit, awful dangers—Peel or Russell—a short respite or a total repeal—and pre-ferred,

ferred, as they erroneously thought, the lesser evil: others, perhaps, like the Duke of Wellington himself; looked further, and saw no alternative but between a bad Government and none at all. We think they, too, made a wrong election; we know it would have been fairer, we believe it would have been *safer*, to have left Sir Robert Peel to solve, with the help of Lord John Russell, the difficulties they had jointly created.

But we do not think that it would be either just or prudent to attempt to exclude from Conservative seats every individual who was either duped, or forced, or even persuaded, into this unhappy error. We do not contend that there may not be instances in which the defection had no excuse, and in which the peculiar circumstances may require a kind of exemplary ostracism; and we fully admit—nay, if we had any authority we should venture to insist—that any one professing to adhere to Sir Robert Peel's present views, should be opposed by every possible exertion—even to the extent of preferring either Whig or Radical, as less dangerous than a Pseudo Conservative. We cannot imagine a more dangerous politician than one who adopts the principles of the speech of the 29th of June and the 11th of October, to which, however, be it observed, no man is pledged but Sir Robert Peel individually, and he has *distinctly absconded all who had been his followers* from any connexion with these or indeed any other of his opinions or proceedings. We hope, therefore, that very few of the old Conservative majority will be found adhering to their error. And as to the others—although *defendit numerus* is a plea that theoretic justice does not approve, it is one which necessity has in all times and circumstances admitted, *amnestics* must always follow great political convulsions; and—if it was wise and gracious, after the Grand Rebellion, 'to still the flutter of innumerable bosoms by an act of oblivion'—it would be, we think, not less so to quiet the dissensions of families and the anger and anxiety of numerous constituencies by a general reconciliation with all who have not really abandoned their Conservative *principles*. Some such reconciliation is, we conceive, absolutely necessary to enable the Conservative party to re-construct itself, and to defend the constitution under the complicated dangers with which it is menaced.

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